



P. O. angl.

Teaffreson

174^m - 5

EACH VOLUME SOLD SEPARATELY.

P. G. angl. 174^m

COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS
TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 2150.

THE REAL LORD BYRON
BY
JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON.

IN THREE VOLUMES. — VOL. 1.

LEIPZIG: BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ.

PARIS: C. REINWALD, 15, RUE DES SAINTS PÈRES.

*This Collection
is published with copyright for Continental circulation, but all
purchasers are earnestly requested not to introduce the volumes
into England or into any British Colony.*



COLLECTION
OF
BRITISH AUTHORS
TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

VOL. 2150.

THE REAL LORD BYRON BY J. CORDY JEAFFRESON.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

By the same Author,

A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS	2 vols.
A WOMAN IN SPITE OF HERSELF	2 vols.



THE
REAL LORD BYRON.

NEW VIEWS OF THE POET'S LIFE.

SPECIALLY REVISED FOR THE TAUCHNITZ SERIES.

BY

JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON,
AUTHOR OF "A BOOK ABOUT DOCTORS," ETC. ETC.

COPYRIGHT EDITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LEIPZIG
BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ

1883.

The Right of Translation is reserved.



CONTENTS

O F V O L U M E I.

CHAPTER I.

MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT BYRON.

	Page
Byron's Temper.—His personal Characteristics.—His Freedom from aristocratic Insolence.—His early Friendships.—Homage to Rank.—Leigh Hunt's Malice.—Familiar Pride	9

CHAPTER II.

THE BYRONS OF ROCHDALE AND NEWSTEAD.

Mediæval Buruns.—Sir John the Little with the Great Beard.—Filius naturalis.—Thoroton's "Nottinghamshire."—Elizabeth Halghe's Slip.—Knight of the Bath.—The Byron Barony.—Byronic Fecundity and Longevity.—Thomas Shipman's Patron.—The Byron-Chaworth Duel.—The Berkeley Strain.—Taste for the Fine Arts	18
---	----

CHAPTER III.

BYRON'S NEAR ANCESTORS.

Admiral Byron.—"Foul-Weather Jack."—Mad Jack Byron.—The Marchioness of Carmarthen (Lady Conyers).—Augusta Byron's Birth.—Miss Gordon of Gight.—The Poet's Birth.—His Lameness	38
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

MORE OF "MAD JACK BYRON."

Page

Holles Street, Cavendish Square.—Augusta's Grandmother.—"Baby Byron."—Mad Jack in Scotland.—Catherine Gordon's Characteristics.—Mad Jack's Death	50
--	----

CHAPTER V.

ABERDEEN.

The Widow's Poverty.—The Poet's Childhood.—May Gray's Calvinism.—Catherine Gordon's Treatment of her Boy.—His Scotch Tutors.—His Lameness.—Banks of Dee.—Heir Presumptive.—Aberdeen Grammar School.—The Fifth Lord's Death.—Byron's first Love: Mary Duff.—His Temper in Childhood.—His Girlishness.—"Auld Lang Syne."	64
--	----

CHAPTER VI.

NOTTINGHAM AND LONDON.

The Sixth Lord.—His first Visit to Newstead.—The Abbey.—Tutor at Nottingham.—Lavender, the Bone-setter.—Dulwich Grove.—Dr. Glennie.—A very troublesome Mamma.—Guardian and Ward.—Byron's first Dash into Poetry.—His second Love; Margaret Parker.—His later Attachments.—His Sensibility, Memory, and Imagination.—Malvern Hills and Scotch Mountains	88
--	----

CHAPTER VII.

HARROW.

Dr. Drury.—"Good-bye, Gaby."—The fat Boy.—His Hatred and Love of Harrow.—"All the Sports."—Cricket and Rebellion.—Passionate Friendships.—Girlish Sentimentality.—Tender-hearted Harrovians.—The Poet's Affection for his Schoolmaster.—"The Butler Row."—"Little Latin and less Greek."—Declamations.—Lord Carlisle's "Indeed!"	109
--	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

HARROW HOLIDAYS.

Page

Lady Holderness's Death.—"Baby Byron."—His Sister Augusta.— Her plain Face and sweet Nature.—Life at Southwell.—Mary Anne Chaworth.—Matlock and Castleton.—Annesley Hall.—Who was Thyrza?—"The Dream."—Its Falsehood and Malice	132
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

LORD BYRON OF TRINITY.

Despondency.—Eddleston, the Chorister.—Dr. William Lort Mansell. —College Friends.—Hobhouse on Byron's Nature.—Eighteen long Years hence.—"Hours of Idleness."—Lord Carlisle.—College Debts. Cambridge Dissipations.—The "Edinburgh Article."—Walter Scott's Opinion of the Article.—Who wrote it?—The Poet's Regard for Cam- bridge.—Honour done the Poet by the University	160
---	-----

CHAPTER X.

CAMBRIDGE VACATIONS.

In London.—"The noble Art of Self-defence."—Swimming in the Thames.—Byron's Life at Southwell.—His Quarrels with his Mother. —Harrowgate.—First and second Editions of the Southwell Poems. "The Prayer of Nature."—Byron's Scepticism.—His Height and Fatness.—Starvation and Physic.—Their Results.—Tobacco and Laudanum	185
---	-----

CHAPTER XI.

PEER AND PILGRIM.

The Rochdale Property—Brompton and Brighton.—"Brother Gordon." —Life at Newstead.—The "Coming of Age."—Byron's Quarrel with the Earl of Carlisle.—Missing Evidence.—The House of Lords.— "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."—Neither Whig nor Tory.— The "Pilgrimage."—Homeward bound	213
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

"CHILDE HAROLD."

Page

"Hints from Horace."—The Valley of the Shadow of Death.—Melancholy Poetry.—Sam Roger's Dinner.—Newstead and London.—First Speech in "The Lords."—Sudden Fame.—Social Triumph.—The Poet's Demeanour.—The Prince Regent.—The Season of 1812.—Cheltenham.—Pecuniary Affairs.—Dissentient Voices . . .	234
--	-----



THE REAL LORD BYRON.

CHAPTER I.

MISCONCEPTIONS ABOUT BYRON.

Byron's Temper.—His personal Characteristics.—His Freedom from aristocratic Insolence.—His early Friendships.—Homage to Rank.—Leigh Hunt's Malice.—Familiar Pride.

IN great things and small things it was Byron's lot to be misunderstood during his life, and misrepresented after his death. With the exception of the few, perhaps the few hundred, persons who, with sufficient discrimination for the task, have taken care to separate the few facts from the many fictions of his numerous biographers and the many facts from the few fictions of his published letters and journals, and out of the reliable data to make a memoir of him for themselves, the man is still almost as little known to the students of his poetry as he was to the people who on the eve of his withdrawal from England frowned at him in London drawing-rooms or murmured against him in the London streets.

After all that has been written about him, readers have still to learn the qualities of his temper, the real failings of his nature, the peculiarities of his manner, and even the most conspicuous points of his personal appearance. They have been taught to regard him as a man of mysteries, tortured by remorse for crimes too terrible for confession and guarding secrets too revolting for avowal; whilst in simple truth he went through life from first to last with his heart and all its frailties upon his sleeve, and lived from boyhood to his last hour under glass, that, whilst it magnified all his faults, put all his virtues in miniature. With all his perverse and baneful delight in mystifying people about trifles, this man of mystery could not to save his life, or what was far dearer to him—his fame,—hold within his own breast a single secret that vexed it seriously. Inspired at times by vanity to make himself the enigma of his period, even in his most perplexing moods he was nothing more than a riddle to be solved by any one of ordinary shrewdness with a brain clear of romantic fancies. What marvellous stuff has been written of the stern and cruel spirit of the misanthrope, who with the sensibility and impulsiveness of the gentler sex could not in his softer moments see misery without weeping over it and seeking to relieve it! Who has not been invited to ponder on the habitual melancholy of the man, who in his brighter time brimmed over with frolic, and even in the sadness of his closing years made the world ring with laughter, and delighted in practical jokes? Who has not heard of his gloomy

brow, black locks, dark eyes, and club foot? And yet, his face was not more remarkable for the beauty of its features than for the brightness of its smiles; his hair, light chestnut in childhood, never darkened to the deepest brown of auburn; his eyes were grey-blue; and he hadn't a club foot.

One of the fictions is that, valuing himself inordinately on his birth, he was less proud of the genius that gave us "Childe Harold" and "Don Juan," than of the accidents that made him a Lord of the Upper House. Due in some measure to the biographers who, like Leigh Hunt and Tom Moore, could never lose sight of his patrician quality, this misconception of a nature, innocent of all such miserable weakness, is referable chiefly and in an equal degree to the simplicity and obsequiousness of the many readers, who would have honoured him for being an insignificant peer, even if they had not revered him for being a great poet. It is not usual for those, who plume themselves on their ancestral advantages, to attach themselves strongly to persons of inferior extraction. Though he may admit persons of plebeian birth to his intimacy, the noble, who is greatly prouder of his pedigree than his natural endowments, never fails to draw a line between the acquaintances who are beneath him and the friends who are his equals, and whilst cultivating the former for the entertainment they afford him, to give his warmest affection and perfect confidence only to those who are of his own order. With the single exception of Lord Clare, Byron's closest comrades

were found in ranks something or greatly beneath his own.

There were times, doubtless, when Hobhouse was justified in thinking his friend gave too ready an ear to flatterers whom he should have kept at a distance. But there never was a time of his whole career when the particular insolence, that biographers are pleased to call "pride of race," precluded Byron from sympathising cordially with his social inferiors. In boyhood, whilst composing some of the weakest lines of the "Hours of Idleness" to the honour of those "mail-covered Barons who proudly to battle led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain" (ancestors, by the way, who are not known to have donned armour in the Crusades or set foot in the Holy Land), he cherished a romantic fondness for the son of one of his Newstead tenants. At Cambridge he conceived a similar affection for the college-chorister (Eddleston), of whom he wrote in his nineteenth year to Miss Pigot of Southwell, "During the whole of my residence at Cambridge we met every day, summer and winter, without passing *one* tiresome moment, and separated each time with increasing reluctance." Though they were gentlemen by birth, culture, taste and purpose, Hobhouse, Hodgson, Scrope Davies, Charles Skinner Matthews and the other members of his particular set at Trinity, were not the persons, to whom he would have attached himself, had he rated his descent at more than its proper worth. The pleasant terms on which he lived during his Cambridge vacations with the Bechers, the Pigots

and the other modest gentry of a small provincial town, are evidence that the youthful peer was not so largely animated by a sense of his patrician magnificence, as some of his biographers would have us believe. In later time this aristocrat with all his overweening arrogance took for his peculiar intimate the son of a Dublin tradesman. Though the main purpose of his almost unpardonably spiteful book was to render Byron contemptible and ludicrous by magnifying his weaknesses, and putting them in the strongest and fiercest light, Leigh Hunt was held to truth on this matter by enmity that was even keener and more rancorous than his animosity against the author of "Don Juan." Smarting under the slights put upon him and the injury done him by the men who were of opinion that Byron would suffer in dignity and reputation from his connection with the Hunts, the author of "Rimini" remarked in a vein scarcely consistent with his affectation of a republican superiority to aristocratic prejudices, "The manners of such of his lordship's friends as I ever happened to meet with were in fact, with one exception, nothing superior to their birth It is remarkable (and, indeed, may account for the cry about gentility, which none are so given to as the vulgar) that they were almost all persons of humble origin; one of a race of booksellers; another, the son of a grocer; another, of a glazier; and a fourth, though the son of a baronet, the grandson of a linen-draper."

Nor can it be fairly urged, though it has often been unfairly suggested, that Byron surrounded himself with

men beneath him in rank, because they rendered deference to his social superiority, and fed him with flattery. Now and again sycophants approached him, as they never fail to approach men of eminence; now and again, in a season of weakness, he yielded more than he should have yielded to their addresses; but the weakness was always transient, and the ascendancy so gained over him was never lasting. Vehement in all things, Byron was especially vehement in his friendships; and despite all that may be urged to the contrary, on the strength of cynical flippancies uttered to astonish his hearers, and bitter words spoken or written under the spur of sudden resentments or the torture of exasperating suspicions, it may be averred stoutly that in choosing his friends and dealing with them, he was altogether controlled by his heart. As for the way in which his friends treated him, it is not more unjust than ludicrous to attribute subserviency to the men who were wont to criticise his writings severely in words spoken to his face, or letters sent to him through the post. Tom Moore certainly "noble lords" and "noble friends" him through six rather tedious volumes, in a fashion that to readers of the present day is not a little laughable and offensive. But in fairness to the biographer it should be remembered that what offends us in this matter was less due to the writer's idolatry of rank than to the etiquette of the period in which he figured as a man of fashion, and first warbler of aristocratic drawing-rooms. In the first twenty years of the present century, when rank was honoured at least

verbally in a degree not easily imagined in these last twenty years of the same epoch, it was the mode of our grandfathers to seize every occasion to remind lords of their nobility. The Irish ballad-writer was not singular in this respect. Himself the heir of an ancient and dignified family, and a man whose way of living and thinking had altogether disqualified him for courtly service, Shelley—absolutely devoid of respect for mere conventional nobility—was no less careful to give Byron his title in the written page, and like the author of "Lalla Rookh" refers to him in letters as his "noble friend." Had the author of "The Cenci" employed himself at Pisa in writing six small-octavo volumes about his "noble friend's" life and adventures, the performance would have contained almost as many "lords" and "noble lords" and "my noble friends" as may be counted in Moore's occasionally dishonest pages.

Whilst literature honoured peers in this obsolete and curious fashion, and the world at every turn bowed before hereditary rank far lower than it bowed to rank of any other kind, it was not in the nature of things that Byron should be indifferent to the distinction that, coming to him from his ancestors, made him a personage before he had laid aside his Highland petticoats. Naturally it pleased the child to listen to brave stories of the Byrons of olden time, who may (for all any one can say) have led their vassals to the Holy Land, and certainly might have done so for pay or piety had they been so disposed. On taking a poetic

turn in his boyhood, it would have been strange had he not written verses on the four brothers who fell at Marston. Nor is it wonderful that, towards the close of his short career, when art required of his pen the picture of a lordly English home, he travelled in memory from his Italian villegiatura to the old familiar abbey (from which Childe Harold had so few years since set forth on his pilgrimage) and sung again, tenderly as in former days, but far more strenuously, of

“The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain
For those who knew not to resign or reign.”

This wholesome pride in his domestic annals peeps forth now and then in all his writings, from his earliest boyish verses to his last dying song, but it never made him insolent or in any other way foolish. Though it was powerless to save him from many errors and much avoidable misery, he had, with all his waywardness and perilous sensibility, too liberal a store of “saving common sense” to commit the blunders of a pure simpleton. Possibly his arms were set in Italy over his bed, in the manner described by Mr. Leigh Hunt, who records the unimportant fact in the spirit of a discharged valet. Fifty years since beds of state were often so adorned in England, as well as Italy, just as spoons, and hall-chairs and carriage-panels are still ornamented in like manner by owners who have not gone crazy with ancestral insolence. Though Hunt’s malice inspires him to reproduce a piquant story of the anger with which Byron returned a box of pills to an apothecary, because the packet was directed to

“Mr.” instead of “Lord” Byron, the malice of five hundred detractors would induce no discriminating reader to believe so egregious and manifest a fabrication. If family pride had been inordinately strong in Byron, he would not have sold Newstead, for the sake of adding a few hundreds yearly to an already sufficient income. Nor was the sentiment in him a peculiar and distinguishing characteristic. In the fulness of its force it was nothing more than a fair share of the almost universal sentiment that causes many an ordinary, undistinguished English gentleman to resemble General Braddock of “The Virginians,” in being as proud of his no family in particular, as any peer can well be of his particular family.

CHAPTER II.

THE BYRONS OF ROCHDALE AND NEWSTEAD.

Mediæval Buruns. — Sir John the Little with the Great Beard. — Filius naturalis. — Thoroton's "Nottinghamshire." — Elizabeth Halghe's Slip. — Knight of the Bath. — The Byron Barony. — Byronic Fecundity and Longevity. — Thomas Shipman's Patron. — The Byron-Chaworth Duel. — The Berkeley Strain. — Taste for the Fine Arts.

OTHER considerations discountenance the notion that the poet regarded his pedigree and the annals of his house with unqualified complacence. For though the Byrons of Newstead co. Notts, and Rochdale co. Lancaster, were a family from which a modest squire of George the Third's England might well have been proud to trace his descent, their annals were deficient in lustre, and their pedigree was not stainless. There are peerages and peerages,—those that contribute to our national glory, and those that are mere affairs of county history. There are peers whose several dignities are the memorials of their ancestors' achievements in the successive generations of successive centuries. There are also peers whose nobility, instead of growing in honour and gathering lustre from the flying decades, has acquired nothing but age from the time that has slowly obscured the services for which it was created. To say of the Byron barony that, on coming to the

poet at the close of the last century, it was a specimen of this fruitless, leafless, lifeless nobility, is not to say all that could be urged to its discredit. It is recorded by his not invariably accurate biographers that Byron's school-fellows nick-named him "the Old English Baron," in derision of his practice of vaunting how superior his ancestral dignity was to modern creations of a higher grade. If he was guilty of such boastfulness, the boy knew strangely little about the matter.

Too old to be called a mushroom peerage, his dignity was far too young to be rated with ancient baronies. Given in 1643 by Charles the First to Sir John Byron, in acknowledgment of the knight's zeal and devotion, and in the hope that it would lure other gentlemen to their sovereign's standard, it had not completed the hundred and fifty-sixth year of its existence, when it devolved on Catherine Gordon's son; and it certainly had not grown in social esteem during its passage from its first to its sixth possessor.

Against the antiquity of the Nottinghamshire Byrons nothing can be urged, with the exception of a certain matter to which the reader's attention will be called in another minute. The poet may have had no better authority than his fancy and Collins's "Peerage" for the precise number of his ancestors' manors when he wrote in Don Juan's "10th Canto,"

" a sort of doomsday scroll,
Such as the conqueror William did repay
His knights with, lotting others' properties
Into some sixty thousand new knights' fees.

“I can’t complain, whose ancestors are there,
Erneis, Radulphus—eight-and-forty manors
(If that my memory doth not greatly err)
Were their reward for following Billy’s banners:

“And though I can’t help thinking ’twas scarce fair
To strip the Saxons of their *hydes*, like tanners;
Yet as they founded churches with the produce,
You’ll deem, no doubt, they put it to a good use.”

But whilst there is sufficient evidence that the Byrons came from Normandy in William’s train, it is certainly “as true as ever truth hath been of late” that Erneis de Burun got from the Arch-Invader a grant of lands in Yorkshire and Lancashire, and that Ralph with the same surname found his proper share of real estate in Nottinghamshire. Nothing more can be told of this pair of rather mythical adventurers. Nor is history much more communicative respecting those of their descendants who were the first Byrons to acquire possessions in Derbyshire, and in later time (under Edward the First) yet more land in Rochdale co. Lancaster. Save that they were great land-holders, little is known of these fortunate Byrons during the next eight or nine generations. If any of them went to Palestine they missed the poet to celebrate their achievements until the dawn of the present century, when all their descendant could say of them was that they went thither, arrayed and attended in the manner already mentioned. Now and again one of the broad-acred clan shows himself for a moment, and then passes from the cognizance of history. The name appears in the records of the siege of Calais under our third Edward. Byrons

fought at Cressy, and a Byron was at Bosworth on Richmond's side. From the general silence of the chroniclers about their doings it is not unfair to assume that these descendants of Ralph and Erneis were more intent on keeping their old lands, and adding to the number of their manors, than on winning new honours. And this inference from their historic unobtrusiveness is countenanced by their good fortune in retaining their acres in their hands and keeping their heads on their shoulders, in those troublous times that were so disastrous to adventurous men and ambitious families. Anyhow it is noteworthy how much oftener a Byron is mentioned in connection with a stroke of peaceful acquisitiveness than with an essay of martial daring. Their good fortune in getting and keeping was, however, coming to an end when, on the suppression of the religious houses, Sir John Byron—styled more familiarly and picturesquely "Sir John the Little with the Great Beard"—received from Henry the Eighth a grant of the church and priory of Newstead: a property that after remaining for something less than three centuries in the hands of the Byrons passed by sale and purchase from the poet to his former schoolmate, Colonel Wildman. With this parting benefaction, fortune seems to have turned her back on the family who had enjoyed her favour for so many years, whilst doing so little to deserve it. Hitherto they had been rich and undistinguished. Henceforth they went to ruin and nobility.

Had Sir John the Little with the Great Beard either

inherited or acquired an hereditary dignity, the honour would not have passed from him to his son, for the simple and sufficient reason that this son—through whom the poet and the five preceding Lords Byron traced their descent from the Norman Buruns—was a bastard. On this point there is no uncertainty. The record of the Herald's visitation of the County of Lancaster (1567 A.D.) leaves no room for doubt on this matter. Here is what the Elizabethan record says of Sir John the Little with the Great Beard, the poet's direct lineal ancestor:—

“Sr. John Byron of Clayton aforesayd Knight, sonne and heire to Sr. Nycholas, married to his firste wiefe Isabell daughter to Peter Shelton of Lynne in Norfolke, and by her had no yssue. After the said Sr. John married to his second Wiefe Elizabeth daür to W^m. Costerden of Blakesley in Com Lanc and Wydowe to George Halghe of Halghe Com Lanc Gent, and by her hadde yssue John Byron, his eldest sonne and heire *filius naturalis*. John Byron of Clayton in Com Lanc ar, sonne and heire by deade of gifte to Sir John Byron knt., married Alyce daughter to Sir Nycholas Strelley of Strelley, &c.”

This is explicit and altogether devoid of ambiguity. Sir John Byron, the great-grandfather of the first Lord Byron, was of illegitimate birth; and the Norman blood on which the poet unquestionably reflected with complacence, though never with the absurd pride attributed to him by his biographers, was tainted with the defilement of bastardy,—a matter of no moment to the

physiologist; but a matter of high moment to churchmen, heralds, and lawyers, and to all persons who accept the doctrine of churchmen or the sentiment of heralds.

Though he is not in possession of all the facts that countenance his opinion, Dr. Karl Elze (Byron's German biographer, and the best of all the poet's biographers) declares it inconceivable that the author of "Childe Harold" was ignorant of this serious defect of his Norman pedigree. On the other hand, Dr. Elze's anonymous English translator insists that Byron may be presumed to have been ignorant of a circumstance that was mentioned in no Book of the Peerage or other genealogical work published during his life. Hence the translator argues that the poet should be acquitted of the meanness and imposture of vaunting his Norman blood, whilst he was well aware of its defilement, and of its consequent inability to bring him honour or estate from any of his ancestors preceding the son of Sir John the Little with the Great Beard. It happens, however, that this disqualifying incident of the Byron lineage is alluded to by Thoroton in the "History of Nottinghamshire" (1677 A.D.), a work that certainly was not unknown to the poet, and probably afforded him his earliest knowledge of the main features of his ancestral story, and even his first acquaintance with those prime heroes of his house—Erneis and Radulphus. In Thoroton's notice of the Nottinghamshire Byrons, it is observed with quaint caution and delicacy that Sir John the Little with the Great Beard took to him a

second wife, "on whom he begot (soon enough) Sir John Byron of Newstede, who married Alice, the daughter of Sir Nicholas Strelley, of Strelley." On reading the bracketed words, Byron could not fail to see their meaning. If he needed further enlightenment, he could have obtained it from his lawyer, who was well aware that instead of holding Newstead by inheritance from Sir John the Little with the Great Beard, his client inherited it from Alice Strelley's husband who acquired the estate by *deed of gift* from his father, from whom he could, as a bastard, have inherited nothing. Or the poet might have gained the needful information from the officers of the Heralds' College, his neighbours of the county, or the curate of Hucknall-Torkard. In Nottinghamshire there were scores of people capable of informing him of the matter that was no secret. If the Newstead Byrons of Charles the Second's time were unaware of the blemish in their pedigree before 1677, none of the family can be suspected of the same ignorance after the publication of Thoroton's Nottinghamshire—a book to be found in every library of the county.

Whilst he is right in maintaining that Byron cannot have been ignorant of this dark page of his familiar history, Dr. Elze errs in imagining that the poet was meanly sensitive and discreditably reticent on the subject. Byron was not the man to attach undue importance to sacerdotal sanction of any kind. Had he lost an estate or a dignity through Sir John's libertinism, he would have thought himself unfortunate, and spoken

angrily of his ancestor's morals. Of course he would have preferred a stainless roll. But it was not in his nature to trouble himself seriously about such an accident, or to think less honourably of himself because one of his remote ancestors loved his wife something too soon, and sought the priest's blessing on their union something too late for decorum. Instead of reflecting upon it from the priest's point of view, or the herald's point of view, he regarded his Norman descent from the physiologist's stand-point, which was not affected by the naughty behaviour of Madam Elizabeth Halghe *née* Costerden (or *Constantine*, as the lady's maiden surname is spelt in Thoroton's book). It was enough for him to know or fancy that the pluck, and energy, and chivalric sentiment of the Norman Burons had come to him through twenty or more generations. It was enough for him to know that Alice Strelley's husband was his "father's son." Of course he was not perpetually calling attention to the awkward affair. When he talks of his pedigree, a man is under no obligation to proclaim its blemishes, or speak of the black sheep of the family. Thus far Byron may have been, and was reticent; but so far was he from trying to conceal under falsehood a matter that was no secret to the antiquaries of Nottinghamshire, and all persons curious in aristocratic genealogies, he could allude to the affair with lightness and pleasantry in pages written for the amusement of any one who cared to peruse them. Few persons will question that Elizabeth Halghe's slip and its consequences were in his mind when, after condensing

his view of Catherine the Great's character and conduct into one of the most pungent and notorious couplets of "Don Juan," he wrote:—

“But oh, thou grand legitimate Alexander!
Her son's son, let not this last phrase offend
 Thine ear, if it should reach—and now rhymes wander
 Almost as far as Petersburg, and lend
 A dreadful impulse to each loud meander
 Of murmuring Liberty's wide waves, which blend
 Their roar even with the Baltic's—so you be
Your father's son, 'tis quite enough for me.

To call men love-begotten, or proclaim
 Their mothers as the antipodes of Timon,
 That hater of mankind, would be a shame,
 A libel, or whate'er you please to rhyme on:
 But people's ancestors are history's game;
 And if one lady's slip should leave a crime on
 All generations, I should like to know
 What pedigree the best would have to show?”

The sixteenth century did not end before the Nottinghamshire Byrons had felt the annoyances, if not the humiliations of pecuniary embarrassment. After living at Newstead with profuseness and ostentation, Alice Strelley's husband left a mortgaged estate and costly establishment to his heir, who was made a Knight of the Bath on the occasion of James the First's coronation. “I do therefore advise you,” the Earl of Shrewsbury wrote to the young man immediately after his father's death, “that so soon as you have, in such sort as shall be fit, finished your father's funerals, to dispose and disperse that great household, reducing them to the number of forty or

fifty at the most, of all sorts; and, in my opinion, it will be far better for you to live for a time in Lancashire than in Notts, for many good reasons that I can tell you when we meet, fitter for words than writing." Being good, this advice was probably not taken. Young men are apt to think lightly of counsel supported by sound reasons. Lancashire was further than Newstead from the Court where the Knight of the Bath had friends and hopes of preferment. At Rochdale the young man would be amongst comparative strangers; at Newstead he was surrounded by friends who had known him from boyhood. It may, therefore, be taken for granted that the new Chief of the Byrons was slow to act on the Earl's suggestions of prudence, and never acted on them with resoluteness and perseverance. Anyhow, it is certain that the estate, which came to the Knight of the Bath burdened with mortgages and liabilities, passed to his heir under still more disadvantageous conditions; and that when troubles grew and thickened about Charles the First, troubles were also growing and thickening about the Byrons, who could barely pay their own rather stately way, on being invited to raise money as they best could for the king's use, and help him with their swords and men to prostrate his enemies.

For staking heavily on the Crown, and venturing their all in its service, the Cavaliers of Newstead were rewarded with impoverishment and a peerage. It would have been better for them if they had received only the former part of the reward, and missed the

barony, that was only an incumbrance to them in their fallen fortunes. Without their nobility they might have recovered from their poverty; but with it, as things went in the later half of the seventeenth century, they were doomed to go from bad to worse; and when it has gone half the way to ruin, nobility usually finishes the journey. The Byrons were singularly unfortunate when once Fortune, after befriending them so long, deserted them for ever. Crippled with a peerage they scrambled on for something more than a century and a half, to be broken up and extinguished by a man of rare genius—the only man of genius they ever produced. The poet killed the family of which he was abundantly proud. There is still a Lord Byron; for generations to come there will doubtless be gentlemen and gentlewomen of the name figuring in the peerage, and playing minor parts on the social stage; but for all practical purposes the family perished, territorially and historically, with the man who made it famous.

The first Lord Byron having died without male issue, the barony went to his brother, whose long epitaph, telling nearly all one knows or wants to know about him, is still to be read in Hucknall-Torkard Church, where the poet was buried after the Dean's refusal to give him sleeping-room in Westminster Abbey. One of the poet's quite erroneous notions about his own people was that they had nothing to do with longevity or livers. "The Byrons," he used to say, "die early and have no livers." Another of

his fancies about them was that they were not prolific—a failing for which he used to console himself by reflecting that the fiercer and nobler animals had few cubs. The family had, upon the whole, sound livers and big broods of babies; and its members went to the proverbial threescore and ten years and upwards, like the men and women of other families, when they steadily eschewed late hours and excess in drink. On all these points he was mistaken. Byron himself had a good liver till he destroyed it, and it certainly was due to no constitutional weakness that he was not the father of a numerous family. The second lord of the family is an example that it was not impossible for a Byron to live long and beget a numerous progeny; for he had ten children by his first wife, and survived his seventy-third year, after “repurchasing part of the ancient inheritance” of the seven Byrons (himself and his six brothers), who “faithfully served Charles the First in the Civil War, suffered much for their loyalty, and” (the epitaph adds with some obscurity of expression) “lost all their present fortune.” This worthy gentleman’s eldest son, who became the third Lord Byron, is chiefly memorable for having written some execrably bad verses to his poetical friend, Thomas Shipman, and for being the nobleman, whose marriage with a daughter of the Viscount Chaworth was accountable for his famous descendant’s consanguinity with Mary Chaworth. If this Lord Byron was not a foolish and stupid person, his wretched doggerel in Shipman’s “*Carolina or Loyal Poems*” (1683) does

him gross injustice. The fourth lord does not seem to have been a man of brilliant parts or any force of character; but he played with the fine arts, and together with other children he begat two sons, who in very different ways distinguished themselves enough to be much talked about,—the fifth Lord Byron who killed his cousin and neighbour, Mr. Chaworth, in a duel of so singular a kind, that he was tried for wilful murder by his peers, who acquitting him of that gravest offence, found him guilty of nothing worse than manslaughter; and Admiral John Byron, the hardy and daring sailor, to whose misadventures at sea the poet referred in the familiar lines of the “Epistle” to his sister, Augusta:—

“A strange doom is thy father’s son’s, and past
Recalling, as it lies beyond redress;
Reversed for him our grandsire’s fate of yore,—
He had no rest at sea, nor I on shore.”

In the remarkable letter, which he wrote at Genoa to Mons^r. Coulmann in July 1823, shortly before his departure for Greece, the poet observed, “As to the Lord Byron, who killed Mr. Chaworth in a duel, so far from retiring from the world, he made the tour of Europe, and was appointed Master of the Staghounds after that event, and did not give up society until his son had offended him by marrying in a manner contrary to his duty. So far from feeling any remorse for having killed Mr. Chaworth, who was a fire-eater (spadassin), and celebrated for his quarrelsome disposition, he always kept the sword which he used on

that occasion in his bedchamber, where it still was *when he died.*" From these statements, the accuracy of which has never been questioned, it appears that the fracas and subsequent trial did not cause the survivor of the two combatants so much discredit as successive writers have represented; and that had he lived with ordinary prudence and decency during the subsequent three-and-thirty years of his time in this world, no great amount of posthumous obloquy would have been put upon him for the affair, that created prodigious noise and excitement at the time of its occurrence.

In fairness to a man, who has no especial title to charitable consideration, it may be admitted that notwithstanding its irregularity and several suspicious circumstances, the fatal duel would not have justified society in sending the survivor to Coventry. The blame seems from the evidence to have been equally divided. The quarrel arose out of a trivial dispute—no uncommon thing in duels. Both of the combatants were so quick-tempered and vehement in passion, that they may be presumed to have been alike captious and offensive. As to the statement that Lord Byron thrust his adversary into the fatal room, Mr. Chaworth was not a man to be pushed about like a little boy. He entered the room, and entered it with the intention of fighting. The absence of seconds and the darkness of the chamber, lit with only a single candle, were features of the case to be regarded as matters for which the enemies were alike

accountable. Lastly, the duel was fought with swords, Mr. Chaworth being well known to be a much better swordsman than his antagonist. The first impression that Lord Byron took his adversary at a disadvantage, and slew him in a dark corner without warning, was removed by the evidence. In short, it was a case of two practised duellists flying at one another in the fierceness of rage, begotten of much wine and mutual insolence. Had Lord Byron fallen, there would have been an outcry against Mr. Chaworth, whose superior swordsmanship would, in that case, have been produced in testimony that he pushed the quarrel to an immediate issue, in order to fight with the weapon of which he was a consummate master.

But though he was less culpable in this ugly business than people have been led to imagine, the fifth Lord Byron deserved the evil fame that covered him in his old age as with a garment, and still clings to him, though he has been entombed for more than eighty years. A morose husband, tyrannical father, hard landlord and harsh master, he was detested by the peasantry of Nottinghamshire, who spoke of him habitually as the "wicked Lord Byron," and sincerely believed there was no enormity of crime of which he was incapable in his darkest and most vindictive moods. Of course, things were said of him that on inquiry were found to be untrue. But when due allowance has been made for exaggeration, it is certain that in his closing years his nature was detestable and his position pitiable.

He did not, as rumour averred, shoot his coachman in a sudden frenzy of rage, and then throw the man's dead body into the carriage, whilst Lady Byron was seated in it. He did not, as it was reported, throw his wife into one of the Newstead ponds with the purpose of drowning her; but he drove her from Newstead by ill-usage; and when she had fled from her proper home, he called to her vacant place a common woman who was styled "Lady Betty" by the satirists of the village. Though none but servants attended him at Newstead in his last illness, the solitude of his joyless decline was not so complete as successive writers have represented, for his niece, Mrs. Leigh (General Leigh's wife), never ceased to visit him; but the Nottinghamshire nobility avoided him, and it was seldom that any of the minor gentry of the county called upon him. Having quarelled with his heir for marrying a cousin whom he loved, this curious old reprobate let the Abbey go to ruin, and cut down the timber on the estate. Always in straits for money, though he spent little on hospitality, he replenished his empty exchequer by making an illegal sale of Rochdale property, to the serious injury of his successor. After losing his son and his son's son, the miserable old man transferred something of his aversion for them to "the little boy at Aberdeen," as he invariably styled the future poet and sixth lord. There are grounds for the opinion that he was entreated to contribute something towards the charges of the education of this little boy at Aberdeen. If the prayer was

made, it was unsuccessful; for the old man never sent a doit to the widow, who, rearing the child in the poverty to which a Byron had reduced her, lived through a hard time at Aberdeen. And when at last this little boy came to Newstead, in the company of his irascible mother and pious Scotch nurse, he found the Abbey in ruins and its only tenantable rooms empty of furniture. And yet the "old lord,"—the "wicked old Lord Byron"—had to the end of his wicked existence one or two innocent pastimes. Having built mock forts about the lake in his park, and put a fleet of toy gun-boats on the water, he used to amuse himself, like the big, hoary-headed baby that he was, with mock-fights of a naval character—the toy-ships firing away at the forts, which returned the fire in gallant style. And when he was weary of this ridiculous game, the old man used to lie on the ground and gossip with the crickets, whom he loved far more than "the little boy at Aberdeen." When the crickets were troublesome, he used to whip them with a wisp of hay; and the crickets are said to have left the Abbey in a body, as soon as their one friend of human kind was dead, and never to have returned thither.

On the death (19th May, 1798) of this Lord of evil fame and miserable nature, "the little boy at Aberdeen" became the sixth Lord Byron of Rochdale, co. Lancaster, the master of the dilapidated Abbey of Newstead, and the Hereditary (?) Chief of all the descendants of Erneis and Radulphus, when he was just ten years and four months of age, and when the

Barony—that had not illustrated itself by winning a higher rank in the peerage—had been in existence just one hundred and fifty-five years.

The family was certainly an ancient one; but whilst houses may be eminent without being ancient, for families to be illustrious it is not enough that they should be old. Had the Byrons of Rochdale and Newstead possessed higher claims to reverence, the poet would have said less of their antiquity. With the single exception of Admiral John Byron (the fifth Lord's brother), who seems to have derived his pluck and devilry and delight in adventure from the Stratton Berkeleys, the Byrons had lived in the land for upwards of seven hundred years without producing a man of conspicuous natural eminence. When the most favourable view is taken of the soldier and political partisan, who won the Barony from Charles the First, he is seen to be a person of merely respectable endowments. On a greater field, and under more auspicious circumstances, he might have figured in history as a considerable soldier; for in addition to the fidelity, which is his strongest title to honourable recollection, he was well endowed with energy, courage, and common sense. But it would be simply ridiculous to rate him with men of genius.

So much arrant nonsense has been written about the poet and his remote forefathers by literary charlatans—whose only dispute amongst themselves turns on the question whether his genius should be referred altogether to his Norman extraction or should be re-

garded as the result of a felicitous fusion of Norman force and Celtic sensibility—it is well for readers to be assured how little countenance is lent to such fanciful theories by the history of his progenitors in this country. Till Byron's genius broke suddenly upon the world, and captivated it almost in a single hour, no one ever thought of looking to his peculiar people for any signal exhibition of intellectual power. In the whole peerage no family appeared less likely to produce a poet who would make a new period in the history of English literature. Not that the family was exceptionally wanting in refinement and taste. On the contrary, from Charles the Second's restoration the Newstead Byrons had taken an interest in letters and the fine arts. Though the third Lord's poetical performances were contemptible, his friendship for Thomas Shipman indicates a creditable concern for literature and its followers. The fourth Lord Byron inherited a taste for painting from his mother (a Chaworth), and produced some landscapes, which Sir William Musgrave reproduced in etching. One of this Lord's sons—Richard Byron, who took holy orders—has a modest niche in the Temple of Fame for copying Rembrandt's famous landscape of the "Three Trees" so skilfully, that the copy was mistaken and bought by a connoisseur for the original work. And though the earlier book exposed him to charges of imaginative exaggeration, and even to a suggestion of inaccuracy on matters about which he was especially bound to be precisely truthful, Admiral Byron's famous

“Narrative” of his adventures on the coast of Patagonia, and his scarcely less famous “Voyage round the World,” are performances of no common merit, and deserved, on literary grounds, to be favourite reading with the author’s grandson, who, after throwing Don Juan on the sandy fringe of Haidée’s charming island, says of the adventurer’s troubles from shipwreck,—

“And need he had of slumber yet, for none
Had suffered more—his hardships were comparative
To those related in my grand-dad’s ‘Narrative!’ ”

CHAPTER III.

BYRON'S NEAR ANCESTORS.

Admiral Byron.—“Foul-Weather Jack.”—Mad Jack Byron.—
The Marchioness of Carmarthen (Lady Conyers).—Augusta
Byron's Birth.—Miss Gordon of Gight.—The Poet's Birth.—
His Lameness.

To argue that a man of the nineteenth century derives the strongest elements of his nature from a man of the eleventh century, because he is known to have descended from one of the knightly “followers of Billy's banners,” without making any account of the influence of the twenty and more infusions of blood from other stocks, each of which must have modified, or at least should—in the absence of evidence to the contrary—be assumed to have modified the characteristics of the Norman progenitor; and to dress up this marvellous inference with much jargon about the “influence of race,” is to play the part of a pedant without common sense, or of a fool with just a little learning, and no more.

Of two-thirds of the families with which Byron's ancestors in the direct male line intermarried, and from which some modifying influences must have come to the Byron nature, nothing is known or can be known. And even if one could obtain precise information re-

specting all these families, and more especially of the particular women of them who mated with Byrons, it would be impossible to say how far so many and various influences changed the moral and mental qualities, which passed to his descendants from a Norman of whom nothing is known beyond his name, the number of his manors, and the fact that he took part in a great military movement. It will contribute more to the purpose of those, who would account for the peculiarities of the poet's temper and intellect, to examine the natures of his parents, his father's parents, and his grandfather's (Admiral Byron's) mother.

In marrying Frances, the second daughter of the fourth Baron Berkeley of Stratton, William the fourth Lord Byron took a wife who seems to have transmitted to his and her descendants the vehemence, and impulsiveness and waywardness which were characteristics of her race. It is certain that her descendants differed in these qualities from any earlier Byrons of whose tempers we have sure information. It makes also for the point to which these remarks tend, that Lady Byron's sister, Barbara, married John Trevanion of Caerhayes, Cornwall, and had by him a daughter, Sophia, who by her marriage with her first cousin, Admiral Byron, became the mother of that brilliant scapegrace, Jack Byron, and grandmother of the poet. It follows that Jack Byron of the Guards, who seduced the Marchioness of Carmarthen, and then despoiled Catherine Gordon of Gight, took the Berkeley blood and nature from both his parents, each of whom was the

offspring of a Berkeley. It is more reasonable to refer the impulsiveness and vehemence of Jack Byron and of his son, the poet, to these ladies of the great House of Berkeley, than to account for those qualities of the father and son by reference to the absolutely unknown natures of Erneis and Radulphus of the eleventh century.

Greatly though they differed in several respects, there was a strong resemblance between Frances Berkeley's two sons,—the fifth Lord Byron and his brother, the Admiral. In the former, the Berkeley vehemence changed to violence, and in his later years degenerated into unsocial moroseness and malignity. In the latter, it was a generous fire that animating the sailor for a career of adventure was attended with a sweetness of disposition by no means uncommon in emotional natures. But in both brothers the Berkeley fire showed itself, burning with poisonous fume in the one, and blazing out cheerily in the other.

Fortunate on shore, John Byron was luckless at sea. It would be an exaggeration to say that he never went to sea without encountering disaster; for the affair of Chaleur Bay — when with three ships he destroyed three French ships of war, with twenty schooners, sloops, and other armed vessels,—was no less successful than brilliant. His "Voyage of Discovery" accomplished its objects, in spite of unlooked-for difficulties. But on returning to England after his indecisive engagement with D'Estaing, in which he displayed more intrepidity than tactical adroitness, the sailor, whose significant

nickname in the Navy was "Foul-Weather Jack," had weathered more storms than any other Admiral of "the Service." Sailors and ministers being alike distrustful of unlucky men, it is possible the intrepid navigator's proverbial "bad luck" was the reason why he was never employed again in the way of his profession, after his return from the West Indies in 1779. His biographers erred in supposing the Admiral never again desired active service. If he did not *seek* employment, there is evidence he would gladly have taken another command, and suffered from chagrin at the Admiralty's neglect to offer him a ship. He was smarting under this disappointment in the spring of 1782, when the prospect of an immediate peace made him despair of ever again getting employment. Four years later the gallant and luckless sailor encountered a worse enemy to naval ambition than even the longest and most exasperating peace. On 10th April, 1786, he died in his sixty-third year, leaving two sons—John, who was the poet's father, and George-Anson, who distinguished himself in the Navy, and was the father of the poet's successor in the barony—together with three daughters, one of whom (Frances) married General Leigh (Colonel of the 20th Regiment of Infantry), whilst another (Juliana Elizabeth), by her marriage with the fifth Lord Byron's only son, became the mother of the heir-apparent to the barony, through whose untimely death at Corsica, in 1794, the poet succeeded to his place in the Peerage.

Like his uncle the wicked lord, and like his son

the poet, the Admiral's eldest son John—nicknamed "Mad Jack" by his brother-officers of the Guards—was the subject of many scandalous stories that originated in the malice and imaginative humour of gossip. As Byron justly remarked in his letter from Genoa to Monsieur Coulmann, "it is not by 'brutality' that a young officer of the Guards seduces and marries a marchioness, and marries two heiresses." Instead of being remarkable for harshness and grossness, as post-humous scandal represented him, "Mad Jack Byron" was a gentleman of elegant figure, charming address, and winning smile. Even to the last of his scarcely honourable days he retained much of the facial beauty that had distinguished him in his youth, and reappeared in the lovely lineaments of his only son. In her frequent fits of fury with her boy, Catherine Gordon used to upbraid him for being a Byron all over; and in her no less frequent fits of tenderness for him, she used to put hysterical kisses on the eyes that reminded her of his father. But though he was irresistible in drawing-rooms, by virtue of his riant beauty and musical joyousness, Mad Jack was from his boyhood a sad libertine, and, after falling into poverty, a pitifully mean fellow.

Educated first at Westminster School and then at a French military academy, where he learnt to prefer life in France to existence in England, he served with his regiment in America whilst a stripling, and on his return to London lost no time in winning the affection of the Marchioness of Carmarthen, the wife of the heir

to the Dukedom of Leeds, to whom she had already given three children. At the beginning of this *liaison* with a woman whose beauty surpassed even her rank, and who had not completed her twenty-third year, John Byron was under age; his years numbering no more than twenty-two when he married the lady immediately after her divorce from her first husband in May 1778, the year in which she became Lady Conyers (Baroness Conyers, in her own right), on the death of her father, the fourth Earl of Holderness. After resting for a brief while at the lady's house near Doncaster, where the poet was a visitor thirty-five years later, the young people went to France, to escape from English obloquy and English creditors. Never returning to her native country, after she left it under these painful circumstances, Lady Conyers died abroad on January 26, 1784—from her husband's cruelty, it was whispered in Mayfair: or, as the poet assured Monsieur Coulmann, from her imprudence in accompanying her husband to a hunt before she had completed her recovery from the accouchement which gave birth to Augusta (afterwards the Honourable Mrs. Leigh), the second, but only surviving, issue of her father's first marriage. Apart from rumour, there is no evidence that John Byron treated his first wife with harshness or neglect. Certainly he had good reason to wish her long life, for she had an estate for life that yielded her 4000*l.* a-year—a revenue that enabled him to pass his time pleasantly in the gayest and, in the last century, perhaps the cheapest capital of Europe. On her death,

the young man of luxurious tastes and considerable debts was penniless.

Returning to England in search of an heiress, whose possessions would extricate him from his pecuniary difficulties, he found one (in the spring of 1785) at Bath—not so rich as he could have wished, but still rich enough for his immediate requirements. In money, land, and bank-shares this heiress (Miss Gordon, of Gight, in Aberdeenshire) had about 23,000*l.*, a fortune that rumour had doubled. To the widower, only twenty-eight years old at the time of his wife's death, Miss Gordon's actual and unexaggerated estate would have seemed so inadequate to his necessities, that it is difficult to believe he would have embarrassed himself with so unattractive and uncongenial a companion had he not, at the time of marrying her, been under a misconception as to the magnitude of her possessions. Drowning men, however, catch at straws; and "Mad Jack Byron" may have persuaded himself that 23,000*l.* would, with clever management, put him in easy circumstances. Anyhow he married the lady on May 13, 1785, in England, and remarried her in Scotland, ten months later:—the earlier wedding being celebrated at St. Michael's church, Bath, by the rector, in the presence of Dr. and Mrs. Alexander Hay: and the second wedding being done with a contract of marriage in Scotch form, drawn with legal exactness and signed by the bride and her groom in March 1786. The Bath marriage, which seems to have been a private affair, may have resulted from Mad Jack's desire to preclude inconvenient de-

mands by Miss Gordon's kindred for a prenuptial settlement, or from his wish to qualify himself to be her travelling companion from the resort of fashionable idlers and invalids to her native shire. The second marriage may have been performed for the convenience of her Scotch lawyers, or to satisfy the religious scruples of her Scotch cousins. If there was an elopement in the affair, it must have been a merely formal elopement from the Somerset wells, that was arranged to gratify the lady's desire for a romantic passage into matrimony; for when she determined to give them to Captain Byron, Miss Gordon was mistress of her person and worldly goods. Her father having already committed suicide, there was no guardian with power to stay her on the way to ruin as she was of age. In Medwin's book, Byron is said to have spoken of his father's elopement with Miss Gordon; but if the poet did not talk loosely to Medwin, the author of the "Conversations" was a bad listener and careless reporter. Early in the summer following the date of the Scotch matrimonial contract, "Mad Jack" carried his bride to Paris and Chantilly, where they soon made away with what still remained to them of the 3000*l.* which the heiress possessed in ready money at the time of the Bath wedding, and the 600*l.* obtained from the sale of her two shares of the Aberdeen Banking Company. Just one year and ten months after her Scotch re-marriage, Catherine Gordon Byron, having returned from France to Great Britain *via* Boulogne and Dover, was in Holles Street, Cavendish

Square, with a babe in her arms, and heaviness at her heart. During her brief stay in that street she was for days together without money in her purse. Since her marriage she had discovered that her husband had married her only for the sake of her fortune; and in Holles Street she learnt that when the needful arrangements had been made with his creditors, she would be left with only a pittance, barely sufficient for the subsistence of herself, her husband, the infant in her arms, and his child by Lady Conyers.

Hitherto there has been a question whether the poet was born at Dover, or Holles Street, Cavendish Square, London. That his sister believed him to have been born in London is shown by the inscription of the mural tablet which she placed to his memory in the chancel of Hucknall-Torkard Church; and all the other witnesses to the point, who agree with the inscription, may be presumed to have gained their information directly or indirectly from her. But Dallas—the author of “*Recollections of Lord Byron*” (1824), who might be thought more likely than the Honourable Mrs. Leigh to have known the truth of the matter—had a strong opinion that Catherine Gordon’s boy first saw the light at Dover. Mr. Dallas received the lady at his house in Boulogne when she was on her way to England; and he certainly was not without grounds for his impression that she was taken with pains whilst crossing the Channel, and was delivered of her child at the English sea-port. It is however certain that Dallas was mistaken, for there exists conclusive

evidence that the birth took place in London, and that Mrs. Byron was attended at her accouchement by the famous surgeon, John Hunter, who before her departure from London for Aberdeenshire, gave the young mother instructions respecting the kind of shoe her child should wear on coming to need shoes. At a later date (towards the end of 1790, or in an early month in 1791), Hunter wrote to Dr. Livingstone, of Aberdeen, on the same subject; but either through misapprehension on the part of the Scotch doctor, or through the inexpertness of a Scotch shoe-maker, the result of the directions was so unsatisfactory that it became necessary for Mrs. Leigh (General Leigh's wife)—then living at 39 Brompton Row, Knightsbridge—to call upon the London surgeon for more precise guidance. This application to Hunter for further counsel was in May 1791; and when a shoe had been made in accordance with his orders, Mrs. Leigh sent it to her sister-in-law in North Britain.

And here it may be remarked that the lameness, which occasioned the poet so much discomfort of body and mental distress from his childhood to his last days, was due to the contraction of the Achilles tendon of each foot, which, preventing him from putting his heels to the ground, compelled him to walk on the balls and toes of his feet. Both feet may have been equally well formed, save in this sinew, till one of them was subjected to injudicious surgery; the right being, however, considerably smaller than the left. Instead of being congenital, the slight contrac-

tion of the left Achilles tendon may have been the result of the patient's habit of stepping only on the fore part of the foot, so as to accommodate its movements to the action of the other extremity. But though it may not have existed in the earlier years of his childhood, the contraction of the comparatively normal sinew was noticed by Trelawny when he made the *post mortem* examination of both extremities at Missolonghi. The right Achilles tendon, ("tendo Achillis," as it is styled in books on anatomy) however, was so much contracted that the poet was never able to put the foot flat upon the ground; always using for it a boot made with a high heel, and fitted with a padding inside under the heel of the foot. This foot was also considerably distorted so as to turn inwards—a malformation that may have been caused altogether by the violence with which the foot was treated by the less intelligent of the boy's surgical operators, and more especially by Lavender, the Nottingham quack.

It is therefore manifest that Byron's lameness was of a kind far more afflicting to the body and vexatious to the spirits than the lameness of such an ordinary club-foot as disfigured Sir Walter Scott. With a club-foot to plant firmly on the ground, Byron could have taken all the bodily exercise needful for the natural correction of his morbid tendency to fatten. He would have moved about awkwardly, and to the derision of his least generous playmates; but he would not have been debarred from participation in all of their manlier sports. Instead of musing or moping for

hours together on the famous tombstone, he would have distinguished himself in the Harrow playing-grounds at cricket and even at leap-bar. A few years later, instead of standing sadly in the corners of London ball-rooms, eyeing enviously the young men whirling round with fair partners, he would have fatigued himself in the gallopade and delighted in the waltz, which he affected to abhor, as unfit alike for men and women. Better still, instead of taking most of his outdoor exercise in the lazy yacht or easy saddle, he would have been a bold climber of mountains.

To the question why Byron did not bear his lameness as bravely and cheerily as Scott bore his lameness, one answer is, that whilst the Scotch poet suffered from nothing worse than a club-foot, the author of "Childe Harold" endured a lameness far more trying to health and spirits. Had Sir Walter been constrained to pick his way through life on his toes, "hopping" about like a bird (to adopt Leigh Hunt's way of sneering at a comrade's grievous affliction), he would certainly have been less happy. And had Byron been able to walk about like a man, albeit with a club-foot, he would have been less often stricken with melancholy and moved to breathe the fierce breath of anger.

CHAPTER IV.

MORE OF "MAD JACK BYRON."

Holles Street, Cavendish Square.—Augusta's Grandmother.—
"Baby Byron."—Mad Jack in Scotland.—Catherine Gordon's
Characteristics.—Mad Jack's Death.

THAT Captain and Mrs. Byron returned from France to England without having fully realised the magnitude and urgency of their pecuniary difficulties may be inferred from the character of the quarter in which they took a furnished house on their arrival in London for a term of three months, ending on the 8th of April, 1788. Another indication, that the lady, on coming to Holles Street, still regarded herself as a gentlewoman, who might spend money freely, is found in the engagement of the first surgeon of his time to attend at her accouchement. Before she left the street, the poor lady had reason to take a different view of her position. Her land and all its appurtenances having been sold during her residence in France, Captain Byron's creditors clamoured for a speedy settlement of their claims on the money coming to him from the sale of his wife's estate; when, instead of sending him the means of pacifying these eager claimants, the Scotch lawyers were even re-

luctant to remit enough money for his current expenses. Had it not been for his sister, Mrs. Leigh, who gave him more of her pin-money than she could well afford, "Mad Jack" would have been without the guineas needful for his simple amusements about town. On coming from the seclusion of her chamber, poor Mrs. Byron, when she was not nursing her baby, found her principal employment in writing letters to her Edinburgh lawyer. Possibly the Writer to the "Signet" was moved by his client's pitiful epistles to push matters forward to a final arrangement, but to the miserable gentlewoman he seemed to act with exasperating slowness; and before she received the remittance which enabled her to journey northwards, she had been for the greater part of a fortnight without a penny in her pocket.

Before she returned to her proper country, the burden that had come to her from her own want of prudence was lightened by the Dowager-Countess of Holderness (Captain Byron's whilom mother-in-law), whose blue eyes and golden hair, with a score of other charms beseeeming "the belle of the Hague," had won an English coronet for her nearly half a century since, when Lord Holderness was the British Plenipotentiary to the States-General of the United Provinces. At Chantilly little Augusta had lived under her father's roof, and she was one of the party entertained by Mr. Dallas at Boulogne, when he had occasion to observe that Mrs. Byron would soon become a mother. But as the time neared for her brother's appearance on

the scene, little Augusta (in her fifth year) was packed off to stay with her grandmother, who had tender yearnings for the child, though little reason to like the child's father. And now, to Captain Byron's lively contentment, the Countess declared her wish to undertake the child's nurture, and to provide for her. Catherine Gordon must also have received the Countess's proposal with satisfaction. In justice, however, to the gentler side of a nature by no means altogether loveable, it should be recorded of Mrs. Byron that she could not surrender unregretfully the child who had been her best companion many a day at Chantilly, when her husband was amusing himself in Paris. There was another reason why Mrs. Byron cared for the child, whom she had nursed in France with exemplary tenderness and devotion through a severe illness, that for several days promised to end in death. Thirteen years later, when Augusta and her stepmother came together again, there was small need for Mrs. Byron to remind her husband's daughter of this passage of her childhood; for Byron's sister had never forgotten the service of love. Still it was not in the nature of things for Catherine Gordon to resist the Countess's proposal. So the brother and sister, whose mutual love is recorded in deathless song, went different ways—"Baby Byron" (as Augusta used to call him after he had risen to universal celebrity) journeying slowly northwards to the land of mountain and mist, whilst she went to the roof of the Countess, who, growing mightily fond of her grandchild, used to tell her ac-

quaintances, in her own peculiar Dutch-English, that the girl would be her "residee-legatoo."

Though she no longer possessed a patch of land in the county, Catherine Gordon was "going home" as she travelled towards Aberdeenshire; but to her husband (when a year and half later he set out to join his wife in Scotland), the journey to Aberdeen where Mrs. Byron, after staying for a while with some of her relations, had settled herself in lodgings, was a journey into exile. It was a dismal prospect for the man of luxurious tastes, who, more French than English in his appearance and habits, delighted in the sunshine and mirth and vintages of the land, where he received the more important part of his earlier training; the land that, instead of crying "Fie!" at his naughtiness, had welcomed him all the more cordially for having carried a peeress in her own right away from her lawful husband. In France he had lived intimately with the great Marshal Biron, who hailed him as a cousin. In Paris his elegance, beauty, gallantry, horsemanship, had won the admiration of *salons*, whose wits, men and women alike, held precisely his own views on questions of religion and morals. The gentleman shuddered at the imagination of what lay before him in Scotland—a land of bad cookery and worse manners, of bleak winds and dismal skies, of boors and fanatics. He shuddered again as he mentally compared the beauty and cleverness and gaiety of Lady Conyers, with the homely aspect, provincial style and intolerable temper of Mrs. Byron, to whom he was going reluc-

tantly; the peeress who had 4000 *l.* a-year, with the petty laird's daughter whose fortune had dwindled to a pitiful 3000 *l.*

The comparison would have been unfavourable to Mrs. Byron had he compared her with a woman of ordinary attractiveness. For though she had royal blood in her veins, and belonged to the superior branch of the Gordons, it would not have been easy to find a gentlewoman whose person and countenance were less indicative of ancestral purity. A dumpy young woman, with a large waist, florid complexion and homely features, she would have been mistaken anywhere for a small farmer's daughter or a petty tradesman's wife, had it not been for her silks and feathers, the rings on her fingers and the jewellery about her short, thick neck. At this early time of her career, she was not quite so graceless and awkward as Mrs. Cadurcis (in Lord Beaconsfield's "Venetia"), but it was already manifest that she would be cumbrously corpulent on coming to middle age; and even in her twenty-fifth year she walked in a way that showed how absurdly she would waddle through drawing-rooms and gardens on the development of her unwieldy person. In the last century it was not uncommon for matrons of ancient lineage to possess little learning and no accomplishments; but Miss Gordon's education was very much inferior to the education usually accorded to the young gentlewomen of her period. Unable to speak any other language, she spoke her mother tongue with a broad Scotch brogue, and wrote it in a style that in this

politer age would be discreditable to a waiting-woman. Though she was a writer of long epistles, they seldom contained a capital letter, or a mark of punctuation, to assist the reader in the sometimes arduous task of discovering their precise meaning; and though she could spell the more simple words correctly, when she was writing in a state of mental placidity, she never used her pen in moments of excitement, without committing comical blunders of orthography. To Captain Byron, however, the lady's temper was more grievous than her defects of person, breeding, and culture. It should, however, be remembered by readers, who would do her justice, that Mrs. Byron was by no means devoid of the shrewdness and ordinary intelligence of inferior womankind, and was capable of generous impulses to the persons, whom in her frequent fits of uncontrollable fury she would assail with unfeminine violence—and even with unnatural cruelty.

On the road to Aberdeen, where for his own gratification he could arrive none too late, Captain Byron paid a visit to one or two agreeable houses, and so long as he was the guest of hospitable lairds, who gave him the best wine of their cellars and the best sport of their domains, the man of pleasure found life in Scotland endurable, and could pay himself compliments on the address and philosophical cheerfulness with which he accepted the usages of a semi-barbarous people, and like a consummate man of the world accommodated himself to the habits and humours of his associates. But when the visits had all been paid, and

the time came for him to settle down in an Aberdeen lodging, and live on oatmeal and inferior whiskey in the society of a wife, who was perpetually upbraiding him for having reduced her in so short a time from affluence to penury, he lost his gaiety, and showed his victim the sternest and meanest qualities of his nature. With proper sentiments of pride and honour, Mrs. Byron was bent on living within the income of 150*l.* a-year, still coming to her from the 3000*l.* in the hands of trustees—the income that was now the only certain means of subsistence for herself, her husband, her child, and the single servant, who whilst acting the part of nurse to the future poet, discharged also the duties of housemaid and cook. Captain Byron decided that, instead of filling himself with “haggis,” he would at least dine daily as a gentleman of ancient descent and high fashion ought to dine. “Supplies would soon be coming to him,” he said, “from his kindred in the south, and his old friends in France; and in the meantime wine and meat must be bought for him on credit.” The altercations and noisier quarrels of such a husband and such a wife may be imagined. To escape from the woman, who scolded him from morning till night, he withdrew from her lodging at one end of Queen Street and took a lodging for himself at the other end of the same thoroughfare. Money coming to him soon afterwards from the relative, who had already helped him so many times, the Captain withdrew for a while from Aberdeen, to the sorrow even more than to the material relief of the wife who, over-

flowing with animosity against him when he was at hand, could still love him passionately when he was out of her sight.

A few months later, in 1790, he reappeared in Aberdeen, to wheedle his wife out of a little money that would enable him to get away to France. But Catherine Gordon (though she eventually yielded to his importunity) told him roundly that she had not a penny in her pocket, and that even if she had fifty guineas in hand she would not give him one of them. Perhaps this answer seemed to him a hint that a *single* guinea might still be squeezed out of her. Anyhow the man actually had the meanness to write to her, imploring her to give him a guinea—a begging letter that came in the course of years to the poet, who, preserving it as a curious domestic record, could still think of the writer with tenderness. It is certain that Captain Byron was not wanting in affectionateness to the little boy, who on one occasion shared his father's bed for a night. Whilst "Mad Jack" and his wife were occupying separate lodgings in Queen Street, Aberdeen, he used to waylay the child and his nurse in their daily walks, so as to have the pleasure of playing with the little fellow. The poet's memory was very retentive of kindnesses rendered to him in childhood; and though imagination had doubtless much to do with his affectionate recollections of his father, there is no reason to think them *mere* fancies. "I was not so young," Byron said towards the end of his life,

“when my father died, but that I perfectly remember him.”

The poet, however, cannot have been more than three years old when he saw his father for the last time; for Captain Byron withdrew from Aberdeen at least as early as the first month of 1791, on obtaining the means—partly from his wife and partly from Mrs. Leigh—to fly to France beyond the reach of his creditors. A few months later he died at Valenciennes in his thirty-sixth year, soon after his execution of a will, by which he appointed his sister, Mrs. Leigh, his sole executrix; the property affected by the instrument being a legacy of a hundred pounds from Admiral Byron’s estate, and the testator’s vested share of certain money, that on his mother’s death would pass to her children or their representatives. It is needless to observe that this trifling property was insufficient for the payment of Mad Jack’s debts.

Conflicting accounts have been given of his death; one of them being that he died by his own hand, a statement that at least accords with the man’s character and the desperate circumstances to which he brought himself by numerous acts of imprudence. To Harness, Byron more than once asserted that “his father was insane, and killed himself;” but on coming to grounds for attributing the death to natural causes, Harness came to the astounding conclusion that the poet in so speaking said what he knew to be untrue, and in a mere freak of morbid humour “calumniated

the blood flowing in his veins." The information which caused Harness to take this view of his friend's behaviour came to him, doubtless, directly or indirectly, from those members of the Byron family who were of opinion that Captain Byron died, as the phrase goes, "in his bed," and in the ordinary course of nature. Even if Byron told a wilful untruth in this matter, it is extravagant to charge him with thereby "calumniating the blood in his own veins;" for some of the most amiable and altogether virtuous persons have gone mad and killed themselves. The gloomy misadventure may occur to-morrow to the wisest and mildest and best of living men. Byron's statement, true or untrue, was nothing more than a statement that his father died in a peculiarly mournful manner. But what is the evidence that the statement was discordant with fact? At the most, it can have been nothing more than the strong and reasonable opinion of certain persons that Captain Byron did *not* die by his own act.

But the strongest evidence on such a matter is sometimes illusory, and the reasonable conclusion from it erroneous. Many a man has committed suicide in such a manner, that he has expired in his bed, and that his death has been assigned sincerely to natural causes by his nearest kindred, and all the members of his household, ay, and by a coroner's jury specially appointed to ascertain the cause of death. Lastly, even if it could be shown that Captain Byron was not guilty of suicide, why should Byron be accused of falsehood in the matter? The poet of

strong, at times morbidly strong, imagination, after long brooding over his father's melancholy story may well have come to a wrong conclusion about his death, and having once accepted the ghastly fancy for such fact, may have sincerely believed what he certainly said to Harness. The man, who was known throughout life as "Mad Jack Byron," may be presumed to have been a person whose eccentricity bordered upon insanity. This man of vehement feelings had fallen to a condition in which men of strong passions and unsettled faith are apt to meditate on self-murder as a means of escape from their humiliations and exasperating troubles. Going abroad with a few guineas in his purse—just enough money to keep him for a few weeks—he died in his thirty-sixth year. That he killed himself in despair was no unnatural opinion for his son to entertain long afterwards. It is a melancholy example of the injustice dealt out to Byron during his life and after his death, alike by his friends and his foes, that so amiable and worthy a gentleman as Harness could attribute falsehood to his friend, because his account of his father's way of dying was contradicted by persons who seemed to know the real truth of the matter. Surely Harness might have been content to charge his friend with nothing worse than mere morbid misconception, and to pity him for the sorrow that came to him from so dismal a fancy. It never seems to have occurred to Harness that, as the chief of his house, Byron might have had surer and fuller information about this doleful business than all

the members of his family. On the open question, whether "Mad Jack Byron" died by his own hand, no opinion is here offered. At this distance from the event, the question is of no great moment to readers. But a very strong opinion is given that the poet did not utter those words to Harness in mere levity and wickedness, and that one of the causes of the melancholy that ever followed his joyous moods like a shadow was a conviction that the father, whom he recalled lovingly and pitied profoundly, killed himself to get away from his misery.

On receiving the news of her husband's death at Valenciennes, Catherine Gordon's grief vented itself in screams that were audible to her neighbours in the same street. The poor woman had small cause to weep for the event that stirred her to so characteristic a display of strong emotion. For *her*, at least, it was well that the libertine, who had wasted her wealth, and with cruel words had whipt her into many a fit of fury, could never again approach her. Even though he had lived to put a coronet on her head, she would have had small reason to thank God for so bad a husband. It was also well for the little boy, already observant and clever enough to think it strange his mother should be so wildly wretched for the death of the man, whom she had so often upbraided in his hearing for being a prodigy of masculine wickedness.

Byron was a school-boy, stricken with illness from which he did not expect to recover, when in one of the most interesting and thoughtful of his youthful

poems, he wrote the familiar lines—so touchingly prophetic of the troubles that were soon to come upon him through the want of wise parental control,—

“Stern death forbade my orphan youth to share
The tender guidance of a father’s care.
Can rank, or e’en a guardian’s name, supply
The love which glistens in a father’s eye?
For this can wealth or title’s sound atone,
Made by a parent’s early loss, my own?”

He had endured what these early lines predicted, and was fast moving onwards to the rocks that wrecked him, when in more strenuous verse but in the same strain of feeling, he wrote,—

“The chief of Lara is returned again:
And why had Lara cross’d the bounding main?
Left by his sire, too young such loss to know,
Lord of himself;—that heritage of woe,
That fearful empire which the human breast
But holds to rob the heart within of rest!—
With none to check, and few to point in time
The thousand paths that slope the way to crime;
Then, when he most required commandment, then
Had Lara’s daring boyhood govern’d men.
It skills not, boots not step by step to trace
His youth through all the mazes of its race;
Short was the course his restlessness had run,
But long enough to leave him half undone.”

To those who have learnt from the admitted facts of his youth and earlier manhood, how gentle, affectionate, and manageable a creature Byron was at life’s outset; how quick to respond to kindness, and render homage to those whom he respected; how ready to profit by sympathetic admonition, and sacrifice his self-love to his sense of right; how full of loyalty to

all who had a moral title to his allegiance; and how devoid of even a leaven of vicious wilfulness,—it appears, at least, more than probable that had he been watched and guarded, from his sixteenth to his twenty-sixth year, by a proud, sagacious and loving father, he would have been saved from the catastrophe, in which he lost his domestic happiness, and everything that was really dear to him, with the exception of his sister's love, a few friendships, the fame that could not be taken from him, and the genius that was destined to make him still more famous.—But under no conceivable circumstances could "mad Jack Byron" have sobered down, and mellowed and ripened into such a father.

CHAPTER V.

ABERDEEN.

The Widow's Poverty.—The Poet's Childhood.—May Gray's Calvinism.—Catherine Gordon's Treatment of her Boy.—His Scotch Tutors.—His Lameness.—Banks of Dee.—Heir Presumptive.—Aberdeen Grammar School.—The Fifth Lord's Death.—Byron's first Love: Mary Duff.—His Temper in Childhood.—His Girlishness.—“Auld Lang Syne.”

DURING her residence in Aberdeen, from an early day of 1790 to the end of the summer of 1798, Mrs. Byron had three different places of abode;—the first in Queen Street, the second in Virginia Street, and the third in Broad Street. In the two first-named streets she had small furnished lodgings, but on moving to Broad Street she took an “entire floor,” which she fitted with the furniture that on her migration to England was sold (with the exception of the plate and linen) for 74*l.* 17*s.* 7*d.*

What with her inexperience in the arts by which a little money may be made to go a long way, and what with the consequences of “the Captain's wicked extravagance,” which so often stirred her to equally reasonable and unreasonable outpourings of indignation, Mrs. Byron found it impossible at first to live within her narrow income of 150*l.* a-year. At the time of the Captain's second visit to Aberdeen she

was in debt at least to the amount of 100*l.* And creditors had put "arrestments" on her modest revenue, when in the first quarter of 1791, she felt it incumbent on her honour to promise certain of the Aberdeen tradesmen, that she would herself pay those several little bills which the Captain, of course from pure forgetfulness, had omitted to settle on the eve of his withdrawal from the city. But when she had taken heart to borrow 300*l.* at 5 per cent., in order to wipe off all claims on her estate and sense of dignity, and to pay the charges of needful furniture for her Broad Street "flat"—a financial re-arrangement that reduced her yearly revenue by 15*l.*—she passed to a more tranquil period of her monetary experiences. On the death of her grandmother, the income, accruing to the heiress of Gight from the fund in the hands of her trustees, rose from 135*l.* to 190*l.* per annum: but as the aged annuitant survived the date of her granddaughter's migration from Scotland to Nottinghamshire, Catherine Gordon Byron's whole yearly income at Aberdeen never exceeded 135*l.*, after the rearrangement of her affairs. On that narrow revenue, however, she contrived to pay her way, and at the same time lay by enough for those unforeseen occurrences that are so likely to prevent the ends of a small income from meeting. When George suffered from measles in 1792, there may not have been money in hand for medicine and subsequent change of air; but in 1796, on his convalescence from scarlet fever, Mrs. Byron had no occasion to debate with

much anxious casting of accounts, whether she could afford to carry him forty miles up the Dee to that pleasant farm-house at Ballatrech (near Ballater), where he would breathe the purest air in all Scotland. It should be borne in mind that a guinea in George the Third's time had a much greater buying power than twenty-one Victorian shillings.

Whilst Catherine Gordon, who preferred her maiden surname to the one she had acquired by marriage, was graduating in the arts of domestic economy, and seizing every occasion for impressing on her boy how vastly superior the Gordons of her branch were to the Gordons of any other branch, and how immeasurably inferior English Byrons (albeit of a noble race) were to every variety of the Scotch Gordons, she maintained a correspondence with the child's London aunt (Mrs. Leigh, of 39 Brompton Row, Knightsbridge), who seems to have taken a womanly interest in the "little boy at Aberdeen," and from her heart to have compassionated her sister-in-law. The sisters may not have had many subjects in common, or much to tell one another. But to the widow a letter from England must have been welcome, if it caused her to think of the lordly Abbey her boy might some day inherit. Perhaps the ladies were the better friends for the distance between them. As fellow-tourists in France they would soon have fallen out. For whilst Mrs. Leigh pitied "*that* poor French king," and wept her eyes red over Marie Antoinette's troubles, Catherine Gordon Byron was on the side of "the people" whose

sufferings in her opinion fully justified the strong measures they were taking to "crush out the tyrants." Whatever else may be said against her, it cannot be denied that Mrs. Byron had just then the courage of her opinions. Declining to be called whig or liberal, or by any other milk-and-water name, she avowed herself "a democrat," and in the very ears of Aberdeen Tories prayed for the time, when kings and all other oppressors would be called to account and punished according to their deserts. Whilst little George was instructed in theology by Mary, shortened affectionately to "May" Gray (his pious Scotch nurse, the sister and successor of his first nurse), he was taught by his mother to abhor tyrants and regard the poor as extremely ill-used people, who would be as prosperous and virtuous as any philanthropist could wish them to be, if despots would but leave them alone. The child, who from the one teacher learnt to fear God, was inspired by the other with distrust of kings and a romantic concern for "the people." May Gray was the better teacher, but the mother also had a share in the formation of the child's character.

The nurse taught the child his first prayers; and before he could read, he learnt from her lips to repeat passages of the Sacred Scriptures; the first and the twenty-third Psalm being amongst the selections from the Bible, which were thus planted in his memory in his earliest infancy. And when one recalls how, in later time, he not seldom listened to the counsel of the ungodly, and stood in the way of sinners, and sat

in the seat of the scornful, it is pitiful to think of the little fellow repeating the first Psalm to his attendant, ere he bade her "good night" and lay his curly pate on the pillow. At this tender age, the nervous child accepted with the trustfulness of infancy all the nurse's Calvinistic views on matters of religion. It is more than probable that, had it not been for May Gray's enduring influence on her pupil, Shelley would not have had occasion to extend his arms towards his wife in a way expressive of astonishment mingled with sorrow, and shriek excitedly, "By what he said last night in talking over his 'Cain,' the best of all his undramatic dramas, I do believe, Mary—I do believe, Mary, that he is little better than a Christian!"

Whilst the Scotch servant, with her strong Calvinism and narrow intellect, was thus mindful for the spiritual welfare of her "charge," Mrs. Byron was no less watchful over his morals and deportment. A more exasperating and injurious ruler for a sensitive and sometimes violently passionate child, cannot be imagined than this vehement and undisciplined woman, who fell daily into as many fits of ill-temper as there are hours in the day, and rarely passed a week without a wild outbreak of hysterical rage. Abundantly lavish of kisses to the child when he was in her good graces, she was no less lavish of blows when he incurred her capricious displeasure. Now covering him with caresses and now seizing him to give him a beating, she was no mother for such a child to love,—but an equally perplexing and appalling fact for him

to study, ponder over, and dread. In a later stage of his infancy, instead of fearing her, he hated and ridiculed her. At least, on one occasion, after pouring half-a-hundred abusive epithets upon him, and even swearing at him, she mocked this issue of her own body for being "a lame brat!" At this unnatural gibe a fearful light came from the child's eyes,—the light that so often flashed from them in the coming time. The boy's visible emotion was not lost upon the mother, who probably expected it to be followed by words no less violent than her own. But the child surpassed the mother in self-control. For half-a-minute, whilst his lips quivered and his face whitened from the force of feeling never to be forgotten, he was silent; and then he spoke five short words, and no more. "I was born so, mother!" he said slowly, before he turned away from the woman who dared not follow him. The words were in the poet's mind when, in his early manhood, he told the Marquis of Sligo the several reasons that made it impossible for him to feel towards Mrs. Byron as a son ought to feel for a widowed mother. The scene, which ended with these words, came to his mind on his return from Greece (where he had taken the young Marquis into his confidence), when the intelligence came to him of Mrs. Byron's death. At Pisa, just three years before his death, the scene was in his mind when he wrote the first words of "The Deformed Transformed:"—

Bertha. Out, hunchback!

Arnold. I was born so, mother!"

Whilst receiving lessons in religion from May Gray and lessons in demeanour from Mrs. Byron, the boy acquired the rudiments of other knowledge from one or another of the three pedagogues who successively directed his studies before he was sent to the Aberdeen Grammar School in 1794, and for each of whom he had a kindly word, when in his twenty-sixth year he put on paper his recollections of his childhood in Scotland; the first of the preceptors being Mr. Bowers, whose pupils (of both sexes) were pleased to christen him "Bodsy," in reference to his dapperness. Having, for the modest fee of one guinea, spent a year (from November 1792 to November 1793) under the tuition of Bodsy Bowers, whose method of imparting knowledge did not save his pupil from having his ears boxed in Broad Street for knowing just nothing, the boy was placed under the charge of Mr. Ross, the "very devout, clever little clergyman," whose "mild manners and good-natured painstaking" rose years afterwards to the poet's grateful memory; when standing on the heights of Tusculum, he looked "down upon the little round lake that was once Regillus," and recalled how his imagination had in childhood been taken by the story of the Battle of Lake Regillus. As he "made astonishing progress" under the good minister's care, and had a strong liking for his master, he should not have been removed from so excellent a teacher, and placed under the strictly limited authority of the "very serious, saturnine, but kind young man, named Paterson," who was a rigid Presbyterian, and

the son of his pupil's shoemaker. It is not, however, surprising that he was taken from so worthy and efficient a preceptor as Mr. Ross; for the boy's tutors never pleased Mrs. Byron, who was at all times quick to hold them accountable for his faults of demeanour, and more particularly for his obvious want of affection for herself.

In perusing the biographies of the poet, alike in the pages that refer to his earlier time and those that relate to the successive periods of his manhood, readers should be mindful of what has been said in this volume of his lameness, or they will be misled by the passages which speak of his excursions up the Dee and his "solitary rambles," as though he were a fairly good pedestrian. "In early life," says Trelawny, a sensible writer and the best authority on this subject, "whilst his frame was light and elastic, with the aid of a stick, he might have tottered along for a mile or two; but after he had waxed heavier, he seldom attempted to walk more than a few hundred yards, without squatting down or leaning against the first wall, bank, rock, or tree at hand, never sitting on the ground, as it would have been difficult for him to get up again." Fashioned for strength in his neck, shoulders, and arms, he could at Aberdeen and afterwards at Harrow acquit himself well enough in a pugilistic combat, so long as he could hop and spring about on his toes, but in a long fight he was sure to be worsted, through the weakness of his feet. Fierce and resolute as any of his successive bull-dogs, he won several fights at

Harrow, but in every case he won them by rushing at his adversary with the *élan* of a French foot-soldier, and making a short business of each round by putting in quickly two or three blows with his singularly muscular arms. When he could not snatch success in this manner he was beaten, and had to bide his time for another opportunity of "paying off" an enemy, as he paid off his schoolmate at Aberdeen on the occasion mentioned by Moore. In later time he boxed with Jackson (the famous pugilist) and Jackson's pupils in the same manner. During his brief and brilliant career in London, it was noticed by his friends that to hide his lameness, he always entered a room quickly, running rather than walking, and stopt himself suddenly by planting his left (the comparatively sound) foot on the ground, and resting upon it. On the rare occasions when he was seen walking in the streets, it was observed that he moved with a peculiar sliding gait rather than the easy lounge of a fashionable saunterer,—in fact, with the gait of a person walking on the balls and toes of his feet, and doing his best to hide the singular mode of progression. Passages may, indeed, be found in his diaries and letters, that do not accord with this account of his pedestrianism. But they must be regarded as the venial misrepresentations of a writer who wished to divert attention, even his own attention, from the infirmity respecting which he was acutely sensitive. Just as the blind sometimes talk about "seeing things," and even go to picture galleries to "look at" works of art, the lame are often

heard to talk vauntingly of their achievements in walking. It was so with Byron. Rather than reveal his infirmity, he would endure serious discomfort. When the sudden shower of rain fell upon the prison garden (*vide* Hunt's "Lord Byron and his Contemporaries," Vol. I. p. 298), Byron could have run in his peculiar way for the length of the enclosure, as fast as Moore who had left him in the wet; but as he could not run without revealing his infirmity to a person, whom he thought ignorant of it, he continued to move slowly to cover, at the risk of getting wet through.

Suffering from his lameness in childhood and youth, no less than he suffered from it in his earlier manhood, the Aberdeen "laddie" was, of course, incapable of taking the amount of exercise on foot that is usual with children of his age. His excursions on the banks of the Dee, and other rambles, were made with the help of a pony, whether he went by himself or with a playmate. His days were nearing the end when, in a note to one of the brightest and heartiest passages of "Don Juan," he recorded his clear recollection of "Balgounie's brig's black wall," and of the fear that thrilled his nerves lest in crossing the river on the back of his pony, he (an only son) should fulfil the prediction of the terrifying lines:—

"Brig o' Balgounie, wight is thy wa';
Wi' a wife's ae son on a mare's ae foal,
Down shalt thou fa'."

There is also a sufficiently attested story that, on approaching the same bridge with a companion (another

only son), whose "turn" at "riding and tying" had placed him in the saddle, little George Byron insisted on remounting the pony and riding to the other side of the stream, whilst his friend waited behind to see the result of so hazardous an experiment; the argument by which the future poet carried his point being that, whereas he had only one parent to mourn for his death, his friend had both father and mother to weep and wail, should their boy be killed from the falling of the bridge. If it should be proved to be as fictitious as biographical anecdotes are sometimes found on critical examination, this story would still accord with the way in which the "little boy at Aberdeen" made excursions in the neighbourhood of the city, and brought himself face to face with the picturesqueness of more northern scenes. It was well for the youthful poet to sing in the "Hours of Idleness,"—

"I would I were a careless child,
Still dwelling in my Highland cave,
Or roaming through the dusky wild,
Or bounding o'er the dark blue wave."

Even when she plays the part of her own autobiographer, Poetry is permitted to be inaccurate in details. The "careless child" roamed "through the dusky wild" on the back of a Shetland pony, and was no more accustomed to foot it about the Highlands than to "dwell in a cave."

If it were safe to trust the biographer (Dallas), who, notwithstanding his connexion with the Byrons, certainly was in error as to the poet's birth-place, and

even wrote about his "fine *black* hair," it would be recorded on this page that the boy, whilst living at Aberdeen, acquired the elements of French—a language he never spoke or wrote with correctness or facility—at Monsieur De Loyauté's academy.

In 1794, the year in which her son entered the Aberdeen Grammar School, Mrs. Catherine Gordon Byron had reason to think her husband's family paid her less attention than she might fairly expect from them. That Mrs. Leigh, who had been her helpful friend in several emergencies, allowed several months to pass without writing to inquire for her nephew, was a circumstance that troubled Mrs. Byron not a little, and filled her with suspicion that enemies had intercepted the letters to her which General Leigh's wife, now living at Sandgate, near Folkestone, might be presumed to have written and sent up, in packets of similar notes, to London, whence they could be "franked on" to Scotland. No coldness to account for Mrs. Leigh's silence seems to have risen at this time between the ladies, though they differed some twelve months later on questions touching Mad Jack's will and estate. This silence was the more remarkable and vexatious to Mrs. Byron, because it not only prevented her from having the pleasure of surprising her neighbours with a most exciting piece of intelligence, but also exposed her to the humiliation of being indebted to some one of them for the information which should have been sent promptly to her from Nottinghamshire or London, and of course would have been so sent to her, had

the Byrons made much account of "the little boy at Aberdeen" and his mother.

The fifth Lord Byron's grandson had died in Corsica, and weeks had passed since his kindred in England donned mourning for him, before Mrs. Byron of Aberdeen knew of the event, which put her little boy next in succession to Newstead and the barony; and when the intelligence reached her, it came in a manner that declared to all Aberdeen how little she was esteemed by her husband's people. For the news, which should have been sent promptly from Newstead, she was indebted to the gossip of a neighbour. If she received the astounding intelligence at a tea-party, it is not difficult to imagine the resentment and humiliation that qualified her delight, when an eager demand for her informant's authority for the staggering announcement provoked expressions of lively astonishment at her ignorance of a matter, that had been known for more than a month to every one else. Such an incident could not fail to ruffle the always emotional lady.

But if the way by which it came to her was galling, the intelligence was very gratifying to her pride. It was so good that, to guard herself from bitter disappointment, she tried not to believe it, till she should receive confirmatory letters from the South, putting it beyond question that her boy had really and truly become his great-uncle's heir-presumptive. On learning in due course that the talker at the tea-party had spoken no more than the truth, poor Mrs. Byron began

to chatter about leaving Aberdeen, and withdrawing George from the Grammar School which, though a most respectable seminary and quite good enough for the sons of mere lairds and writers to the signet, was no fit place for a young gentleman who a few years hence would be a lord of the Upper House.

The news, of course, raised Mrs. Byron considerably in the regard of her neighbours in Aberdeen, and revived the waning affection of her kindred throughout the county. Persons who for years had thought lightly of the ruined heiress, and declared her temper insufferable, now discovered in her good qualities, for which no one had heretofore commended her. Cousins, who had neglected her ever since her husband's death, now sent her pressing invitations to visit them, and bring her boy with her. Mr. Ferguson, a leading gentleman of affairs in Aberdeen, who had stood staunchly by her in her darkest hour, was of opinion that Lord Byron might, by judicious treatment, be induced to make her an allowance, or at least to pay for the education of his heir at one of the great public schools. Mr. Ferguson was also of opinion that if her case were submitted to the consideration of His Most Gracious Majesty by the Prime Minister, a pension of at least 300*l.* a-year would be granted her on the Civil List. And this last matter was one on which Mr. Ferguson was the more justified in speaking strongly and hopefully, because he had himself been instrumental in procuring from the King's gracious benevolence a pension for a lady of quality, who like Mrs.

Byron was suffering from straitened circumstances. Knowing the strings to be pulled and how to pull them, Mr. Ferguson would have much pleasure in acting for Mrs. Byron in the matter, *if* he could only have Lord Byron's written authority to bestir himself for the accomplishment of his desire. Without authority from the chief of the Byron family, it was obvious that Mr. Ferguson could not move effectually or safely in the lady's behalf. Lord Byron was known to be a person of a singular temper; and it was conceivable that he might denounce for a meddler any person who, without his sanction, should venture to submit a statement of Mrs. Byron's necessities to the minister who at that time enjoyed the sovereign's confidence. The lady was therefore urged to put herself in communication with Lord Byron on the subject. If she did not like to write to his lordship at once, it was suggested by her discreet counsellor that she should consult Mrs. Leigh, who was believed to enjoy her uncle's favour, and through her get access to the Lord of Newstead.

Whether the "wicked Lord Byron" was ever applied to on the subject, there is no evidence. Possibly Mrs. Leigh knew her uncle too well to trouble him with talk about Mrs. Byron and the "little boy at Aberdeen." Anyhow his lordship contributed nothing to the widow's means, and never authorized Mr. Ferguson to pull official strings. Instead of offering to send his heir to Eton or Harrow, the eccentric nobleman made the illegal sale of Rochdale property;

which resulted in the long and costly lawsuit that was one cause of the poet's financial embarrassments in the earlier stages of his career, after coming of age. This lawsuit was the principal legacy for which the author of "Childe Harold" had to remember his great-uncle.

In default of the requisite sanction, Mr. Ferguson took no steps to introduce the widow to the King's benevolent consideration; but five years later, when her son had become Lord Byron, on the death of his great-uncle (who died on the 19th of May, 1798), Catherine Gordon Byron obtained the long-desired pension of 300*l.* a-year on the Civil List;—an exhibition of royal benignity, that placed the democratic lady in sufficiently easy circumstances, and perhaps caused her to be more cautious in declaring her disapproval of kings.

At the Aberdeen Grammar School, Byron "threaded all the classes to the fourth," as he himself states the case in one of his autobiographical journals. But in thus rising from the place appropriate to the "little fellow" of the school to the place where a boy in his eleventh year would be looked for as a matter of course, he displayed neither aptitude nor liking for his lessons. Sometimes indeed he was at the top of his class, but on those occasions the top, as an Irishman might say, was the bottom. To pique the ambition of the superior scholars to recover the places which they had lost without disgrace, and to spur the less apt scholars to retain the dignity they had not won, it was

the practice of the masters of the school to invert the order of their classes, so that for a moment the knowing boys were placed lower than the ignorant ones. On these occasions Byron, after walking from the bottom to the top of his form, more than once heard his master say in a bantering tone, "And now, George, man, let me see how soon you'll be at the foot." The judgment of the masters about him was the judgment that has been accorded by pedagogues to so many children, who have distinguished themselves honourably in later time:—"Quick enough, but wanting in application!"

Whilst he neglected his lessons, the lame boy, though scarcely to be described as studious, was a reader of books (seldom perused by lads of his age), when his mates were at leap-frog. On the margin of a leaf of the elder D'Israeli's "Essay on the Literary Character," Byron in his mature age made this memorandum respecting the authors he had read before leaving Aberdeen:—"Knolles, Cantemir, De Tott, Lady W. M. Montague, Hawkins's translation from Mignet's "History of the Turks," the "Arabian Nights"—all travels or histories, or books upon the East, I could meet with, I had read, as well as Ricaut, before I *was ten years old*." And in connexion with this account of the desultory studies of his earlier years, it should be remembered how much evidence is afforded by his writings, that his memory was strongly retentive of the matters picked up from books perused in his infancy. Dr. Moore's "Zeluco" (1789)—a novel in which he

delighted in his Aberdeen time—gave the poet his first conception of “Childe Harold.” All that is most pathetic in the incomparably beautiful account of the “two fathers in this ghastly crew,” in the Second Canto of “Don Juan,” is referable to the impression made upon him by the “Narrative of the Shipwreck of the ‘Juno’ on the coast of Arracan, in the year 1795,” which he read with quickened pulse and tearful eyes in the year following his withdrawal from Scotland in 1798. In the whole range of literature, one would look in vain for a genius of the highest order, whose mind was more notably influenced throughout life by the food on which it fed in the earliest periods of its development.

At Aberdeen, also, Byron received his first lesson from the greatest and most ennobling of human teachers. One may smile for a moment at the thought of so young a child's first passion for a companion of the opposite sex. But no one who remembers Dante's passion for Beatrice (a love that warmed him in his tenth year), and Canova's quickness to fall in love at a much earlier age, will regard as “mere child's play” the sentiment with which the boy of meditative moods and almost morbid sensibility regarded Mary Duff—the little girl with dark-brown hair and hazel eyes, whose charm of face, and voice, and form, and manner, gave him many a sleepless night, when he was only nine years old. That he “could neither feel *passion*, nor know the meaning of the word” at the time of this love's warmest fervour, Byron

was certain when he recalled the affair and wrote about it in his twenty-sixth year; but for months together it was happiness to the shy boy to be allowed to gaze at this girl, to attend her in her walks, to sit by her side in the playroom of the old house hard by the Aberdeen Plain-stones, sometimes even to caress her. And all through the same months, it was misery to him to be away from her. Unutterably happy in her presence, he fretted and pined in her absence. This is not playing at love, but the passion itself, so far as a child, incapable of the peculiar desire to which perfect love owes so much of its colour and warmth, is capable of the sentiment. It is love, felt perhaps by one child of a hundred thousand, but quite unknown to the others. In Byron this sentiment was so enduring,—or (to speak more precisely) so capable of being revived—that in his seventeenth year he experienced an hysterical agitation, that nearly occasioned him one of those convulsive seizures to which he was liable throughout his life at moments of supreme emotion, on learning suddenly that his “old flame” was well and happily married to a gentleman of ancient name and lineage.*

* As the wife of Robert Cockburn (son of Baron Cockburn and younger brother of Henry Lord Cockburn), Mary Duff missed the celebrity, that would have pertained to her, had Byron married his first love, but she enjoyed domestic felicity, seldom accorded to the wives of famous poets. A man of refinement and elegant pursuits, the familiar of Walter Scott and the delight of Sir Walter’s peculiar “set” of friends, Robert Cockburn of Edinburgh and London (the great wine-merchant, whose excellent “port” may be said to have acquired historic renown) had every endowment, needful for win-

One of the poet's journals contains a passage which shows that though he could recall his own childhood he was imperfectly acquainted with the nature of ordinary children. After describing his infantile devotion to little Mary Duff, he writes in his twenty-sixth year, "In all other respects, I differed not at all from other children, being neither tall nor short, dull nor witty, of my age, but rather lively—except in my sullen moods, and then I was always a devil. They once (in one of my silent rages) wrenched a knife from me, which I had snatched from table at Mrs. B.'s dinner (I always dined earlier), and applied to my breast . . . just before the late Lord B.'s decease." The "rages," that Byron regarded as peculiar to himself in his childhood, are not unusual in young people; and there was nothing very remarkable about the ways in which he displayed his occasional passionateness. It is not surprising that the child, whose mother often vented her fury in his presence by destroying pieces of her wearing-apparel, should in one of his earliest fits of fury have torn his new frock to shreds; and the behaviour of a ten-years-old boy, in seizing a knife under a sudden impulse of wrath and

ning, and holding the love of a sensitive and singularly beautiful woman; and I have her only daughter's authority for saying that, from the hour of her marriage, Mary Duff led harmonious days in the brightest sunshine of domestic romance.—Let this note disperse misconceptions respecting Mary Duff's mother. In one of his autobiographic diaries Byron alludes to the "faux pas," of which Mrs. Duff was guilty at Aberdeen. The "faux pas" was merely Mrs. Duff's second marriage with a worthy man, who was her social inferior.

threatening to kill himself, was less extraordinary than the autobiographer imagined. On the other hand, it is certain that, apart from amatory precociousness, little George Byron differed from the majority of children in several respects. Especially he differed from them in retentiveness of memory and in intellectual receptivity. The knowledge, largely qualified with error as childish knowledge must ever be, that came to him in his infancy, passed into his soul and never left it. When it is remembered how needful for their happiness it is that persons who feel acutely should be capable of forgetting their annoyances, Byron's retentiveness of memory may be described as terrible. He differed also from the majority of young people in the delicacy of his sensibilities, and also in his morbid shyness, that far exceeded the shyness of proud children, exposed to mortifying circumstances.

A story is told of his behaviour in his eleventh year, which is noteworthy for its evidence that the bashfulness from which he suffered at this time and for several subsequent years,—indeed, in some degree throughout life,—was less the weakness of a sheepish boy than of a timid girl. On being required for the first time to answer to his name in the school roll-call by the title of "Dominus," a robust boy would have answered "Adsum" in a clear voice, and would have replied to the astonishment visible in the countenances of his school-fellows, by looking them proudly in the face, whilst his own glowed with excitement. But Byron was unequal to the ordeal, that certainly would

not have tried severely the self-possession of an ordinary child of his age. Overcome by the novelty of the position and the gaze of his staring class-mates, he stood silent and fell into tears. The girlishness of his emotion on this occasion was characteristic of the boy,—whom Hobhouse in later time used to regard as a wayward and irresistibly charming woman, rather than as man, and whose sister to the last used to call him her dear “baby Byron.”

Notwithstanding the pain that came to him from his mother's capricious harshness and violence, from incidents vexatious to his pride, from the terror begotten in his strongly imaginative mind by May Gray's calvinistic concern for his spiritual interests, and from the feminine sensitiveness of his highly nervous temperament, it is, however, certain that Byron's childhood was not upon the whole chiefly remarkable for its unhappiness. In many respects the circumstances of his infancy were unquestionably favourable to the health of his peculiar bodily constitution, the formation of his character, and the development of his genius,—or rather let it be said, to the development of those germs of feeling and faculty that were destined to result in his genius. It was well for the nerves of the delicate boy that in his earlier childhood he breathed the bracing air of his mother's native county. It was well in later time for the poet, who was a peer and (without being so foolish about it as his biographers have asserted) prided himself none too little on his rank, that without having been subjected to the dwarfing

and embittering conditions of extreme penury, he could recall a period when he lived in the ways that lie between affluence and poverty. It was well for the aristocrat to have been reared amongst the people, and to have learnt from personal experience how closely humble folk resemble the children of luxury and grandeur. If it abounded with trials to his pride and with incidents peculiarly afflicting to his sensitive and impetuously affectionate nature, his childhood afforded him pleasures which he remembered no less vividly than its vexations. When his days were speeding onward to "the yellow leaf," the man, who had drained a bitter cup to the dregs, could still write cheerily and tenderly,—

"As auld Lang Syne brings Scotland, one and all,
Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear streams,
The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's brig's black wall,
All my boy's feelings, all my gentler dreams
Of what I *then dreamt*, clothed in their own pall,
Like Banquo's offspring;—floating past me seems
My childhood in this childishness of mine:
I care not—'tis a glimpse of 'Auld Lang Syne.'"

The heart's music rings out too unmistakably in these lines for any one to question their sincerity. It matters not that he had often spoken of Scotland and her people in a different strain. When the great Jeffrey with his review tried to crush him, the young poet wrote savage things of the critic and his clique; and in later times he visited Scotland with his wrath because a few of her writers were worrying him. When the saucy girl twitted him with the Scotch note, that

was faintly perceptible at times in his musical voice, he could say pettishly, "I would rather hear that the country was sunk in the sea than believe you to be right." People could in his careless moods amuse him by ridiculing Scotland, and he would take part in the banter, but only with the playful malice which a humourist reserves for his best friends, and delights to pour upon them *because* they are his best friends. In his heart he loved "the land of mountain and of flood," and was grateful to her for the childhood that, without being an altogether joyful one, had left him with many a joyful memory.

CHAPTER VI.

NOTTINGHAM AND LONDON.

The Sixth Lord.—His first Visit to Newstead.—The Abbey.—Tutor at Nottingham.—Lavender, the Bone-setter.—Dulwich Grove.—Dr. Glennie.—A very troublesome Mamma.—Guardian and Ward.—Byron's first Dash into Poetry.—His second Love: Margaret Parker.—His later Attachments.—His Sensibility, Memory and Imagination.—Malvern Hills and Scotch Mountains.

IN language suitable for his purpose Moore tells how in the summer of 1798 Lord Byron "left Scotland with his mother and nurse, to take possession of the seat of his ancestors," and how on their arrival at the Newstead toll-bar "they saw the woods of the Abbey stretching out to receive them;" when Mrs. Byron, feigning ignorance, asked the woman of the tollhouse to whom the Abbey belonged. On being informed that the late owner, Lord Byron, had died some time since, the proud mother inquired who was the late lord's heir:—a question that elicited the reply, "They say, it is a little boy who lives at Aberdeen;" whereupon, May Gray, no longer able to control her feelings, ejaculated, "And this is he: bless him!" at the same moment "kissing with delight the young lord who was seated in her lap." This pleasant story had probably a foundation of fact; but the sceptical reader

will question whether the young lord—in the middle of his eleventh year, and a rather fleshy boy for his age—entered his ancestral domain sitting on the nurse's knees.

Modest truth would have been content to say that Mrs. Byron, with her son and maid-servant, travelled by stage-coaches to Nottingham; whence, on the day after their arrival at the town's best inn, they drove in a post-chaise to Newstead, to look at the place, which it was hoped the young lord would some day inhabit, after finishing his education, and marrying a lady with enough money to restore the ruinous mansion, and set the spits turning in its kitchens.

Though the woods extended their arms to receive the heir, the house was in no state for the entertainment of his mother. Had the house been tenantable, Mrs. Byron (not yet in possession of the Civil List pension, and with no other means than the small income of 135*l.* per annum on which she had lived at Aberdeen) was in no position to dwell in so grand a place. The young lord's estate (already in Chancery) was no property from which his mother could hope to get an allowance of three or four thousand a-year for the charges of his education at Eton or Harrow, and the maintenance of so stately a home for him during the holidays. The most being made of the rental, and the least of needful expenses, the few farms pertaining to the Abbey yielded a revenue of from 1200*l.* to 1500*l.* per annum. At Rochdale there was the property of which the late lord had made an illegal sale. To

recover that property would be a work of time and expense; and on its recovery, should it ever be wrested from the people in possession, it might be worth some twenty thousand pounds. In the meantime, there was no fund for carrying on the law-suit, apart from the few hundreds a-year of the Newstead rental, that should not be needed for the young peer's education. The most valuable part of the boy's Newstead property was the part that yielded no income, beyond what the pasture of the park was let for, and moneys from the sale of timber. The entire property was valued by the land-agents at 90,000*l*. A statelier and more picturesque place of its particular kind could scarcely be found in the midland shires; and fortunately there was no entail to preclude the new lord from selling, as soon as he should come of age. But of course, so long as he should be a minor, all thought of sale would be out of the question.

It can be imagined how Mrs. Byron, daily growing stouter, waddled her way, under the guidance of an aged care-taker, through hall and corridor, through galleries and chambers, through neglected gardens and crumbling ruins, speaking querulous truth at every turn of the wicked old Lord who had suffered so noble a place to fall into such dilapidation. It can be conceived how, long before the hour appointed for the repast, May Gray was sharply ordered to unpack a certain basket, which the excursionists from Nottingham had brought with them, unless she would see her mistress faint away for want of luncheon and a glass

of sherry. It may be imagined how the young Lord, heedless for the moment of his lameness and the pain of walking, slipped away from his mother to the eminence of the park that gave him the best view of the fair domain and venerable pile, whose beauties he described some twenty years later in his greatest poem:—

“An old, old monastery once, and now
Still older mansion,—of a rich and rare
Mix’d Gothic, such as artists all allow
Few specimens yet left us can compare
Withal: it lies perhaps a little low,
Because the monks preferr’d a hill behind,
To shelter their devotion from the wind.

“It stood embosom’d in a happy valley,
Crown’d by high woodlands, where the Druid oak
Stood like Caractacus, in act to rally
His host, with broad arms ’gainst the thunderstroke;
And from beneath his boughs were seen to sally
The dappled foresters—as day awoke,
The branching stag swept down with all his herd,
To quaff a brook which murmured like a bird.

“Before the mansion lay a lucid lake,
Broad as transparent, deep, and freshly fed
By a river, which its softened way did take
In currents through the calmer water spread
Around: the wild fowl nestled in the brake
And sedges, brooding in their liquid bed:
The woods sloped downwards to its brink, and stood
With their green faces fix’d upon the flood.

“Its outlet dash’d into a deep cascade,
Sparkling with foam, until again subsiding,
Its shriller echoes—like an infant made
Quiet—sank into softer ripples, gliding

Into a rivulet; and thus allay'd,
 Pursued its course, now gleaming, and now hiding
 Its windings through the woods; now clear, now blue,
 According as the skies their shadows threw.

“A glorious remnant of the Gothic pile
 (While yet the church was Rome's) stood half apart
 In a grand arch, which once screen'd many an aisle.
 These last had disappear'd—a loss to art:
 The first yet frown'd superbly o'er the soil,
 And kindled feelings in the roughest heart,
 Which mourn'd the power of time's or tempest's march,
 In gazing on that venerable arch.

“Within a niche, nigh to its pinnacle,
 Twelve saints had once stood sanctified in stone;
 But these had fallen, not when the friars fell,
 But in the war which struck Charles from his throne,
 When each house was a fortalice—as tell
 The annals of full many a line undone,—
 The gallant cavaliers, who fought in vain,
 For those who knew not to resign or reign.

“But in a higher niche, alone, but crown'd,
 The Virgin Mother of the God-born Child,
 With her Son in her blessed arms, look'd round;
 Spared by some chance when all beside was spoil'd;
 She made the earth below seem holy ground.
 This may be superstition, weak or wild,
 But even the faintest relics of a shrine
 Of any worship wake some thoughts divine.

“A mighty window, hollow in the centre,
 Shorn of its glass of thousand colourings,
 Through which the deepen'd glories once could enter,
 Streaming from off the sun like seraph's wings,
 Now yawns all desolate: now loud, now fainter,
 The gale sweeps through its fretwork, and oft sings
 The owl his anthem, where the silenced quire
 Lie with their hallelujahs quench'd like fire.

* * * * *

“Amidst the court a Gothic fountain play’d,
Symmetrical, but deck’d with carvings quaint—
Strange faces, like to men in masquerade,
And here perhaps a monster, there a saint:
The spring gush’d through grim mouths of granite made,
And sparkled into basins, where it spent
Its little torrent in a thousand bubbles,
Like man’s vain glory, and his vainer troubles.

“The mansion’s self was vast and venerable,
With more of the monastic than has been
Elsewhere preserved: the cloisters still were stable,
The cells, too, and refectory, I ween;
An exquisite small chapel had been able,
Still unimpair’d, to decorate the scene;
The rest had been reform’d, replaced, or sunk,
And spoke more of the baron than the monk.”

Taking charge of the young lord’s estate, Chancery committed his person and education to the Earl of Carlisle, said by Moore to have been “connected but remotely with” his ward’s “family.” A son of Isabella Byron,—scarcely less famous for eccentricity than her brother, the “wicked lord,”—Lord Carlisle was first cousin (one degree removed) to the poet, who, had it not been for his mother, would probably have lived on pleasant enough terms with his guardian, instead of quarrelling with him bitterly.

Settling herself at Nottingham, where she resided for about twelve months, Mrs. Byron found a sufficient tutor for her son in Mr. Rogers, a worthy schoolmaster of the town, who without “grounding” the boy in Latin, so as to prepare him for a public school, led him on to construe loosely certain parts of Virgil and Cicero. Of the lad’s life at Nottingham little is known

save that he conceived an affectionate regard for his tutor, suffered much at the hands of the bone-setter, Lavender, and was goaded by an old lady of Swan Green, one of his mother's gossips, into writing the four lines of puerile doggerel which have been noticed seriously by some of the poet's biographers as his earliest effort in satirical literature. On the bone-setter, for whom he conceived reasonable contempt and aversion, the boy is said to have played a childish trick, that from time immemorial has caused merriment in the nurseries of children. Arranging the letters of the alphabet in gibberish words, he asked his tormentor what the language was; when the pompous impostor declared the words Italian. A more characteristic and agreeable story is told of the sufferer's intercourse at this time with his teacher of Latin. "It troubles me, my lord," said the tutor, pausing in a lesson, "to see you sitting there in such pain." "Never mind, Mr. Rogers," was the answer; "you shan't see any signs of it again."

There is small need to describe the bone-setter's way of treating the foot. Blind to the nature of the case, the man did precisely as any other pretender of his kind would have done. He rubbed the foot with oil, twisted it about with violence, and fixed it tight in a wooden machine, constructed for "screwing" and "torturing" bone and muscle into better behaviour. Day after day this barbarous process was repeated; the result of the treatment, of course, being that the foot suffered more injury from bad art, than unkind nature.

In the following year—when Mrs. Byron on getting her pension, moved from Nottingham to London and took a house in Sloane Terrace—the patient was taken at Lord Carlisle's suggestion to Dr. Baillie, who of course saw at a glance the character of the mischief, for which surgery could do nothing more than what John Hunter had prescribed years since. The foot having been provided with a shoe, made by an expert mechanic on the lines ordered by the famous surgeon, Dr. Baillie told the boy and his mother that it must be left to nature to overcome or modify the unfortunate consequences of hurtful treatment. The physician's counsel, that the comfort of the foot should be studied whilst nature was left to her own way of dealing with the distorted bones and injured tissues, was henceforth acted on, with a result that certainly justified the advice, though it scarcely fulfilled the doctor's moderate anticipation of amendment. On going to Harrow, Byron wore a shoe, that announced his infirmity to all observers of his costume; and he had been several years in England, before he could write to his first nurse (May Gray's sister) that he could wear an ordinary boot.

Mrs. Byron having moved from Nottingham to London, May Gray returned to Scotland, where she married a worthy man and died some three years after the death of the famous poet, in the formation of whose character she had been a considerable influence. On her departure for the North the boy, remarkable in later time for kindness to his servants, bade May

Gray farewell with characteristic expressions of gratitude for her care of him during his long affliction; his parting gift to her being the first watch he ever possessed, the watch that after the nurse's death became the property of the kind doctor who attended her in her last illness. The boy had already given his nurse the little full-length portrait of himself "standing with a bow and arrows in his hand, and a profusion of hair falling over his shoulders." As her tide of life ebbed away, the loyal servant delighted in talking to the doctor of the great man, in the drama of whose history she is so characteristic an actor.

Whilst his foot was recovering from Lavender's mal-praxis, Byron was a pupil in the excellent preparatory school, kept by Dr. Glennie at Dulwich,—a preceptor whom the poet would have remembered no less affectionately than Mr. Ross of Aberdeen and Dr. Drury of Harrow, had it not been for misunderstandings arising from his mother's foolish behaviour. Finding the boy well acquainted with the historical parts of sacred scripture, Dr. Glennie was struck by the intelligence and earnestness with which he spoke on matters of religion. From the doctor's evidence on this subject it seems that Byron's acceptance of his nurse's doctrine can have been troubled by no sceptical considerations so long as she was his daily companion. There is indeed a story that, before he left Scotland, the boy had given his first nurse's husband cause to speak of him as "a particularly inquisitive child and puzzling about religion." But this

goes for nothing against the abundant evidence, that it was during his later time at Harrow or his earlier time at Cambridge, that Byron became a sceptic.

At the same time Dr. Glennie's attention was arrested by the boy's fondness for reading good literature: and at Dulwich Grove the lad had the means of indulging this taste; for sleeping in the doctor's library, he was encouraged to amuse himself with certain of its books, that comprised a set of the British poets from Chaucer to Churchill, which he was believed to have read from beginning to end. Whilst there is sufficient evidence that the schoolmaster, a gentleman of no ordinary culture and amiability, was abundantly considerate for his pupil's welfare and indulgent to his humours, it is on record to the doctor's honour that eighteen years later (in 1817, at Geneva) he had the courage and generosity to declare his disbelief of the stories with which society resounded to the 'poet's discredit. The more, therefore, is it to be regretted that no testimony can be produced of corresponding good-will on the poet's part. Byron's silence about Dulwich Grove, where he remained for two years, is significant. Had he remembered the meritorious master with kindness, there would certainly have been some exhibition of the feeling in his published journals and letters. On the other hand, had there been good reasons for his want of grateful regard for the 'preceptor, he would have put them on record. The fair inference is that, whilst he could not recall the doctor pleasantly,



a sentiment of justice forbade him to write a word to his discredit.

The terms in which Glennie wrote to Moore of Mrs. Byron, whilst he had only the kindest words for her son, would of themselves show that Mrs. Byron was accountable for the disagreement of the master and pupil. "Mrs. Byron," he wrote with an asperity, that is the more remarkable, because the Scotchman would naturally have been lenient to the lady's northern peculiarities, had she not incensed him greatly, "was a total stranger to English society and English manners; with an exterior far from prepossessing, an understanding where nature had not been more bountiful, a mind wholly without cultivation, and the peculiarities of northern opinions, northern habits, and northern accent, I trust I do no prejudice to the memory of my countrywoman, if I say Mrs. Byron was not a Madame de Lambert, endowed with powers to retrieve the fortune and form the character and manners of a young nobleman, her son." If these plain words expose the writer to a charge of something like a breach of professional confidence, it can be pleaded in his behalf that he had endured extraordinary provocation from the lady, who treated him as contemptuously as it was in the nature of such a woman to treat a gentleman who was "only her son's schoolmaster."

Of course the disputes and conflicts, that arose between Dr. Glennie and Mrs. Byron, related to small matters; for the life of a school, more especially of a

preparatory school for quite young gentlemen, is made of small matters. Complaining of the slowness of her boy's progress, Mrs. Byron acted as though her chief object was to make the progress slower. Instead of leaving George to his studies, she was continually driving over to Dulwich to take him out for the afternoon; to carry him off to a theatre or children's party. To the doctor's earlier and milder protest against these interruptions of his young friend's studies, Mrs. Byron answered with promises she failed to keep. But when the doctor became firmer and somewhat less conciliatory, the lady's brow clouded. There were scenes, in which the schoolmaster showed displeasure and the lady became angry;—followed by still stormier scenes that ended on Mrs. Byron's side with hysterics. Mrs. Glennie tried with her gentle voice to manage this ungentle and exceedingly troublesome mamma. But Mrs. Glennie succeeded no better than her husband. Not once or twice alone, but repeatedly, the boy's guardian intervened between the belligerents, at the instance of the tutor, who of course knew the Earl would be on his side. By the Earl it was decided that Mrs. Byron's inconvenient visits to Dulwich Grove should cease, and that George's studies should not be interrupted during the six working days of every week. With due regard for the mother's feelings, and not a little to the schoolmaster's disappointment, it was, however, decided by Lord Carlisle that Mrs. Byron should receive a weekly visit from her son from the Saturday

to Monday, on condition he was sent back to school on Monday in time for lessons. When Mrs. Byron had shown her regard for this stipulation by keeping the boy with her till Monday afternoon, till the middle of the week, and even on one occasion for an entire week beyond the time appointed for his return to Dulwich, the Earl was again entreated to speak in the interest of tutor and pupil.

By this time Lord Carlisle's power over Mrs. Byron was at an end. The gentlewoman, whose insolent speech in the doctor's study and Mrs. Glennie's parlour had often been audible to the servants in the kitchen and the boys in the playground, was no gentlewoman to stand in awe of an earl. Of Lord Carlisle's last interview with Mrs. Byron nothing is known, save that he left her presence with a determination to see as little as possible of her in the future. Confessing himself beaten by the virago, with whom he never again condescended to bandy words, the Earl said to Dr. Glennie, "I can have nothing more to do with Mrs. Byron,—you must now manage her as you best can." That the guardian had good cause for this resolve no one has questioned; and it is more than probable that he had reason for extending his displeasure to the boy, who, though he is not to be blamed for his mother's bad temper, might have done something to check and moderate its outbreaks. The boy may even have been guilty of impertinence to the guardian, who from the time of these rather ludicrous and very unfortunate occurrences regarded him with disfavour.

"Byron, your mother is a fool!" one of the boys remarked bluntly to the future poet.

"I know it!" was the gloomy reply.

But though he "knew it," Lord Byron wanted the spirit to beg her to behave less unreasonably. Without showing any lack of filial respect, the twelve-years-old boy might have entreated Mrs. Byron out of her maternal care for his feelings and interests, to have more regard for the wishes of his schoolmaster and his guardian. At least he might have shown both the Doctor and the Earl, that he was sensible of their goodness in taking much trouble and enduring many annoyances for his advantage. The boy who failed to show this feeling by words or manner, seemed of course to be taking Mrs. Byron's part in the unseemly contention. In siding thus far with such a mother the schoolboy was, of course, actuated by no higher motive than a desire for as many holidays and as much pleasure as possible. Though quick enough to resist his mother when she thwarted his wishes or stung him with bitter speech, it is conceivable that in his girlishness—the girlishness. that set him "crying for just nothing" before his Aberdeen schoolmates—he shrunk from provoking a conflict with her, when she seemed to be overflowing with affection for him. Under these circumstances it is not wonderful that Lord Carlisle thought too unfavourably of the boy, of halting gait and clouded brow, heavy features and sullen look, who spoke with his mother's brogue, and could not enter a room without dropping his eyes to the carpet, from a shyness, in no way dis-

tinguishable from the shyness of rusticity. Indeed, who could have predicted thus early and thus late in his story that this sheepish, awkward, thankless little fellow, after almost surviving his Scotch accent and learning how to conceal his lameness, would, ten short years hence assume a shape of singular elegance and a face of peculiar loveliness, and break upon the world almost in the same instant as the greatest poet and brightest coxcomb of his generation? Is it wonderful that, when the brown bud had changed to perfect blossom, Byron never cared to talk of the Dulwich school, which he remembered only as a place, where his mother had made herself more than usually contemptible, and he had played the part of a young cub rather than of a young nobleman?

This least satisfactory period of Byron's boyhood—the two years preceding his entrance at Harrow—covered, however, two passages of feeling in which he figures more agreeably and creditably. The season which a great poet recalls as the time when his feelings first passed into song, and the season when he is known to have been deeply stirred for the first time by the beauties of scenery, are points of interest for his biographers and admirers. Though Dr. Elze attaches some importance to the four lines of satirical doggerel, on the old woman of Swan Green, most readers will be content to rest on the poet's assurance that his "first dash into poetry" was made in 1800, from the inspiration of the love—the second of the "grand passions" of his boyhood—which he conceived

in that year for his cousin Margaret Parker; the girl, whose dark eyes, long eyelashes, Grecian face, and transparent beauty went to the grave some two years after the poet fell in love with her. In the summer of the following year (1801), the boy accompanied Mrs. Byron to Cheltenham, where he found inexpressible pleasure in watching the Malvern Hills "every afternoon at sunset," whilst his foolish mother pondered over the words of the fortune-teller who, after winning the lady's confidence by telling her that her son was lame (a piece of information that of course could only have come to the prophetess through divination) went on to predict that the lame boy "should be in danger from poison before he was of age, and should be twice married—the second time to a foreign lady."

Because he was deeply stirred by the news of Mary Duff's marriage, it does not follow that the lad's passion for his cousin Margaret was nothing more than one of those transient states of feeling that arise in young people from ordinary flirtations. On the contrary, he was terribly in earnest; and so was the gentle girl, who returned his affection with the fervour and sincerity of a loving and guileless nature. Having declared his worship of her in the verses, which he had forgotten, and possibly had done well to forget, before his twenty-sixth year, he honoured her when she was no more with the elegy (written in his fifteenth year) beginning,—

"Hush'd are the winds, and still the evening gloom,
Not e'en a zephyr wanders through the grove,

Whilst I return, to view my Margaret's tomb,
And scatter flowers on the dust I love."

The attachment was so genuine and strong on either side that it is conceivable, if Margaret Parker had lived, the world would never have heard much of the poet's other cousin, Mary Chaworth, or been invited to sit in judgment on the domestic trials of the lady who, to every one's misfortune, became the poet's wife. It does not follow that the poet differed from most other men in being able to love two women passionately at the same time. What is most curious in Byron's personal story before his marriage, and also in his personal story after that lamentable event, will be missed by those who persist in regarding the "passions" of the earlier period as nothing more than so many exhibitions of sentimentalism, and in regarding the "attachments" of the later period as nothing more than so many exhibitions of libertinism. Of the later attachments something will be said hereafter, but only enough for the requirements of honest biography, certainly nothing in the way either of defence or palliation. Of those "attachments" (there is no need to call them by a harsher name) no Englishman, reared in the ways of domestic virtue and altogether fortunate in his domestic circumstances, can think without feelings of repulsion, to be equally divided between astonishment and disgust. But the real Byron will never be known to readers who cannot be led to see that, even in the most deplorable stages of the later period of his career, he never made a profession of

love without being for the moment inspired by it, or without for the moment believing himself to be completely dominated by it.

In the domain of the affections, he was from boyhood till his hair whitened a man of so acute a sensibility that it may well be termed morbid. To this excessive sensibility, and the various kinds of emotionality that necessarily attended it, must be attributed the quickness with which his "passions" succeeded one another. Fortunately for society, such sensibility is rare. It is even more uncommon for such sensibility to be united with the singular retentiveness of memory that was another of Byron's most remarkable endowments. Still more unusual is it for so perilous a sensibility and so strong a memory to be found in co-operation with an even stronger imagination. It is only by considering these three several forces, and thinking how they could not fail to act and re-act upon one another, that the reader will realise how it was that even in his early boyhood, when they were only nascent, Byron could in two years survive his first love for little Mary Duff, so as to be capable of a stronger passion for Margaret Parker, and yet be so deeply affected on hearing that the object of the earlier attachment had passed by marriage to another worshipper. That the second love followed so soon on the first was due to the boy's sensibility. His agitation at the sudden announcement of Mary Duff's marriage was due, in the first instance, to the quickened memory that brought before him every one of the

child's loveable endowments; then to the imagination that heightened all the charms which captivated his childish fancy; and then again to the sensibility that occasioned an instantaneous renewal of the affection, though it had been followed by the stronger attachment to another object. Though two "passions" could not co-exist in the breast of a man so exceptionally constituted, it was natural for several "passions" to occupy it successively, and to follow one another with perplexing rapidity. In a being so swayed by feeling, memory, and fancy, a passion, long dead, might at any moment revive. And it was because they knew him to be so constituted that a few of the poet's closest friends, knowing little of Lady Byron, even to the last regarded it as possible that he and she would survive their mutual animosity, and resume the affection that for several months unquestionably existed between them.

To the same forces may be referred what was most remarkable in Byron's love of beautiful scenery. To afford him all the gratification he was capable of deriving from the study of nature's aspects, it was necessary that a landscape should remind him of scenes that had filled him with admiration and gladness in his childhood. It was at Genoa, when he was almost on the threshold of his life's last year, he wrote no inconsiderable portion of his biography in the lines,—

“He who first met the Highland's swelling blue,
Will love the peak that shows a kindred hue,
Hail in each crag a friend's familiar face,
And clasp the mountain in his mind's embrace.

Long have I roam'd through lands which are not mine,
Adored the Alp and loved the Appennine,
Revered Parnassus, and beheld the steep
Jove's Ida and Olympus crown the deep;
But 'twas not all long ages lore, nor all
Their nature held me in their thrilling thrall;
The infant rapture still survived the boy,
And Loch-na-gar with Ida look'd o'er Troy,
Mixed Celtic memories with the Phrygian mount,
And Highland linns with Castalie's clear fount,
Forgive me, Homer's universal shade!
Forgive me, Phœbus! that my fancy stray'd;
The north and nature taught me to adore
Your scenes sublime, from those beloved before."

In this respect the man was faithful to the boy. In the pleasure, which came to him first at Malvern and afterwards at Cheltenham, in his fourteenth summer, from the hills that reminded him of the Highland mountains, delight at the scenery offered to his gaze was curiously and characteristically blended with delight at the scenery which quickened memory brought before his mental vision. Moore may have been guilty of sentimental extravagance in urging that—"a boy, gazing with emotion on the hills at sunset, because they remind him of the mountains among which he passed his childhood, is already, in heart and imagination, a poet." Countless boys,—without a single thread of imaginative force, and with no feeling more poetical than the home-sickness, that causes the dullest Swiss exile or any brainless Savoyard organ-grinder of the London streets to pine for his native scenes,—have experienced similar emotion under similar circumstances. But it cannot be questioned that, in thus

passing in Fancy's freedom from the distant hills to the heights of Lachin-y-gair, this particular boy made a distinct step towards the domain of feeling, in which he was destined to spend his brief and unrestful manhood.

CHAPTER VII.

HARROW.

Dr. Drury.—“Good-bye, Gaby.”—The Fat Boy.—His Hatred and Love of Harrow.—“All the Sports.”—Cricket and Rebellion.—Passionate Friendships.—Girlish Sentimentality.—Tender-hearted Harrovians.—The Poet’s Affection for his Schoolmaster.—“The Butler Row.”—“Little Latin and less Greek.”—Declamations.—Lord Carlisle’s “Indeed!”

SOON after this visit to Cheltenham, Byron went to Harrow, a school that has been repaid in lustre for its beneficial part in the formation of his character. Entering the school in the middle of his fourteenth year, he was a “Harrow boy” for four entire years, from the summer of 1801 to the summer of 1805, when, after passing the holidays at Southwell where Mrs. Byron had taken a house (Burgage Manor) in the previous year, he went into residence at Cambridge. A better school than Harrow, or a better master than Dr. Drury, could not have been found for the lad of neglected education, undisciplined temper, and unprepossessing manners, who, sorely needing the discipline of such a seminary, would have rebelled against any government, that was not at the same time firm and sympathetic.

The personal characteristics of the “wild mountain colt,” in whose eye Dr. Drury detected mental force, and in whose exhibitions of temper the sagacious

master discerned a spirit to be more easily led by a silken string than by a cable, differed greatly from the young Lord Cadurcis whose "long curling black hair and large black eyes" arrested little Venetia Herbert's attention on her first survey of his pale face and slender form, when he was still in his twelfth year. Whilst it is improbable that he retained to his twelfth year the curls which are known, from the miniature given to his nurse, May Gray, to have fallen about the shoulders of the Aberdeen child, it is certain that the poet's eyes were blue-gray (though their long lashes *were* black), that his chestnut hair at its darkest period just missed the deepest brown of auburn, and that from infancy to manhood's threshold he was remarkable for the "tendency to corpulence" which he is said by Moore to have "derived from his mother." The boy, who was led in his fourteenth year to Dr. Drury's presence by Mr. Hanson (the young gentleman's solicitor) was a decidedly plump youth. To the dissipation of romantic visions of a certain tombstone with a handsome stripling in a recumbent posture upon the moss-grown slab, it must even be recorded that, towards the close of his school-days, the boy whom Dr. Drury governed so wisely was a *fat* boy. The hateful epithet comes to this page from the pen of a rude writer, but it came to him through an ultra-polite writer from the lips of the charming gentlewoman, Miss Pigot of Southwell, who recalled for Tom Moore's advantage, how the "fat bashful boy" looked and demeaned himself on entering her mother's

drawing-room, when he had just finished his third year at Harrow. With cheeks encased in fat, and his hair combed straight over his forehead, the young poet looked such a perfect "gaby" that the narrator in her girlish sauciness actually told him so. The talk at the poet's first interview with the young lady, who was for some years his most familiar friend of the gentler sex, having turned on the character of Gabriel Lack-brain in the play lately performed at Cheltenham, she responded to the formal bow he made on rising to go, by saying "Good-bye, Gaby." To his credit it should be added that, instead of blushing and looking wrathful at the sally, he acknowledged it with a bright smile, and stayed for a few minutes longer, to show how well he could talk on getting the better of his shyness.

To know the real Byron, instead of the unreal and rather absurd Byron of romantic biography, and realise the difficulties under which he fought a painful way to a premature grave, readers should be duly mindful of his morbid propensity to fatten as well as of his lameness, and should also realise how the two afflictions worked *together* in a curious way for his discomfort. In a later chapter of this narrative, attention will be called to the painful measures he employed to correct this disposition to fatten, which the infirmity of his feet prevented him from fighting in a natural and healthy way. But as he did not become unwieldily corpulent, till he ceased growing in height, it is enough to remark that one could not have found amongst his

Harrow schoolmates a stouter boy than this young gentleman, who a few years later was remarkable for delicacy of face and elegance of figure.

Whilst they are comical for their remoteness from the truth, the mistakes respecting Byron's appearance are interesting to connoisseurs of evidence for showing by turns how soon people may forget the personal characteristics of their familiar friends, and how likely people are to be misled in matters of detail—especially on questions of colour—by those portraitures in black and white, on which they rely chiefly for information respecting the semblance of individuals they have never seen. Known only to a few dozens of his fellow-countrymen before the morning on which he awoke to find himself famous, and then known to few persons outside the world of fashion, Byron, after shining for a few seasons in London drawing-rooms, left England for ever in early manhood, without having been beheld in the flesh by so many as ten of every thousand English people who, fascinated by the writer, were curious about the man. Wherever he dwelt in foreign lands, his life was one of comparative seclusion—especially of seclusion from natives of his own land. Henceforth his aspect could only be known to the majority of his readers by the black-and-white portraits, exhibited in the windows of printsellers or in his published volumes:—the pictures that, whilst affording a more or less inadequate notion of his profile and the beauty of his mouth and chin, tell nothing of the sweetness and gaiety of his smiles:—the pictures that caused even

his former acquaintance to think of him as a dark man. Since Dallas, who knew him intimately during the perfection of his personal attractiveness, was brought by these portraiture to think he had "fine black hair," it is not surprising that the younger Disraeli, who never saw the poet, made the same mistake.

From the fantastic things to be found in the biographies of the poet about his life at Harrow, one would suppose that the discipline which did him much good, afforded no sharp trials to the proud boy who had never been taught to obey,—the sensitive boy whose Scotch brogue provoked derision,—the ill-taught boy who entered the school so badly prepared for its studies that had it not been for Dr. Drury's consideration he would have been placed in a class of little fellows greatly his juniors,—the shy boy whose shyness made him uncouth,—the quick-tempered boy whose "rages" only stimulated his tormentors to worry him more maliciously,—the sullen boy who was ordered about like a servant and then licked for obeying orders sullenly. Is it not written in Mr. Moore's book that his noble friend "rose at length to be a leader in *all* the sports, schemes, and mischief of the school?" and does not Dr. Elze follow the lead by applauding the youth "for excelling in *all* games and sports?" There is something pathetic in the commendations thus poured on the poor boy whose lameness debarred him from even participating in some of the games of his comrades. Though he claimed credit in one of his

autobiographic Memoranda for having been "a very fair cricketer" at Harrow, Byron certainly never excelled in the game. Indeed, cricket was at so low an ebb in the school whilst he was its "leader," that at the interscholastic match in which he took part in 1805, Eton beat Harrow in a single innings, with two runs to spare,—Byron's score being *seven* in the first, and *two* in the second innings of his Eleven. The passages of the poet's journals that speak of his "cricketing," and the line of the "Hours of Idleness" that refers to "cricket's manly toil" as though he had himself "joined in" it with unqualified pleasure, are "bits of bounce," to be read betwixt laughter and tears, and ticketed together with the similar passages relating to the poet's pedestrian exploits.

These little essays of "make-believe" excepted, Byron himself is frank and truthful enough about the darker side and sterner experiences of his time at Harrow. Far from pretending that from the first he enjoyed the school which he loved so cordially at last, he admits that he detested the place for the first two years and a half,—that is, till time had given him the privileges, and immunities, and authority of an upper-form boy. It is a curious instance of Moore's carelessness, that reduces by exactly two-fifths the period of the poet's dislike of his school. "Accordingly," says the biographer, "we find from his own account, that, for the first year and a half, he hated Harrow,"—a way of misstating the case, in which the Irishman is followed by Dr. Elze. The words equally precise and

emphatic of Byron's journal are, "I always *hated* Harrow till the last year and half, but then I liked it." Elsewhere in the same reminiscences he says, "I was a most unpopular boy, but *led* latterly." From the considerable quantity of information about his life on the Hill, it is sufficiently clear that the period of his extreme unpopularity was identical with the period of his hatred of the school and misery in it. As an underling he was pugnacious, resentful, and in general disfavour; but when he had risen to a position to give the word of command, and indulge his characteristic and essentially amiable, though slightly vain-glorious, taste for protecting little fellows and patronising his juniors, he ceased to provoke enmities and gained a reputation for kindness. And it cannot be questioned that as a junior he had reason for disliking the school where even the infirmity, of which he was so sensitive, exposed him to insults. When, in later time, the coarser of his assailants in the press sneered at the bodily as well as mental deformity of the wretched rhymester, who not content with maligning Christianity had even presumed to lampoon the Prince Regent, the poet remarked with affected indifference that he had not gone through a public school without learning that he was deformed. "Unfortunately," Leigh Hunt observes respecting his friend's lameness, "the usual thoughtlessness of schoolboys made him feel it bitterly at Harrow. He would wake, and find his leg in a tub of water." Such indignities, which were largely accountable for his long dislike of Harrow, came to an

end in 1804, when he was in the proud position to record in one of his note-books: "Drury's Pupils 1804. Byron, Drury, Sinclair, Hoare, Bolder, Annesley, Calvert, Strong, Acland, Gordon, Drummond." As one of "Drury's Pupils," the youthful poet could be benignant to "juniors," such as his "favourites" Clare, Dorset, C. Gordon, De Bath, Claridge, and J. Wingfield, whom in his loftiness and superabundant lenity he even, to use his own words, "spoilt by indulgence!" His tombstone became a throne, with courtiers regarding him reverentially from a distance. These also were the days of the "cricketing" referred to in his journal with curious self-complacence; when he could amuse himself for half-an-hour with the bat, whilst juniors did the bowling and fielding, and a fag made the runs for him.

Volume I. of "Lillywhite's Scores and Biographies," containing the record of the Eton-Harrow match of 1805, affords evidence of the grounds the poet had for writing in February 1812 to Master John Cowell, on that young gentleman's departure for Eton: "As an Etonian, you will look down upon a Harrow man; but I never, even in my boyish days, disputed your superiority, which I once experienced in a cricket match, where I had the honour of making one of the eleven, who were beaten to their heart's content by your college in *one innings*." These words of course imply that their writer played on the same terms as the rest of the Harrow Eleven without any exceptional favour or privilege; but, in the absence of positive

testimony to the contrary, it may be assumed that he was allowed a substitute to run for him. Though cricket eighty years since was no such arduous sport as the cricket of this year of grace, it is scarcely credible that Byron, whilst "leading" his school, did all that his words imply in the match. Anyhow, regard being had to his infirmity, and to the low state of cricket at Harrow when, in spite of his lameness, he was allowed to play against the "Eton Eleven," it is not surprising that Harrow was badly beaten in a single innings.

His choice of familiar associates at Harrow certainly justifies Moore's remark that "it is a mistake to suppose that, either at school or afterwards, he was at all guided in the selection of his friends by aristocratic sympathies." But few persons will concur with the same biographer in thinking that he was actuated by *pride* in surrounding himself with "favourites" who, from being his inferiors in age and strength, looked to him for protection; the delight in patronising being referable to vanity rather than to pride.

The most remarkable and characteristic feature of Byron's intercourse with these "favourites," is the girlishness of the sentiment he lavished upon them and the girlishness of the regard with which they repaid his affection. "L'amitié, qui dans le monde est à peine un sentiment, est une passion dans les cloîtres," is an aphorism, that he adopted from Marmontel, and put into one of his note-books in his third year after leaving Harrow,—doubtless because it struck him as

peculiarly applicable to his enthusiasm for his friends at school and afterwards at the university. "My school friendships," he wrote in the journal, that may be called the "Autobiography of his Boyhood," "were with *me passions* (for I was always violent), but I do not know that there is one which has endured (to be sure some have been cut short by death) till now. That with Lord Clare began one of the earliest, and lasted longest—being only interrupted by distance—that I know of. I never hear the word "*Clare*" without a beating of the heart even *now*, and I write it with the feelings of 1803—4—5, ad infinitum." The record is the more interesting, because of the approximate date, given to the commencement of this peculiar development of sensibility and affectionateness. The friendship for Lord Clare, which began in 1803 (the poet's sixteenth year), having been "one of the earliest," the Harrow "passions" may be regarded as the affairs of the later half of his school life.

But if they were "passions," these school friendships were the "passions" of a girl, rather than of a boy endowed with the robustness appropriate to his sex. They were girlish in their tenderness, tearful vehemence, and incontinence of emotion. They were girlish (on both sides—but especially on Byron's side) in the jealousies, suspicions, and piques that attended them. Sometimes it is scarcely less exasperating than to observe the "tiffs" and reconciliations of these tender-hearted Harrovians who, when least girlish, are so many sentimental French lads, wearing their

hearts on their sleeves, rather than stout English boys, holding their hearts in their breasts. The misunderstandings of these mutually "loving" and "beloved" youths arose out of the absurdest trifles, which caused them to mope, and shed tears, and write "tiffy" letters to one another because they were not so much "loved" as they ought to be. Byron is in his last year at Harrow, when he is aggrieved by the cruel coldness of a school-mate, who has positively had the inhuman hardness to address the poet in a letter as "My dear Byron," instead of "my dearest." At another time the Harrow "leader" is fretting because the same correspondent, instead of loving his dearest Byron more than anyone else, seems to care less for him than for John Russell. To another school-mate who has wounded his sensibilities, the Poet of the Hill writes in the following strain of anguish and indignation:—

"You knew that my soul, that my heart, my existence,
If danger demanded, were wholly your own;
You know me unaltered by years or by distance,
Devoted to love and to friendship alone.

"You knew—but away with the vain retrospection,
The bond of affection no longer endures,
Too late you may droop o'er the fond recollection,
And sigh for the friend who was formerly yours."

That the poet's influence at Harrow during his last year was considerable, and that he was in a certain way the leader as he afterwards boasted of the school, is shown by the fact that, whilst living in a small set of sentimental worshippers—for whose peculiar senti-

mentalism he was himself altogether or at least chiefly accountable, he was still so far acceptable to the majority of the upper boys, as to be made the chief director of their comical demonstration against the election of Dr. Butler to be Dr. Drury's successor. But it cannot be said that the influence, which disposed a considerable proportion of the cleverer and more sensitive boys to play the part of "friendship-sick maidens," was a wholesome influence. One can readily believe, as Dr. Butler seems to have believed, that it was by no means conducive to the manliness that should distinguish the sons of English gentlemen,—and, indeed, the sons of Englishmen of every class. Of course, the influence, so completely resulting from sympathy with the single boy of an exceptional constitution and peculiar temperament, was transient. It was not in the nature of things that,—on the disappearance of the Apostle of Friendship with his power of verse and the set of admirers to whom he communicated his peculiar sentimentalism,—the boys of a great public school should continue to cherish "passions" of friendship for one another, and turn tearful at being styled "dear" instead of "my dearest" in the heading of a letter. It was not even possible for the boys, whom Byron had infused with his peculiar girlishness, to continue in the way of feeling to which he introduced them. On contact with the world these Byronized schoolboys became men of common sense; and the Apostle of "passionate friendship" was deserted by his disciples. All this is told by Harness, where

he says of his former patron at Harrow,—“Of his attachment to his friends, no one can read Moore’s ‘Life,’ and entertain a doubt. He required a great deal from them—not more, perhaps, than he, from the abundance of his love, freely and fully gave—but more than they had to return.”

But there was another side to the boy’s Harrow life, to which it is a relief to turn, after thinking of its girlishness. If they are honourable to the master, the poet’s feelings for Dr. Drury throughout his school days and to the end of his life are no less creditable to the pupil. Nothing more is required to show how gentle, and docile a creature Byron would have been in his childhood under proper management, and how amenable he was in his older infancy to authority, that commended itself to his sense of right and justice, than his consistent and unwavering gratitude to the schoolmaster, who governed him for four years with sympathy and at the same time with firmness. “Dr. Drury,” he says in the autobiographic Journal, “whom I plagued sufficiently too, was the best, the kindest (and yet strict, too) friend I ever had—and I look upon him still as a father.” The letter, in which the poet announced his acceptance by Miss Milbanke and his approaching marriage to his old master, is in the same vein of filial confidence and affection.

Of the other examples of the poet’s regard for his famous preceptor, there are two that may not be omitted from these pages. The schoolboy had become a man; and the man had almost in an hour mounted

to a giddy eminence of celebrity, and was still in the full enjoyment of his first intoxicating triumphs, when, on being asked by Dr. Drury why he had not sent his old master copies of his works, he answered with unaffected modesty and simple truth, "Because, sir, you are the only man I never wish to read them." Years later,—when he had withdrawn from his native land for ever, under the thunder of the loud calumny to which he grew by degrees comparatively indifferent, and the fire of "the speechless obloquy," that never ceased to work like poison in his soul,—on putting into the Fourth Canto of "Childe Harold" some lines to the discredit of the system of education that prevails in English schools, he was careful to guard the verses with a note of homage and reverential explanation, so as to spare his dear old master the pain that might come to him through misapprehension of the author's purpose. The words of the poem, thus guarded from misconstruction, are—

". not in vain
 May he, who will his recollections rake
 And quote in classic raptures, and awake
 The hills with Latian echoes; I abhorr'd
 Too much, to conquer for the poet's sake,
 The drill'd dull lesson, forced down word by word
 In my repugnant youth, with pleasure to record

"Aught that recalls the daily drug which turn'd
 My sickening memory; and, though Time hath taught
 My mind to meditate on what it learn'd,
 Yet such the fix'd inveteracy of thought
 That, with the freshness wearing out before
 My mind could relish what it might have sought,

If free too choose, I cannot now restore
Its health; but what it then detested, still abhor."

The note runs thus, "I wish to express that we become tired of the task before we can comprehend the beauty; that we learn by rote before we can get by heart; that the freshness is worn away, and the future pleasure and advantage deadened and destroyed, by the didactic anticipation, at an age when we can neither feel nor understand the power of composition which it requires an acquaintance with life, as well as Latin and Greek, to relish, or to reason upon. For the same reason we can never be aware of the fulness of some of the finest passages of Shakespeare ('To be, or not to be,' for instance), from the habit of having them hammered into us at eight years old, as an exercise, not of mind but of memory, so that when we are old enough to enjoy them, the taste is gone, and the appetite palled. In some parts of the Continent, young persons are taught from more common authors, and do not read the best classics till their maturity. I certainly do not speak on this point from pique or aversion towards the place of my education. I was not a slow, though an idle boy: and I believe no one could, or can be more attached to Harrow than I have always been, and with reason;—a part of the time passed there was the happiest of my life; and my preceptor (the Rev. Dr. Joseph Drury) was the best and worthiest friend I ever possessed, whose warnings I have remembered but too well, though too late—when I have erred, and whose counsels I have but followed

when I have done well or wisely. If ever this imperfect record of my feelings towards him should reach his eyes, let it remind him of one who never thinks of him but with gratitude and veneration—of one who would more gladly boast of having been his pupil, if, by more closely following his injunctions, he could reflect any honour upon his instructor.”

Notwithstanding all this evidence of the affectionate dutifulness, which distinguished Byron's conduct to his principal school-master, both during his stay at Harrow and throughout the years of his manhood, there exists a notion that he was chiefly remarkable at Harrow for unruliness and a taste for rebellion. The people, whose ingenuity has especially delighted in drawing indictments against him from scraps of his writings and in dealing with the figures of his poetry as though they were facts of his personal story, have even found testimony of the poet's naughtiness at school in the following lines, of “The Address to the Duke of Dorset,”—

Ah! though myself, by nature haughty, wild,
Whom Indiscretion hail'd her favourite child;
Though every error stamps me for her own,
And dooms my fall, I fain would fall alone;
Though my proud heart no precept now can tame,
I love the virtues which I cannot claim.

Evidence of a sensitive conscience and spiritual modesty, rather than of a strong propensity to evil, evidence especially interesting to biographers for showing at how early a date Byron's practice of magnifying his own misdeeds began—these words of an imaginative

boy, playing the part of a stern moralist, should scarcely be taken as a culprit's confession. The witness against himself should at least be allowed the benefit of his avowal of "loving the virtues."

Apart from the misdemeanours of which he was unquestionably guilty towards Dr. Butler, there was as little reality in the "rebellious" as there was in the "cricketing," to which the poet refers so jauntily in his journal; and on examination, even those misdemeanours are found altogether insufficient to sustain the grave charge of a propensity for rebellion. The whole business of "the Butler Row" grew out of a trivial affair. When Dr. Drury retired from the Mastership of Harrow in 1805, there were three candidates for the office,—Mark Drury, Evans, and Butler; and naturally enough Byron came to the fore of the boys, who from affection of their old master entertained a strong opinion, that the office which a Drury had filled so honourably ought to descend to a Drury, who, of course, *as* he was a Drury, would fill it with equal honour. Each candidate had his party of well-wishers amongst the boys, who—of course, without seriously supposing their voices would or should determine the issue of the contest—behaved as though the election rested with them. The parties lampooned and hooted one another, and worked themselves into a prodigious excitement about a matter, that was no more their affair than the choice of the next President of the United States. On the election of Dr. Butler, the beaten parties united in imagining themselves very

badly treated. In the excitement Byron behaved badly, and was guilty of at least one overt act of rebellion, for which he would of course have been severely punished, had not the new Head Master wisely determined to take a lenient view of misconduct, committed without calm deliberation and in consequence of his own success. Byron (a boarder in Dr. Butler's house) pulled down the gratings before some of the Master's windows, and on being called upon to answer for his conduct, had the impudence to say without a word of apology, that he tore down the gratings "because they darkened the hall." On the other hand, the poet ranged himself on the side of order, when some of his confederates proposed to burn down one of the class-rooms,—an outrage from which they were withheld by their leader, who reminded them that in doing so they would destroy the desks, illustrated with the names of their fathers and grandfathers. But though he saved the class-room, he persisted to the last in showing disrespect to Dr. Butler; even going the length of declining at the end of the term to accept the invitation to dinner which the Doctor sent to him as upper boy, in accordance with etiquette of ancient usage. Moore even goes so far as to assert, on the authority of one of Byron's schoolfellows, that on being asked his reason for declining the invitation, the poet replied to his interrogator, "Why, Dr. Butler, if you should happen to come into my neighbourhood when I was staying at Newstead, I certainly should not ask you to dine with me, and therefore I feel that I ought not to dine with

you." As Dr. Butler, on seeing this story in Moore's "Life," assured the biographer that the anecdote had very little foundation in fact, it may be assumed that the explanation was worded less offensively. Byron's worst act in the whole of this puerile business was the last of his offences. Instead of dismissing his dislike of Dr. Butler on leaving Harrow, he was so wrong-headed as to publish in the "Hours of Idleness" some offensive verses against the Master, who had given him no grounds for enduring displeasure.

But though Byron cannot be acquitted of behaving badly in this affair, much may be said in palliation of his misbehaviour. Devotion to his old master was the cause of his strong feeling about the election, that occasioned so much excitement in the school. Instead of being the originator of the riotous movements, that arose in the school immediately after the election, he was entreated to command it. Indiscretion is venial "even in an Upper Boy," whose pride is tickled by an invitation to "lead his comrades." There is no doubt he believed the new Master to be unworthy of his office, and conceived he was under no moral obligation to accept the ruler who had been imposed upon him. His most mutinous acts resulted from the heats of contention. The sensitive and quick-tempered boy imagined he had been insulted by a chief, who in order to humiliate him had exceeded the limits of his authority. The offensive verses were inserted in the "Hours of Idleness," when the poet was under the exasperating impression that the Master was in the habit

of holding him up to the reprobation of his former schoolmates, as a dangerous companion and a discredit to the school. Under these circumstances the indignant boy may be pardoned for behaving for a while with the perversity and vehemence of youth. Anyhow, to wipe out every speck of the discredit put upon his character by the affair, it was only needful for Dr. Drury's tractable and loyal-hearted pupil to repent of his folly, and express the feeling to Dr. Drury's successor. Byron did both. On coming to his right mind, the young poet hastened to Dr. Butler and made him an ample apology. Before leaving England the poet was on good terms with his former enemy; and he started for Greece with the purpose of withdrawing the offensive lines from the "Hours of Idleness" in the next edition of the poems. In the same spirit, on coming to review his life in his twenty-sixth year, he wrote in the Journal of reminiscences, "I was a most unpopular boy, but *led* latterly, and have retained many of my school friendships, and all my dislikes—except to Dr. Butler, whom I treated rebelliously, and have been sorry ever since." These are the facts of Byron's misbehaviour—a passage of boyish effervescence, followed by ample atonement and generous repentance—to which some of his calumniators have pointed in evidence that he was from his youth an ill-conditioned fellow.

Note 40 to the 4th Canto of "Childe Harold" tells how little Byron profited by the classical instruction of the school, that is so largely indebted to him for

its celebrity. Had he come to the school at an early age and after better preparation the note would probably never have been written, and the poet would probably have taken a more favourable view of the educational method of England's public schools. He might not have entertained the ambition of editing Greek and Latin classics, but it is more than possible he would have been delighted to—

“ . . . quote in classic raptures, and awake
The hills with Latian echoes.”

Coming to the school in a state of ignorance, that put him at a disadvantage with class-mates, greatly his inferiors in natural quickness, he never had the heart for the steady labour that could alone enable him to compete with them for the honours of the term. Perhaps no boy ever brought less Latin and Greek to Harrow, or after rising to the highest form carried less of those learned tongues away with him to his university. The very volumes of Greek plays, which he gave to the library on his departure for Cambridge, afford evidence in his own handwriting of the insignificance of his “classical attainments” at the time when, in the technical and strictly scholastic sense of the words, they were at their highest. To mathematics he had a strong repugnance;—his natural inaptitude for even the most familiar processes of arithmethic being so unusual that, in the later period of his life when it was his humour to watch his domestic expenditure with a jealous eye, he experienced no little difficulty and distress of brain in “auditing” his

“weekly bills.” Had he distinguished himself in the Latin and Greek classes, it would have been less remarkable that he went to Cambridge without having acquired facility and exactitude in the spelling of his mother-tongue; for in the earlier years of the present century, it was almost a point of honour with a public-schoolboy, who knew Homer well, to spell his own language indifferently. The bad spelling of the Harrovian, who prided himself on his considerable knowledge of English literature, deserves notice; for whilst it may be regarded as indicative of the *literal* carelessness with which he perused the pages of his favourite authors, the deficiency may also be regarded as evidence that he was not altogether free from the particular kind of intellectual indolence, that is often united with mental sprightliness and seldom fails to characterise in some degree the poetic dreamer.

But if he was weak in his Latin and still weaker in his Greek, Byron distinguished himself at Declamations,—a scholastic exercise in which the elder boys of the school delivered as orations, in Dr. Drury’s presence, the essays which they had previously written on given subjects. In these exercises, so excellently designed to qualify the youthful orators for one department of public life, Byron was successful in attitude, gesture, and vocal address; and on one occasion he distinguished himself in a way that greatly impressed his most critical hearer. After delivering the earlier part of his composition with his usual address, he suddenly broke away from the restraint of the written

words, and no less to the Doctor's surprise than sympathetic apprehension for the boy's failure passed to extempore utterances that, without any kind of impediment, flowed through well-balanced periods to a felicitous conclusion. "I questioned him," Dr. Drury told Moore, "why he had altered his declamation? He declared he had made no alteration, and did not know, in speaking, that he had deviated from it one letter. I believed him; and from a knowledge of his temperament am convinced, that, fully impressed with the sense and substance of the subject, he was hurried on to expressions and colourings more striking than what his pen had expressed." Byron had probably displayed this power of strenuous speech, when Dr. Drury said of him to Lord Carlisle, "He has talents, my Lord, which will add lustre to his rank;" praise that, to the Doctor's disappointment, only drew from the Earl a look of surprise and a significant "Indeed!"

CHAPTER VIII.

HARROW HOLIDAYS.

Lady Holderness's Death.—“Baby Byron.”—His Sister Augusta.—Her Plain Face and Sweet Nature.—Life at Southwell.—Mary Anne Chaworth.—Matlock and Castleton.—Annesley Hall.—Who was Thyrsa?—“The Dream.”—Its Falsehood and Malice.

HOWEVER good his school may be, and however efficient his tutors, they are seldom the most important, never the only, forces of a boy's education. To observe the influences that are usually more powerful over his nature than his official and recognised teachers, one must follow the lad of quick feelings and lively intelligence from the class-room and the play-ground to his home, and be the sharer of his holidays.

In Byron's case it is the more necessary to do this, because the pleasures of his Harrow holidays were more influential in the development of his affections and genius, than they would have been, had the shy, sensitive, meditative boy been strongly interested in the severer pursuits of his school. In those holidays he learnt to love his sister, and conceived his passion for Mary Chaworth. In those holidays he explored (in the saddle—*not* on foot, as his biographers suggest) some of the loveliest parts of Nottinghamshire, and

during hours of solitary gladness studied the tranquil beauties and stately aspects of Newstead. In those times of vacation he had also larger opportunities for reading novels,—those toys of the frivolous, those comforters of the aged, and those powerful teachers of the young.

Immediately after her son's departure for his first term at Harrow, Mrs. Byron went to Brighton for several months. She was still breathing by turns the sea-air and the breezes from the downs, when, on the old Countess of Holderness's death, she came to the opinion it would be well for her boy and his sister to come together. So long as he remained at Aberdeen, no painful question arose respecting the separation of the children. But it was otherwise when on coming to Sloane Terrace, Mrs. Byron discovered that, though the Countess had no disposition to refuse Mrs. Byron's boy occasional access to his sister, she had no wish for Mrs. Byron's acquaintance. It is not surprising that the aged lady, with little cause to think tenderly of Mad Jack Byron, had no intention to be troubled with visits from his second wife, whose least agreeable qualities were not unknown to the dame of high degree. And had Mrs. Byron been a sensible woman, and more thoughtful for her child's welfare than her own dignity, she would have waived a few points of social etiquette, in consideration of the Dowager's age and infirmities, and have allowed the boy the pleasure and benefit of associating with his sister on terms, to which the Countess could consent. But Mrs. Byron, after speak-

ing proud words of the Gordons and scornful words of the Dutch woman's presumption, determined to keep the children asunder. This state of things, however, came to an end in 1802; and henceforth Byron had, in his holidays, sufficient though by no means frequent opportunities of associating with his sister, who during their separation had never ceased to think of him as "the baby" that he was when she last kissed him in Holles Street, and who for that reason, as well as from a humorous perception of the poet's least manly though by no means least agreeable qualities, used to call him "Baby Byron" after he had become famous. When the fourteen-years old boy began to know and love his sister (the only person of her sex, whom he ever regarded for any considerable period, with deep, steady and unchanging affection), she was eighteen years of age, and it is probable that he was at their first interview disappointed by her appearance, which cannot in a single particular have accorded with his boyish conceptions of feminine loveliness. For even at the age, when girlish charms are most apparent, the Honourable Augusta Byron would have been rated as a decidedly plain girl, or over-looked altogether on account of her insignificance. Notably wanting in beauty of feature, her appearance—from the day of her presentation at Queen Charlotte's court, to which she was in later time officially attached—was chiefly remarkable for the want of "style" and of taste in dress, that made her (to use Mrs. Shelley's well-chosen expression) "the Dowdy-Goody" of all her acquaintance. It speaks not a little

for Byron's affectionateness that, from the first hour of his intercourse with her, he was the fond brother of so unattractive a sister. In one respect only was Augusta Byron fortunate in her personal endowments. Her not unintelligent countenance had an expression altogether accordant with the sweetness of disposition, the womanly goodness and the unaffected piety, that, unaided by any kind of cleverness, made her from first to last the chief influence for good in her brother's life.

From Brighton Mrs. Byron moved to Bath, where she was joined by her son during the summer holidays of 1802; when in the costume of a Turkish boy, with a diamond crescent in his turban, he attended her to Lady Riddle's masquerade. Returning soon after the Bath season to Nottingham, where she resumed her former lodgings, Mrs. Byron resided there till she moved to Southwell in the later half of 1804, and established herself at Burgage Manor, a pleasant roomy house on "the Green," and drew about her the neighbours, amongst whom the poet made several congenial acquaintances. A better place of abode could not have been found for a gentlewoman in Mrs. Byron's rather peculiar circumstances than this pleasant little town, with its collegiate church and picturesque vicinity, its public coffee-room with papers and gossip for the gentlemen, its assembly room for concerts and dances, and its coterie of clergy and other local gentry—such as the Pigots, the Leacrofts and the Housons—who, in their simple contentment at finding the youthful peer within their borders, were lenient to

Mrs. Byron's want of refinement, and concealed their disapproval of her vagaries. Near enough to Newstead, for its story and beauties to be known to every inhabitant of the town, the Byrons enjoyed at Southwell all the homage due to their patrician quality and territorial greatness. Before his Cambridge career ended, Byron had of course seen enough of the town's provincial pettiness, and spoken sharp words of its dullness and delight in scandal; but after his return from Greece, when needy Mr. Dallas was looking out for a place of cheap and agreeable seclusion, the poet wrote to him from Newstead Abbey (Oct. 11th, 1811). "Now I know a large village, or small town, about twelve miles off, where your family would have the advantage of very genteel society, without the hazard of being annoyed by mercantile affluence; where *you* would meet with men of information and independence; and where I have friends to whom I should be proud to introduce you. . . . My mother had a house there for some years, and I am well acquainted with the economy of Southwell, the name of this little commonwealth."

Mrs. Byron, however, was still in the lodgings at Nottingham, when, in the summer of 1803, her son came to her from the school, which he had not yet ceased to "hate." How the boy must have enjoyed his solitary rides about Nottinghamshire on his clever horse,—in the fleckered shade of green lanes and in the sun that was never too hot for him; far away from those ungenerous enemies to his peace of mind, who thought meanly of him for his lameness and imperfect

acquaintance with the Greek irregular verbs! It was a memorable vacation (this year) for the boy who, in its course, put himself on pleasant terms with Lord Grey de Ruthen, the tenant under chancery and occupier of Newstead, till the heir was on the point of "coming into his own." That the schoolboy might have some present enjoyment of the property, that would be in his hands six years hence, Lord Grey de Ruthen gave him a standing invitation to the Abbey, and even assigned him a room in the mansion, for his use at pleasure. At the same time the doors of Annesley Hall, the home of his cousins—the Chaworths, were thrown open to the young peer, who had already seen the heiress of the fair domain in London.

Little thinking what trouble would come of it, Miss Mary Chaworth—with her sweet voice, piquant air, strangely beautiful face, and all the gaiety of girlhood in its eighteenth year—covering the boy with kindness and filling him with gladness, inspired him with his third grand passion. She was all the more benignant to him, on the first occasion of his crossing her threshold, in order that he should be the less likely to remember that hideous duel which had now for nearly half a century kept Chaworths and Byrons asunder. A bed at Annesley was put at the service of the visitor, who was already provided with a sleeping apartment at Newstead. So the young peer passed the hours pleasantly between the two houses, spending however less time under the shadow of the ancestral

ruins, than in the drawing-room where the young heiress sung again and again, for his particular delight, the song (with a pleasant air) of "Mary Anne,"—a name of witchery and music, surely, to any poet loving a particular Mary Anne. The heiress made up a party for a trip to Matlock and Castleton, and invited the schoolboy to join it. Of course he joined it; and the young people—four girls, two gentlemen, the young lord from Harrow, with a chaperon of suitable years and complaisance—went off to the Derbyshire springs, and did as people used to do at Matlock and Castleton, and at the delightful spots round about them. At Matlock there was much dancing that afforded the lame lad poignant misery; for in his inability to dance, he could only stand or sit in a corner of the ball-room, whilst his goddess danced with the partners who were eager to lead her out. Still he would rather endure anguish in the corner of the hot room, than vainly seek happiness where she was not. For he was possessed with a passion,—the third and greatest of all his grand passions.

On her return from Derbyshire, Miss Chaworth was attended by the schoolboy, who, having slept at Annesley before the trip, resumed the room, which had been assigned to him. Instead of availing himself, at first, of the permission to pass the nights under his cousin's roof, he preferred to sleep at Newstead, because of a fancy that the portraits of the departed Chaworths would in the hours of silence and darkness descend from their frames, and as restless

ghosts disturb the slumber of the Byron, who had ventured to enter the house long closed to the bearers of his name. But after encountering "a bogle" on his darksome way from Annesley to Newstead, he thought he might as well speak with ghosts at home as with ghosts at large. Though trivial, this story deserves notice, as it points to a nervous weakness that attended Lord Byron throughout life. In his weaker and more indolent moods, Byron was superstitious. A believer in presentiments and unlucky days, in apparitions and ghostly warnings, he would sometimes discover prophetic significance in strange coincidences, and refer to supernatural agency what he should have referred to indigestion.

It is not surprising that Miss Chaworth was slow to detect her young visitor's "passion," and that for a moment she found it difficult to refrain from laughter, when the shy boy, of "rough and odd" manners (if Moore may be trusted), blurted out his staggering proposal for the union of their hearts and their "lands rich and broad." In their pity for the boy, who suffered so long and acutely from his entertainment of a preposterous hope, people have felt less than proper concern for the feelings and embarrassment of the young heiress, on finding herself with so strange a suitor on her hands. Divided between the fear of giving pain by treating the affair too lightly, and the fear of causing the boy deeper and more enduring distress by treating the affair too seriously, she may well have been perplexed, and in her perplexity must

more than once have wished the lad at—Harrow. The care she had for his feelings is the more commendable, as there was nothing in his appearance to win from her even the kind of favour, with which bright and well-looking school-boys are usually regarded by grown women. If his countenance, “notwithstanding the tendency to corpulence derived from his mother,” already “gave promise of that peculiar expression into which his features refined and kindled afterwards,” the faint indications were accompanied with an air that betrayed he was more than duly conscious of them. Moore learnt from several quarters that, at this point of his boyhood, the young Lord of Newstead was “by no means popular among girls of his own age;” and it was less due to his want of personal comeliness than to his self-consciousness and vanity that the young ladies found him “insufferable” and a “perfect horror.” In truth, the lad who appeared a laughable gaby to Miss Pigot in the summer of 1804, must have seemed an egregious gaby to Miss Chaworth in the summer of 1803. The very devices, by which he sought to plant himself in the heiress’s affections, were more likely to offend than to conciliate a young woman with a proper sense of her own dignity, and a fairly quick sense of the ridiculous. In his egregious vanity, he tried to play the part of a lady-killer, and to pique his coldly benignant mistress into loving him by a boastful exhibition of a locket, given him by a fair adorer, whom the heiress of Annesley was thus invited to regard as her rival. If this locket

was given him, as Moore suggests, by his cousin Margaret Parker, the use to which he now put it shows how completely his latest passion had for the moment driven from his breast all generous tenderness and chivalric regret for the girl, whose elegy he had written some eight or nine months since,—and whose image some eight years later became the chief, if not the only, inspiring force of the “Poems to Thyrza.”

But however droll and amusing they may be to cynical spectators of his proceedings, the absurdities of a boy's fierce love, whether it be for the high-born heiress of a great estate or for an obscure actress of a provincial theatre, are little calculated to assuage the first anguish or lessen the subsequent annoyances of the failure of his suit. It did not comfort Arthur Pendennis for losing the fair Fotheringay, to think how his uncle was chuckling in his sleeve, and to know that even Emily's papa thought him a simpleton. Though he may be presumed to have ordered his pony and ridden off to Newstead, instead of “darting out of the house” and making at full speed for the Abbey on his feet, in the fashion described by half-a-dozen different historians, no one with sympathy for the griefs of beardless boys—certainly no man who can recall how he himself sickened long syne and all but died of “calf-love”—will suspect the biographers of exaggeration in recording that the fifteen-years old peer carried away from Annesley a heart full of scalding anguish, after hearing either from the young lady's lips, or from the tongue of a spiteful tale-bearer, those torturing

words—"Do you think I could care anything for that lame boy?" The disappointment was followed quickly by clear and agonizing recognition of all the folly of his futile suit, as well as of the madness of his baffled hopes. Quick to wound its possessor long before it taught him how to wound others, the boy's sense of the ludicrous, acting like acid on the etcher's plate, helped to bite Mary Chaworth's picture deeper into his memory. The recollection of his ignoble hunger for her "lands broad and rich" and the gold that could restore the ruinous mansion in his park, intensified the torture of reflecting on his brief, insane, ennobling desire for her beauty and love. Turning his pale cheek scarlet, and in an instant covering his brow with cold beads of wetness, as it came to his mind, that mean desecration of Margaret Parker's love-token, gave sharper point and surer poison to the stinging words—"Do you think I could care anything for that lame boy?" Possibly this cruel misadventure was largely, if not altogether, accountable for the fervour with which the boy, on his return to Harrow, in his strong yearning for sympathy and in his despair of being loved by womankind, threw himself into those "friendships" that were so curious a feature of his later time at school.

In the ensuing summer—the holidays of 1804, which he passed chiefly at Southwell—the boy visited Annesley, and wrote in one of Miss Chaworth's books the set of verses, for which he was indebted to another poet,—

"Oh Memory, torture me no more,
 The present's all o'ercast;
 My hopes of future bliss are o'er,
 In mercy veil the past.
 Why bring those images to view
 I henceforth must resign?
 Ah! why those happy hours renew,
 That never can be mine?
 Past pleasure doubles present pain,
 To sorrow adds regret,
 Regret and hope are both in vain,
 I ask but to—forget."

Soon after he transferred these verses from a printed book to the leaf, that would be almost certain to come again under her gaze, Byron (now in the middle of his seventeenth year) bade Miss Chaworth farewell on the hill (near Annesley), to which "The Dream" had given the twofold interest of poetry and history,—

"the hill
 . . . crown'd with a peculiar diadem
 Of trees, in circular array, so fix'd,
 Not by the sport of nature, but of man."

It can readily be believed that, though his countenance was calm, the feelings which he held well under control at this interview were feelings of unutterable misery and hopelessness.

"The next time I see you, I suppose you will be Mrs. Chaworth?" he said at the moment of parting.

"I hope so," was the lady's only answer.

In the August of the following year (1805), when Byron—no longer a Harrow *boy*, but a *man* who had already chosen his university and college—was staying

at his mother's house on Southwell Green, Mary Anne Chaworth was married to Mr. John Musters, a handsome man and notable sportsman, who after taking the bride's name on the occasion of the marriage and bearing it for a few years, resumed his former surname. Perhaps a more foolish story never passed from a mendacious prattler to a serious biography than the anecdote told by Moore of the manner in which Byron was informed that this marriage had taken place, and of the self-possession he displayed on the unexpected announcement. It runs thus, on the authority of some person who was of course present at the scene that can hardly have taken place:—"His mother said, 'Byron, I have some news for you.'—'Well, what is it?' 'Take out your handkerchief, I say.' He did so, to humour her. 'Miss Chaworth is married!' An expression very peculiar, impossible to describe, passed over his pale face, and he hurried his handkerchief into his pocket, saying, with an affected air of coldness and nonchalance, 'Is that all?'—'Why, I expected you would have been plunged in grief.' He made no reply, and soon began to talk about something else." Is it credible that even Mrs. Byron (with clear recollection of the painful agitation she had in former time caused her son by an abrupt announcement of Mary Duff's marriage) behaved in so cruel a fashion to her boy, whilst he was still suffering from the disappointment of his passion for Mary Chaworth? A woman must be far worse-tempered and worse-bred even than Mrs. Byron to behave so brutally to a love-stricken son. The woman,

who, in a fit of passion with the child, could swear at him, and call him "lame brat!" could not amuse herself thus malignantly with the bitter anguish of the man. Even when full account is taken of the propensity, which made Mrs. Cadurcis so eager for just "one glass of" Lady Annabel Herbert's "mountain," there is no evidence to justify even a suspicion that Catherine Byron could *without provocation* act so atrociously. Again is it conceivable that the news of Mary Chaworth's marriage came in this fashion as a surprise to the young lord, who was living within twelve miles of her park-fence? The heiress had been engaged to Mr. Musters for two years: Mr. Musters had obtained Letters of Licence to take the name of Chaworth before the marriage; all Nottinghamshire had been talking for weeks over the arrangements for the approaching wedding; the Byrons themselves would have been at their kinswoman's marriage, had not delicacy forbidden Miss Chaworth to invite her discarded suitor to the celebration. In the name of whatever little common sense may be found in this mad world, outside lunatic asylums, is it conceivable that under all these circumstances Byron can have first heard of the wedding in the alleged manner? The whole story is nothing more than a clumsy reproduction (with variations) of the story of the way in which Byron was suddenly informed of Mary Duff's marriage,—which took place in the year before Miss Chaworth's marriage. Either the narrator who was present at the scene "mixed the two Maries," so as to substitute the wrong one for the right

one; or Moore was himself the maker of the mistake. It is quite conceivable that Moore muddled the story, which "the narrator" told correctly.

Byron did not see his cousin Mary Chaworth after her marriage, till he dined with her at Annesley, at her husband's invitation in 1808; when he was deeply stirred by the appearance of her little girl,—the infant and the incident alluded to in the lines, dated from Newstead on 11th October, 1811:—

"I've seen my bride another's bride,—
Have seen her seated by his side,—
Have seen the infant which she bore,
Wear the sweet smile the mother wore,
When she and I in youth have smiled,
As fond and faultless as her child:—
Have seen her eyes, in cold disdain,
Ask if I felt no secret pain;
And *I* have acted well my part,
And made my cheek belie my heart,
Return'd the freezing glance she gave,
Yet felt the while *that* woman's slave;—
Have kissed, as if without design,
The babe which ought to have been mine,
And show'd, alas! in each caress
Time had not made me love the less."

And now comes the question who was "Thyrza,"—to whose spirit in heaven Byron penned the five poems (to be found in the "Occasional Pieces"), during the deepest gloom of the sorrow, that covered him in the closing months of 1811 and the earlier months of 1812? Moore says that Thyrza was a creation of the poet's imagination, and that the poems addressed to this "imaginary object" of the poet's affection "were the

essence, the abstract spirit, as it were, of many griefs." On the other hand, the Editor of Mr. Murray's one-volume edition of Byron's works is of opinion that Thyrza was the person, to whose death the poet referred in a letter dated October 11th, 1811 (the *exact* date assigned to the first set of verses to Thyrza), in the following words, "I have been again shocked with a death, and have lost one very dear to me in happier times; but 'I have almost forgot the taste of grief' and 'supped full of horrors,' till I have become callous; nor have I a tear left for an event which, five years ago, would have bowed me to the earth." Surely the death (just heard of), for which Byron had not a single tear left, cannot have been the death of the person to whom the first poem to Thyrza—a poem written in tears and not to be read with tearless eyes—was addressed. The identity of the dates is not important:—for the dates assigned to their performances by writers may not be taken too precisely. The same date (October 11th, 1811) is also given to the "Epistle to a Friend," containing the last quoted verses about Mary Chaworth. But it can scarcely be supposed that the "Epistle to a Friend," the first poem to Thyrza, and the long letter to Mr. Dallas were written on the same day.

Moore speaks so confidently on the question, which had for years stirred the curiosity of Byron's admirers, that he may be presumed to have good reasons, possibly even Byron's own assurance, for the statement that Thyrza was an imaginary being. But even if Byron was himself the authority for the biographer's

statement, it does not follow that Thyrza was *mere* creation. *If* she was the offspring of the poet's tender recollections of two separate objects of his affection in former times,—say of two girls, each of whom had died after inspiring him with love,—he would be justified in speaking of the heroine of the poems as a thing of imagination, and certainly would not be justified in speaking of her as the poetical portraiture of a single individual. In that case Thyrza, though a creation, would not be a *mere* conception; and the question would remain,—of whom was the poet thinking alternately or together when he wrote the successive sets of verses?

In one of Byron's journals reference is made to "a violent, though pure love and passion" that possessed him in the summer of 1806, the summer of his first year at Cambridge, and co-existed with his vehement friendship for Edward Noel Long, who three years later was drowned on his voyage for Lisbon with his regiment. After speaking of the pleasant hours he spent with Long at Cambridge, the poet says, "*His* friendship, and a violent, though *pure*, love and passion—which held me at the same period—were the then romance of the most romantic period of my life." Nothing more is known of this passion. Its cause and object may have survived the sentiment, and also the man whose pulses it quickened. It is not known whether Byron had on his departure for Greece survived the passion—in so far as a young man so strangely constituted could survive any vehe-

ment affection. It is, however, conceivable that the love was fervid when he started for the East, that he thought of this (to history nameless) girl often during his travels, and that she died in England during his pilgrimage. But even if all this and other things could be shown in a way to make it obvious that she was an inspiring force of the poems to Thyrza, it would still remain certain that Margaret Parker was also an inspiring force of the same unutterably tender and pathetic poems.

Thyrza is dead; so is Margaret Parker.

Thyrza died when the poet was far away from her; so did Margaret Parker.

Thyrza had been the poet's companion in these deserted towers of Newstead; Margaret Parker had also been his companion there.

The mutual love of Thyrza and the poet was known only to themselves, their smiles being "smiles none else might understand:" so it was with Byron and Margaret. When "Margaret coloured through the paleness of mortality to the eyes" at the casual mention of her lover's name, Augusta (his sister) "could not conceive," says the poet in his journal, "why my name should affect her at such a time."

Thyrza and the poet exchanged love-tokens: Byron and Margaret Parker did the same. The poet wore Thyrza's love-token; Byron wore Margaret Parker's locket next his heart. He *is said* to have shown the locket with vile vanity to Mary Chaworth; but he

valued it enough to wear it next his heart in Italy, towards the close of his career.

The mutual affection of Thyrza and the poet was the sentiment of young people, so innocent of desire, that "even Passion blushed to plead for more." So was the mutual devotion of Margaret and her cousin.

In her peculiar beauty, alike delicate and evanescent,

"A star that trembled o'er the deep,
Then turn'd from earth its tender beam,"

Thyrza resembled Margaret Parker, who is styled "one of the most beautiful of evanescent beings" by her lover, who adds in the autobiographic memoir, "I do not recollect scarcely anything equal to the transparent beauty of my cousin. . . . She looked as if she had been made out of rainbow—all beauty and peace."

Besides dying at a distance from her lover, Thyrza dies before the poet has heard of her illness. In like manner Margaret died before Byron had even a hint of her danger. "I knew," he says, "nothing even of her illness till she was no more."

On the other hand, the poems contain lines that seem to point to some other person than Margaret. At the time of her death, she and her youthful lover (at Harrow) were not "by many a shore and many a sea divided." Margaret having been dead for some years, Byron, "when sailing o'er the Ægean," can scarcely have thought of her as being alive, and gazing at the moon. And, for the same reason, whilst

he was lying ill of fever at Patras, he cannot be imagined to have found comfort in thinking that Margaret knew nothing of his pain. Though some license is permitted to interpreters of poetry, as well as to poets, these touches cannot be construed as pointing to the poet's cousin. They may have no historical significance, and have been introduced only for pathos or mystification. But *if* they point to a girl, whom he hoped whilst in Greece to see on his return to England, the girl so pointed at cannot have been his cousin Margaret.

None the less certain however would it be that the poems point to Margaret Parker, and that she was at least *an* inspiring force of the verses. All the points of similitude between Margaret's story and Thyrsa's story being taken into consideration, it cannot be questioned that, if the course of the Cambridge "passion" resembled in any great degree the course of the poet's passion for Thyrsa, its object would be inseparably associated in his mind with the girl whom she resembled so closely in beauty and fate. The two loves would be so linked and blended in his memory, that it would be impossible for him to think of the one without thinking also of the other. The poems inspired by either of the dead girls would be inspired by both. In that case the girl, whose name is unrecorded, would be no less accountable than the girl whose name we know, for the strains of love and desolation. On the other hand, to show that Byron after Margaret's death never loved a girl, whose fate

resembled hers, would be to prove that she alone was Thyrza. It yet remains to state the strongest piece of evidence that Margaret was the sole inspiring force of the famous series of poems. One of those curious personal revelations, which escaped the poet during the last months of his existence, was the revelation that the original of Thyrza was one of his cousins who died of consumption. On the voyage from Genoa to Cephalonia (1823), Byron said to Trelawny, "When I first left England I was gloomy. I said so in my First Canto of 'Childe Harold.' I was then really in love with a cousin." [Thyrza, he was very chary of her name], Trelawny observes, "and she was in a decline." Byron's cousin Margaret Parker died of a decline, and was the only one of his cousins to die of that malady after inspiring him with love. True that she died long before he left England; but to his poetic fancy she was still living and fading away when he thought of her on his travels. The mystification and historic inaccuracy of the poet's statement do not weaken the evidence afforded by the words, that Margaret and Thyrza were the same person in *his* mind.

And now, after passing his eyes over a few dates, the reader must consider a remarkable fact which, though pointed to in a previous chapter, has been withheld from prominence, till his mind should have been fully prepared to accept so strange a matter.

In 1797, when he was only nine years old, Byron fell in love with Mary Duff,—his love for her being

no ordinary childish fondness for a congenial playmate, but a consuming passion.

In the summer of 1800, when he was twelve and a half years old, he conceived a stronger passion for Margaret Parker, who nine years after her death became a chief (if not the only) inspiring force of the poems to *Thyrza*.

In November 1802, he wrote Margaret Parker's elegy, just about two years and four months after falling in love with her.

In the summer of 1803, when he was in the middle of his sixteenth year, he fell in love with Mary Chaworth.

In 1804—(and here is the marvellous fact)—when he was still in an early stage of the long-enduring anguish caused by the disappointment of his passion for Mary Chaworth—the news of Mary Duff's marriage, coming too suddenly upon him through his mother's defective sensibility and want of caution, moved him so strongly that he was within an ace of falling into convulsions. "My mother," Byron says in the autobiographic memoir, so often referred to in previous pages, "used always to rally me about this childish amour; and at last, many years after, *when I was sixteen*, she told me one day, "Oh, Byron, I have had a letter from Edinburgh, from Miss Abercromby, and your old sweetheart Mary Duff is married to a Mr. Co" And what was my answer? I really cannot explain or account for my feelings at that moment; but they nearly threw me into convulsions,

and alarmed my mother so much, that, after I grew better, she generally avoided the subject—to *me*—and contented herself with telling it to all her acquaintance.” Out of this incident, and Mrs. Byron’s habit of talking about it, arose the absurd cock-and-bull story of Byron’s behaviour at Southwell on hearing of Mary Chaworth’s marriage.

Hence it appears that Byron had not only survived his first great love sufficiently to entertain a still stronger love for another object, but had also survived the second passion sufficiently to conceive a still more vehement passion for a third object, and was even yet in the anguish consequent on the disappointment of this third passion, when the memory of the earliest of the three precocious attachments so nearly overpowered him.

It will be said by many a reader that all this is very strange,—so unusual and unlike ordinary human nature, as to be almost incredible. Byron’s nature, with its feminine sensibility and masculine combativeness, *was* far outside the lines of ordinary human kind. “Childe Harold,” “Cain,” and “Don Juan” could not have come from a mind constituted in the usual way of human nature; and to understand and know the poet, people must be able to accept unusual things, that are not in accordance with their personal experience of human feelings and actions.

The reader knows how to account for the strong emotion, that was inexplicable to Byron himself, by referring it to the strongly retentive memory, lively

imagination, and quick sensibility of the mind that, after heightening the beauty of its recollections by the exercise of poetical fancy, made no distinction between the remembered facts and the loveliness imparted to them by its own action, but with all the results of quickened sensibility dealt with the remembrances, that were partly fictitious, as though they were altogether real. Memory, fancy and feeling were the three forces that enabled the poet to derive a far larger measure of gladness from the remembrances of his native hills than the joy that had come to him in childhood from the sight of the hills themselves,—and rendered the sorrows of former time even more afflicting to his sensibility, when he reflected upon them, and by reflection intensified them, than they were in actual experience. They were the three prime forces of a machine which, though often—perhaps most often—set in action by circumstances independent of its possessor, could also be put in motion, and certainly sometimes was put in motion by his own will. Washington Irving was right in suspecting that the poet in dealing with his memory was the cunning farmer of a fertile soil, and deliberately brooded over the past for the sake of the stimulus which came from the process to his sensibility and creative energy. Whilst thus reviving the past, for the uses to be had of its joys and sorrows, Byron could rearrange and modify his recollections in order to turn them to better poetical account, and could even weave pieces of pure fiction into them.

Examples of the way, in which he would thus manipulate his tenderest and saddest recollections, even to the falsification of his own personal history, may be found in the poems and the passages of poems, which readers are most ready to regard as so many passages of autobiography in verse. To those who, instead of regarding the poet's marriage as a mere affair of convenience, believe that his regard for Miss Milbanke was one of genuine affection, it must appear more than probable that even the most touching of all the unutterably pathetic pictures of "The Dream,"—the picture which Moore thought himself "justified in introducing historically" into his account of the wedding—owes quite as much to the writer's imagination as to his memory:—

"I saw him stand
 Before an altar with a gentle bride;
 Her face was fair, but was not that which made
 The starlight of his Boyhood;—as he stood
 Even at the altar, o'er his brow there came
 The self-same aspect, and the quivering shock
 That in the antique Oratory shook
 His bosom in its solitude; and then—
 As in that hour—a moment o'er his face
 The tablet of unutterable thoughts
 Was traced,—and then it faded as it came,
 And he stood calm and quiet, and he spoke
 The fitting vows, but heard not his own words,
 And all things reel'd around him; he could see
 Not that which was, nor that which should have been—
 But the old mansion, and the accustom'd hall,
 And the remember'd chambers, and the place
 The day, the hour, the sunshine, and the shade,
 All things pertaining to that place and hour,
 And her, who was his destiny, came back

And thrust themselves between him and the light:—
What business had they there at such a time?”

And how about the account of the wedding in the poet's memoranda, with which these doleful verses are said by Moore to correspond “in so many of its circumstances?” From the biographer's abstract of the prose account, it appears that on waking on the nuptial morning the poet was held by the “most melancholy reflections, on seeing his wedding-suit spread out before him;” that before the ceremony he “wandered about the grounds alone;” and further it is told—“He knelt down, he repeated the words after the clergyman; but a mist was before his eyes,—his thoughts were elsewhere; and he was but awakened by the congratulations of the bystanders, to find that he was—married.” This is all. Hence, the account in the poet's note-book agrees with the picture of the poem, in some of the unimportant, but in none of the important particulars of the latter. The whole affair was over before the bridegroom could collect his wandering thoughts, and he had a vague feeling of surprise at finding himself married:—The same may be said of fifty out of every hundred bridegrooms. He knelt down and repeated the words after the clergyman:—and he was quite right in doing so. What bridegroom does otherwise? He walked about the garden till he was summoned to the celebration of the marriage:—what better place for walking can be imagined? or what better way of whiling away the time till the bride should be dressed? He was low-

spirited at the dawn of the eventful day:—it is not unusual for a bridegroom to be so, if he is a nervous man. Though he has decided on it deliberately, and may be confident he is about to take a wise step, a nervous man is apt to have misgivings when he is on the point of doing a momentous and irrevocable act. But in what important points does this account resemble the passage of the poem? The prose account had no single word of reference to Annesley and its well-remembered chambers, to the old mansion or to “her, who was,” the poet’s “destiny.” From the *memoir*, of which Moore talks so absurdly, it does not appear that Byron, either before or at or after the ceremony, had a single thought about Mary Chaworth on his wedding-day. And, as readers will see shortly, there are grounds for a strong opinion that she never approached his mind, to trouble it, at any moment of the honey-moon.

Readers of “The Dream” should bear in mind that it was written at Geneva, just a year and a half after the marriage, and about six months *after* Lady Byron left her Lord for ever. It was written (in July 1816) when the poet was in a mood to persuade himself that after all he had never really cared much for the lady, who had dismissed him so unceremoniously;—and when he was also in the humour to slap the lady’s face with a poem, which should tell her and all the world that another woman had years before and all through his matrimonial time possessed his heart. The labour of writing “The Dream” was an effort of

art; the poem is a work of an incomparable art; the publication of it was an act of revenge. And after the wont of acts of vengeance, the deed of spite recoiled on the doer's head,—by making the world believe he had never loved his wife, and confirming the world in its opinion that he had treated her very badly.

Byron is believed never to have seen Mary Chaworth after dining with her in 1808. Once (whilst he and Lady Byron were on loving terms) he thought of visiting her, but was saved from the false and perilous step by the advice of his good sister—ever his Guardian Angel. But though he never again saw Mrs. Musters (Mr. Chaworth had by this time returned to his old surname), Lady Byron—when she and her husband were still a mutually loving couple—met the heiress of Annesley in society. How the two women eyed one another, what they thought of each other are matters for the imagination. Men's wives are apt to think lightly and suspiciously of their husbands' "old flames." On seeing his bride for the first time, a woman seldom fails to discover her former suitor has made a poor choice.

CHAPTER IX.

LORD BYRON OF TRINITY.

Despondency. — Eddleston, the Chorister. — Dr. William Lort Mansell. — College Friends. — Hobhouse on Byron's Nature. — Eighteen Long Years hence. — "Hours of Idleness." — Lord Carlisle. — College Debts. — Cambridge Dissipations. — The "Edinburgh Article." — Walter Scott's Opinion of the Article. — Who wrote it? — The Poet's Regard for Cambridge. — Honour done the Poet by the University.

GOING up to Cambridge reluctantly in October 1805, Byron left the University in the beginning of 1808, after taking the honorary degree to which, as a nobleman, he was entitled.

To account for the heaviness of heart with which he approached the seat of learning and passed his first terms in it, he says that it pained him to quit Harrow, that he had wished to go to Oxford, that his sense of loneliness in the world oppressed him, and that it made him miserable to think he was no longer a boy. The gaiety of his companions only deepened the melancholy of the freshman, who wanted the homage of his Harrow "favourites," and was still pining for the bride who was another's bride. Holding aloof from most of the undergraduates, who offered themselves to his acquaintance, as soon as he had taken possession of a set of rooms appropriate to his dignity, the young

peer, during his first year at Trinity, spent much of his time in solitude, and most of his other time in the society of his former schoolfellow, Long, or in communion with the sweet-voiced chorister, for whom he conceived a regard that may not be referred altogether to that vulgarest kind of amiable insolence,—the delight of patronising one's social inferiors. Probably it flattered the young lord's self-esteem to take so humble a person under his protection; and doubtless the fortunate youth, of whom Byron wrote to Miss Pigot, "I certainly love him more than any other human being," was at much pains to retain his patron's favour. But arrogance on the one side and obsequiousness on the other would not of themselves have sustained the curious friendship that endured, without any apparent diminution of fervour and steadiness, till Eddleston's death in 1811. Being to an hour two years younger than the poet, this well-mannered and affectionate boy was still in his sixteenth year, when he first won Byron's regard.

Had Byron brought from Harrow enough Latin and Greek to place him creditably with the studious men of his year, he would possibly have come to Trinity with a lighter heart, and left Cambridge on better terms with its Professors. In every race so much depends on "the start," it is not surprising that the young peer—who with better preliminary training and a fairer prospect of success might have entertained a desire for academic honours, and justified the ambi-

tion by winning them—determined to avoid the course, in which, at the outset of the running, he would have competed under vexatious and humiliating disadvantages with young men, inferior to him alike in rank and natural ability. To his tutor it was soon apparent that the young nobleman, who lived chiefly with an old Harrow schoolfellow and one of the youngest of the college choristers, meant to attend as few lectures as possible, and to hold aloof from the more serious pursuits of the University. After the Long Vacation of 1806, when he had gradually become less shy and more sociable, the peer displayed a purpose of running the usual career of a Trinity nobleman.

As they seem to have heard nothing of his two previous volumes of verse, printed by a Nottinghamshire bookseller for private circulation, it was not surprising that, till he published, for sale to all who cared to buy it, a third book of poetry, containing some equally feeble and saucy satire on his University, Lord Byron of Trinity was mistaken by the Master (Dr. William Lort Mansell) and the tutors of his College for a young man of ordinary endowments, who differed in nothing more important than his lameness from the other lads of birth and affluence, who thought it good fun to make night hideous by roaring in chorus under the Master's bedroom window, "We beseech thee to hear us, good Lort! Good Lort, deliver us!" Like other young nobles and fellow-commoners, with whom he co-operated in equally riotous

and common-place exhibitions of puerile hilarity, Lord Byron occupied luxuriously furnished rooms, gave "breakfasts" and "wine-parties," and "suppers," and was waited on by a valet instead of a college "gyp." The proprietor of two big dogs,—the superb Newfoundland (Boatswain) and the ferocious bull-dog (Nelson),—Lord Byron of Trinity kept a couple of horses (one of them a large-boned grey animal) on which he rode fairly well, and a coronetted carriage in which he posted to and fro between Cambridge and London, London and Southwell. On returning to the University after the Long Vacation of 1807, he brought up "the bear," destined (as he averred with appropriate seriousness) to compete for a Trinity fellowship,—the same bear that two years later guarded one pillar of the chief entrance to the mansion at Newstead, whilst a wolf kept watch at the other post of the stately portal. Of course, at a time when all modish gentlemen were duellists, and the use of deadly weapons was a part of every young nobleman's education, pistol-cases and fencing-foils were always conspicuous in Lord Byron's rooms; and it being understood at the beginning of the present century that a gentleman should know how to use his fists, as well as "the hair-trigger" and "small sword," it was needless for his lordship's visitors to ask whether he could provide them with "the gloves," when it was their humour to have a set-to at boxing on his Turkey carpets. In these and a score other matters Lord Byron of Trinity did like the other young gentlemen

who had the *entrée* of his college-rooms. He may, perhaps, have been a little more ostentatious of his fire-arms, and rapiers, and boxing gloves,—for even in his early boyhood he made a favourite toy of the pistol, which he liked to think would put him with his lameness on equal terms with adversaries of the steadiest footing; and in his constant desire to divert attention from the infirmity, which telling heavily against him in sword-exercise placed him even more at the mercy of competent “bruisers,” the lame poet was sometimes comically boastful of his prowess with the blunt sword and “the gloves.” The unquestionable excellence of his swimming was a matter in which he differed from most of his associates at the University. And whilst he was distinguishable from the other mounted “gownsmen” by the colour of his large-boned grey steed, he was still further distinguishable by the eccentricity of his riding costume,—the “*white* coat” and “*white* hat,” that made Hobhouse regard the poet with hot dislike, and even brought the two young men to arrangements for a duel, before they joined hands in a friendship that survived even the poet’s death. But these trivial shades of difference could not be expected to affect the judgment of the college tutors who, having good reason to regard Byron as a commonplace Trinity lordling and still better reason (after the publication of “*The Hours of Idleness*”) for deeming him a lordling with no very strong genius for satire, had the best reason for astonishment on finding he “had it in him” to produce such keen, strenuous,

scorching and irresistibly comical verse as the best things of the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

But whilst playing, in this common-place way, the part of a conventional "Trinity tuft," and associating with Fellow-Commoners whose chief distinction throughout life was the honour of having been Fellow-Commoners of so famous a college, Byron had a small circle of peculiar friends, who would never have cared to know him intimately had his rank been his strongest note of introduction to their favour, and whom he would never have conciliated so studiously and drawn so closely to his heart had he valued men chiefly for their hereditary distinctions. Instead of being the "snob" of noble degree that biographers have represented him, valuing himself less on his deeds than his descent, and overflowing with secret disdain for people of ordinary origin, Byron throughout life chose his familiars from considerations altogether pure of the petty patrician insolence, that has been attributed to him on no better grounds, than the boyish verses to the glorification of his Norman progenitors and his occasional exhibitions in later time of an altogether reasonable and wholesome respect for his ancestral dignity. After Long's withdrawal from the university, the poet's most intimate friends at Cambridge were—Charles Skinner Matthews, a man of infinite humour and an intellect of the highest order, who was regarded by all his contemporaries as a person designed by nature for a career of high achievement; Scrope Berdmore Davies, a man no less

remarkable for elegance of taste than for a generous high-mindedness; Francis Hodgson, the exemplary Latinist and future Provost of Eton; William Bankes, whose letters and enduring attachment to his former schoolfellow are matters of history; and John Cam Hobhouse (Lord Broughton), who after holding firmly to his "fellow-traveller in Greece," through good report and evil report, with undiminished affection and admiration for him from this time of their riper boyhood to the hour that made Missolonghi a name of mourning throughout the whole world, stood forth the vindicator of his memory, when twice ten years had passed over the poet's grave. After declaring that truth was more precious to him than even his friend's honour, Lord Broughton delivered himself of these words, "Lord Byron had failings—many failings certainly, but he was untainted with any of the baser vices; and his virtues, his good qualities, were all of a high order."

The reader should take to heart the words, thus transferred to this page for a definite purpose. From his early manhood to his premature death, Byron was known more fully and precisely to Lord Broughton than to any other person. His familiar at Cambridge, his guest at Newstead, his comrade in Greece, his constant associate in London, his "best man" at his wedding, his confidant at every point and turn of his domestic troubles, John Cam Hobhouse was at the poet's side from the commencement of their friendship at Cambridge to the moment of Byron's withdrawal

from England. A few months later Hobhouse joined Byron at Geneva, and after accompanying him on the Swiss trip went with him to Italy. In the years of Byron's exile Hobhouse was with him repeatedly. Every incident that contributed to the poet's estrangement from his wife was known to Hobhouse. With every opportunity for knowing him thoroughly, in every minutest particular of his character and career, it is not conceivable that Hobhouse was uninformed or deceived respecting his friend's nature or respecting any important matter of his friend's conduct up to the time of his withdrawal from his native land; for whilst the poet's friend was a shrewd, discreet, judicious man of the world,—an excellent man of business, as Byron always called him; a man, moreover, of the strictest honour and truthfulness, as all his acquaintance knew,—Byron was frankness itself, incapable of keeping either his own secrets or even the confidences of a friend, and ever blabbing to gossip-mongers of whom he knew scarcely anything the matters which his own interest required him to keep strictly to himself. Is it likely that the observant man of the world would not know everything of the affairs and temper of the friend, one of whose most charming characteristics was his absolute incapability of reserve? "Part of this fascination," Lord Broughton remarked, when Byron had been dead twenty years, "may, doubtless, be ascribed to the entire self-abandonment, the incautious, it may be said the dangerous, sincerity of his private conversation; but his weak-

nesses were amiable; and, as has been said of a portion of his virtues, were of a feminine character—so that the affection felt for him was as that for a favourite and sometimes froward sister.” Hobhouse was by no means blind to the serious nature of some of his friend’s failings. He often had occasion to observe and took occasion to deplore the selfishness, which he regarded as the dark blot and doleful blemish of the poet’s character. There were occasions, when Lord Broughton referred sorrowfully to this serious and incorrigible defect of an otherwise noble nature after the poet’s death; one of the persons to whom he sometimes ventured to express the regret being the poet’s sister Augusta, whose love of her father’s son never blinded her to his failings. Of this defect more will be said hereafter.

Eighteen long years hence,—eighteen long years, during which so many of those who are now living will have gone from this life,—the world will have under its eye the book which will afford *the proofs*, that Byron’s college friend was more than justified in saying what he said well-nigh forty years since, in the poet’s defence against the charges preferred against him in the House of Lords by the Bishop of London. If eighteen long years were no more than eighteen short months, this book would not have been written. But why should hundreds of thousands of people during the next eighteen years be required to live and die under false, hideous, and depraving notions of what is possible in Christian human nature in this

nineteenth century,—and all because the evidence, left by Lord Broughton for a happier century, is withheld from them? The time must, however, be waited out; people in the meanwhile comforting themselves as they best can with Lord Broughton's assurance that though "Lord Byron had failings—many failings certainly, he was untainted with the baser vices; and his virtues, his good qualities, were all of the higher order."

Let it not, however, be inferred from what appears on a former page that, in associating himself so closely with the five other members of his particular "Trinity set," the young peer can be credited with any sort of condescension, or that it could possibly have entered into the head of any one of those five gentlemen to think of himself, even for a moment, as being honoured by the peer's regard, *because* he was a peer. By birth and circumstances as well as by scholarly attainments and refinement the five men were gentlemen, who would have smiled at the notion that their friend's rank could affect either their opinion of him, or their disposition to be intimate with him. Had it been otherwise, the fact of Byron's "set" of six containing no other nobleman would be less satisfactory evidence that he selected his college friends from motives and for considerations altogether disconnected from aristocratic sympathies. For had they been persons of Eddleston's social condition, it might be suspected that, whilst the young nobleman's conduct in the matter was determined by the delight of condescending to his inferiors, the others repaid his condescension with

complaisance. The social condition no less than the intellectual quality of the five men precludes either suggestion. It was not in the nature of things for Byron to imagine he was descending from his nobility in attaching himself to them. On the other hand, it was not in the nature of things for his rank to be any considerable attraction to them. They joined hands with him because they liked him; and he chose them for his familiars because as men of taste and literary discernment they were congenial to him.

Towards the end of June 1807, when Cambridge was bright with girls from country parsonages, and Cantabs were on the point of "going down for the Long," Byron, having kept the terms for his honorary degree, bethought himself whether he should "come up" again for further residence in a place of which he was growing weary. Several of his friends were "going down" with no intention of "coming up" again. Eddleston—the well-looking and well-mannered young chorister, whom Byron had christened Cornelian, in reference to the cornelian heart which the lad had given to "his patron!"—was no longer a member of the Trinity choir, having obtained through his patron's influence a clerkship in a house of business in London. Under these circumstances it is not wonderful that the poet thought of giving up his handsome rooms, and of withdrawing from the University till the beginning of the year, when he would run up for his degree, and after taking it would bid Alma Mater adieu for ever. "I am almost superannuated here,"

he wrote to Miss ("Good-bye, Gaby") Pigot, of Southwell, dating from Cambridge, 30th June, 1807. "My old friends (with the exception of a very few) have all departed, and I am preparing to follow them, but remain till Monday to be present at three *Oratorios*, two *Concerts*, a *Fair*, and a *Ball*. . . . I quit Cambridge with little regret, because our *set* are *vanished*, and my *musical protégé* before mentioned has left the choir, and is stationed in a mercantile house of considerable eminence in the metropolis. You may have heard me observe he is exactly to an hour two years younger than myself. I found him grown considerably, and, as you will suppose, very glad to see his former *Patron*. He is nearly my height, very *thin*, very fair complexion, dark eyes, and light locks. . . . The University at present is very gay from the *fêtes* of divers kinds. . . . The Masters and Fellows are very polite, but look a little *askance*—don't much like *lampoons*—truth always disagreeable."

The lampoons, which caused the Trinity dons to look askance at the young poet, were the pieces of by no means strenuous satire on the University, her system of education, her professors, and the Trinity choir, that had recently appeared in "The Hours of Idleness,"—published by Ridge, the Newark bookseller, with a dedicatory inscription to the Right Honourable Frederick Earl of Carlisle, by "His Obligated Ward and Affectionate Kinsman, The Author." Probably the boyish "lampoons" of this far from contemptible collection of youthful poems were not more to his

guardian's taste than to the taste of the dons, who cannot have felt themselves treated with fairness or civility in the following lines,—

“The sons of science these, who, thus repaid,
Linger in ease in Granta's sluggish shade;
Where on Cam's sedgy banks supine they lie,
Unknown, unhonour'd live, unwept for die:
Dull as the pictures which adorn their halls,
They think all learning fix'd within their walls:
In manners rude, in foolish forms precise,
All modern arts affecting to despise:
Yet prizing Bentley's, Brunck's, or Porson's note,
More than the verse on which their critic wrote;
Vain as their honours, heavy as their ale,
Sad as their wit, and tedious as their tale:
To friendship dead, though not untaught to feel
When Self and Church demand a bigot zeal.
With eager haste they court the lord of power,
Whether 'tis Pitt or Petty rules the hour;
To him, with suppliant smiles, they bend the head,
While distant mitres to their eyes are spread.
But should a storm o'erwhelm him with disgrace,
They'd fly to seek the next who fill'd his place.
Such are the men who learning's treasures guard!
Such is their practice, such is their reward!
This much, at least, we may presume to say—
The premium can't exceed the price they pay.”

But if Lord Carlisle regarded such satire with disapproval, he never told the author so. Acting on Sir Walter Scott's well-known rule for the acknowledgment of “presentation copies,” and acting on it probably from a presentiment that after reading the poems he would find it more difficult to write civilly to the author, the Earl hastened to thank his ward for the copy and the dedication, before perusing the

volume, in a letter which, though not devoid of politeness or cordiality, failed to satisfy the poet, who wrote to Miss Pigot of Southwell from London on 13th July, 1807, "Lord Carlisle, on receiving my poems, sent, before he opened the book, a tolerably handsome letter:—I have not heard from him since. His opinions I neither know nor care about; if he is the least insolent, I shall enrol him with *Butler* and the other worthies. He is in Yorkshire, poor man! and very ill! He said he had not time to read the contents, but thought it necessary to acknowledge the receipt of the volume immediately. Perhaps the Earl 'bears no brother near the throne,' *if so*, I will make his *sceptre totter in his hands*."

The poet's purpose of leaving Cambridge "for good," and visiting it again only to take his degree, was relinquished within a week after its announcement to Miss Pigot. "Since my last letter," he wrote to that young lady from Trinity, on 5th July, 1807, "I have determined to reside *another year* at Granta, as my rooms, &c. &c. are finished in great style, several old friends come up again, and many new acquaintances made; consequently my inclination leads me forward, and I shall return to college in October if still *alive*."

On returning to the rooms, which upholsterers had "finished in great style," Lord Byron of Trinity was in the gayest spirits, and in the humour to "lead" the modish undergraduates till next July, just as he had "led" the boys at Harrow during his last year upon

“the hill.” Bringing with him “the bear,” destined for a college fellowship, Lord Byron had also brought up with him the sense of dignity appropriate to a nobleman of wit, whose poems had been praised in critical reviews and bought by duchesses,—at least, by “Her Grace of Gordon,” who (as the happy youngster wrote to his fair correspondent at Southwell) “bought my volume, admired it exceedingly, in common with the rest of the fashionable world, and wished to claim her relationship with the author.” A nobleman of wit and fashion, Lord Byron of Trinity had now only to achieve a reputation for rakishness, to be as famous as he desired. Hazard being a favourite pastime just then with the “*jeunesse dorée*” of the university, Lord Byron of Trinity seized the dice-box, and played away night after night till four in the morning. “I have thrown as many as fourteen mains running,” he recorded at a later period in one of his journals, “and carried off all the cash upon the table occasionally; but I had no coolness, or judgment, or calculation. It was the delight of the thing that pleased me. Upon the whole, I left off in time, without being much a winner or loser. Since one-and-twenty years of age, I played but little, and then never above a hundred, or two or three.” When a gamester prates of having “left off in time, without being much a winner or loser,” it may be taken for certain that he did not leave off in time, or without losing much more than he won. Byron’s losses at hazard were, doubtless, largely accountable for the enormity of the debts that

weighed upon him and harassed him painfully, on his coming of age. "*Entre nous*," he wrote to his always sympathetic and judicious counsellor, the Rev. Mr. Becher of Southwell, on 28th March, 1808, when only twenty years and two months old, "I am cursedly dipped; my debts, *every* thing inclusive, will be nine or ten thousand pounds before I am twenty-one." The twelve or fifteen hundred a-year from the Newstead property after paying some of the charges of the long suit (still in progress) for the Rochdale property, of course, could not afford the young peer a sufficient allowance for what may be called his legitimate expenses. A youngster,—continually posting in his own carriage to and fro between Cambridge and London and between London and Southwell, keeping two riding-horses, a groom and a valet, and spending money on two editions of poems printed for circulation amongst his friends, and another collection of poems for public sale,—could not be expected to live within an allowance of perhaps a thousand a-year. But to account for the 10,000*l.* of debt contracted in two years, one must suppose that Lord Byron of Trinity lost more at hazard than he cared to confess in a journal made up for his biographer's convenience.

If rumour of the high play, that went on in his rooms and in the rooms of his more reckless friends, came to the ears of the dons, it may well have made them continue to "look askance" at the young peer, who wrote to Miss Pigot on 26th October, 1807: "We have several parties here, and this evening a large

assortment of jockeys, gamblers, boxers, authors, parsons and poets sup with me,—a precious mixture, but they go on well together; and for me, I am a *spice* of everything except a jockey.” The social gaieties of undergraduates are seldom remarkable for orderliness and freedom from noise; and it may be imagined that when the cheers and uproar of the jolly good fellows in Lord Byron’s rooms broke in upon the studious hours of serious students, with no turn for jollity and no admiration for the kind of goodness that is best described in the small hours of the morning by “three times three—and one more!” they must have wished his lordship had not “come up” for another year. And in this feeling the dons and other grave personages of the learned society must have been confirmed by the report, which passed from gownsman to gownsman in the later days of October, that this troublesome and audacious lordling, who had sneered in verse at the Master’s “ample front sublime,” and most irreverently called the college-choir “a set of croaking sinners,” was already at work on another satire,—and had in fact already turned off three hundred and eighty lines of the new poem, which would exhibit to public ridicule the worthiest of living men. It was thus Lord Byron’s friends, and his friends’ friends whispered of the poem, that would put an end to Walter Scott’s popularity, and make Southey rue his rashness in becoming an author by profession. For though the “English Bards and Scotch Reviewers” was Byron’s answer to the article which

did not appear in the "Edinburgh Review" till January, 1808, and doubtless owed the greater part of its force and most vicious stabs to the anger stirred within the poet's breast by the ludicrously insufficient assault on his reputation, the groundwork of the satire was laid weeks before he received his "early intelligence" of the rod that had been pickled for his back. Left to himself, Lord Byron of Trinity would have produced a satire, something stronger than the satirical stuff of the "Hours of Idleness," something weaker than the satire of the "Hints from Horace," that might have caught the public attention for an hour, on its way to the oblivion that claims all satire that does not rise to a high standard of excellence. Fortunately for the poet, and no less fortunately for countless later sufferers from unjust criticism, the "Edinburgh Review" came to his aid with an article that stung him to an exhibition of strength, that placed him, boy though he was, amongst the masters of a kind of literature, in which the young so often try to distinguish themselves, and so rarely excel.

It is not easy to sit in judgment on the notorious article, which has proved so prejudicial to the authority and influence of professional critics, without thinking of the satire which gave it enduring notoriety. And to remember the boyish daring, and malicious sportiveness and irresistible humour of the "English Bards," is to lose the power of regarding impartially the outrage that stirred the youngster's wrath. But when the satire is put as much as pos-

sible out of recollection, and the attention confined as strictly as possible to the failings of the "Hours of Idleness" and the faults of the review, there is little to be urged in palliation of the intemperance and excessive harshness of the latter. When all reasonable excuses have been made for the reviewer, it remains that he was signally deficient in good feeling, good judgment, and good taste,—that this article is alike reprehensible for its want of kindliness, its want of critical discernment, and its vulgarity. In sneering at the young lord for being a young lord the reviewer at least showed a curious want of breeding. In striking a youngster so heavily, and at the same moment deriding his modest appeal for consideration on the score of his youth, the censor showed, to put the case mildly, a discreditable lack of sympathy for youthful ambition. In loftily bidding the young aspirant to "forthwith abandon poetry," as a field for which he had not a single natural qualification, the critic showed a singular unfitness for his office; for though they comprised many weak verses, and several exhibitions of boyish, even childish, indiscretion and inexpertness, the poems afforded numerous indications of poetic feeling, and several passages of thoughtful and strenuous writing. Walter Scott, who had already looked through the poems, might well be astonished at the "undue severity" of the "offensive article," which caused him to protest to Jeffrey against its scandalous harshness, and even to think of writing a note of sympathy and consolation to the author. And Scott was not the only

reader of "The Edinburgh" to regard with equal surprise and disapproval its treatment of a book of poems, which "contained some passages of noble promise," though "they were written like all juvenile poetry, rather from the recollection of what had pleased the author in others than what had been suggested by his own imagination."

It still remains a question with many persons whether Jeffrey or Brougham wrote this unfortunate review; it being assumed by the questioners that the article proceeded from the pen of the one or the other. As it rests on the assumption, that, if the article had not been of his own writing, he would, sooner or later, have disassociated himself from the discreditable performance by revealing the real blunderer or at least disclaiming the authorship of the essay, the case against Jeffrey is so weak that it should not injure his reputation. Jeffrey had his failings; but he was not the man to betray a coadjutor, or sneak out of an editorial scrape under cover of an undignified avowal. Moreover, if Medwin's book may be trusted (and on such a matter the "Conversations" are trustworthy in some degree), Jeffrey disclaimed the authorship in so far as he could do so with dignity, by assuring Byron in confidence that though responsible for the deed he was not its doer. That Jeffrey ever promised (in the manner alleged in the "Conversations") to put Byron in the way to discover his aggressor is more than improbable. The case against Jeffrey must be allowed to perish. Discredited by various circumstances, the

notion that Brougham wrote the article is nothing more than a suspicion, hugged to the last by Byron who, with several good reasons for hating the lawyer, was not unwilling to strengthen them with a poor one. "I have no loves," Byron said to Trelawny, as they were sailing to Cephalonia, "I have only one friend, my sister Augusta, and I have reduced my hates to two—that venomous reptile Brougham, and Southey the apostate." The poet's opinion that the review proceeded from the venomous reptile, because it contained some legal jargon about "minority pleas" "plaintiffs" and "grounds of action," was mere childishness. If Brougham wrote the offensive stuff, he wrote it when he was half asleep. It is possible the article—so unworthy of "The Edinburgh," and so significantly different in tone and style from the acknowledged compositions of the "Review's" principal and regular writers—was the production of an occasional contributor who, as a resident member of the University of Cambridge, seized a tempting opportunity for administering a seasonable chastisement to the young satirist of college tutors. The "dons," who looked askance at Lord Byron of Trinity before the long vacation, may well have come to a strong and unanimous opinion in the ensuing November that the young nobleman's presence at the university was neither for his own advantage, nor the good of the young gentlemen who gathered about him. On hearing of the "new satire" already on the stocks, the tutors may well have wished for some one, enjoying the

confidence of a powerful editor, to give his lordship a lesson in the art of saying unpleasant things of one's neighbours, and to show him with equal promptitude and energy that satire, like stone-throwing, was a game at which two persons could play,—a game in which no one should be allowed to have all the play to himself. And as this view of what would be best for Lord Byron of Trinity and also for his academic superiors grew more general and strong, at the high-tables of the colleges, it would naturally occur to any one of the Fellows, who had friendly relations with the Edinburgh editor, that he would do a good turn to his university and more especially to its junior members, by paying Lord Byron off in his own coin, and showing all undergraduates of a froward and malapert temper that even a young peer of the realm could not ridicule "dons" and other duly constituted authorities with impunity. Whilst all this appears alike natural and probable, the tone and very structure of the article point to the same conclusion. Written throughout in a vein of supercilious "donnishness," the review reminds one alternately of a college-tutor who regards sarcasm as the most effective vehicle of instruction, and of a schoolmaster who more in sorrow than in anger condescends to chastise a naughty boy with an implement of torture, far larger and more terrifying than the author's goose-quill. After administering the flagellation to the last cut, the pedagogue forbears to dismiss the humiliated culprit till he has pointed the moral of the incident, for the

edification of youthful listeners, by reading aloud some of the weakest verses of his never felicitous satire on academic persons and practices. With this cue to the possible origin and purpose of the review, which caused the poet to drink three bottles of claret at a single sitting, most readers of its insolent phrases will perhaps be inclined to think with the present writer that, though the blow was delivered from Edinburgh, the impulse of the blow came from Cambridge.

If the offensive article proceeded from a Cambridge tutor, chiefly desirous of driving Lord Byron from Trinity before the summer terms, the reviewer had reason for a brief while to congratulate himself on the success of his essay. In London where he hastened from his punishment to his claret, Lord Byron was in no humour to pass another term at Cambridge, where for the moment the laughter was all on the side of the reviewer and the dons. The poet, who in later time could not endure with calmness the speechless obloquy of London drawing-rooms, had not the heart to face the Masters and Fellows who, instead of merely eyeing him askance as they passed him in Hall or Quadrangle, were now prepared to confront him with faces brightened with smiles of triumphant malice. So far as his university career is concerned, the "Edinburgh Review" snuffed out the poet, who had meant to stay on at Trinity till the following Midsummer. From the date of that number of the "Edinburgh Review," Lord Byron ceased to be Lord Byron of Trinity. He "went up" indeed to

take his degree in 1808; but having taken his grade amongst the graduates, he withdrew immediately from the university, to nurse his wrath and bitterness in London and at Newstead,—till he should find verse for their adequate expression.

Referring to his wilder time at Trinity, towards the close of his time on earth, Byron said to Medwin, "I had a great hatred of College rules, and contempt for academical honours. How many of their wranglers have ever distinguished themselves in the world? . . . I believe they were as glad to get rid of me at Cambridge, as they were at Harrow." Though they come to us through a no more reliable reporter than Medwin, it can be readily believed that Byron spoke these words, and that they fairly represent the feeling of the Trinity tutors, in finding themselves well rid of so troublesome an inmate of their College.

But though his time at Cambridge ended thus abruptly and ingloriously, Byron bore his university no ill-will. On the contrary, in the darker periods, and also in the brighter periods, of his life he held *Alma Mater* in tender recollection, thanking her in his affectionate heart for the friends she had given him. Towards the close of October 1811, little more than three months after his return from the East, he roused himself from the sorrow of the preceding weeks, and went to Cambridge to pass a few days with Hodgson. Four months later, when he and Hobhouse were thinking of running from London to Cambridge, to look round the old familiar haunts and exchange greetings with the

few of their former friends, still lingering in them, the poet—now in the morning of his fame—wrote sadly to Hodgson, “Cambridge will bring sad recollections to him, and worse to me, though for very different reasons. I believe the only human being that ever loved me in truth and entirely was of, or belonging to Cambridge, and, in that, no change can now take place.” And whilst Byron loved the university which he left at the moment of his discord with her chiefs, even as he loved the school which he quitted under somewhat similar circumstances, the younger Cantabs were quick and the older Cantabs by no means slow, to hail him as one of the brightest ornaments of their seat of learning. When Byron went to Cambridge in October 1814 to vote for Mr. Clarke, the Trinity candidate for Sir Busick Harwood’s Professorship, his appearance in the Senate House was the occasion of an outburst of applause from the undergraduates, that brought tears of joy to his strangely lustrous eyes and the crimson of sudden gladness to his pale face. And just upon thirty years later, Trinity College conferred honour on herself and rendered meet homage to the poet, as one of her own great sons of genius, by placing in her library the statue of Thorwaldsen, which would not have found a fitter or more honourable home had it been admitted to Westminster Abbey.

CHAPTER X.

CAMBRIDGE VACATIONS.

In London.—“The noble Art of Self-defence.”—Swimming in the Thames.—Byron’s Life at Southwell.—His Quarrels with his Mother.—Harrowgate.—First and second Editions of The Southwell Poems.—“The Prayer of Nature.”—Byron’s Scepticism.—His Height and Fatness.—Starvation and Physic.—Their Results.—Tobacco and Laudanum.

WHILST keeping his terms at Cambridge, first as a shy, retiring undergraduate, then as a lad of lively humour and sociable disposition, and lastly as one of the most hilarious and unruly men of his year at Trinity, Lord Byron enlarged his knowledge of human nature and human manners by visits to London, where he saw life much as Tom and Jerry saw it, from points of view best known to gentlemen about town, and sometimes with companions whose society was not calculated to inspire him with a generous admiration of his species. Not that he had a morbid preference for unworthy associates, or a keen appetite for any of the grosser vices. On the contrary, eating less than a squeamish school-girl, and seldom drinking more wine than he could carry with composure on his naturally unsteady feet, he found his chief daily enjoyment in reading the best poets and in writing such poetry as

may be found in the "Hours of Idleness." But though his favourite drink was soda-water, in days when sot-tishness ranked with the fine arts and it was a point of honour with nine out of every ten Englishmen to fuddle themselves with strong wines and stronger spirits at least once in every four-and-twenty hours, Lord Byron went about town with merry fellows who, instead of emulating their friend's abstemiousness, bantered him on not caring to "drink like a lord." In their wanderings about town—wanderings made almost wholly upon wheels, on account of the poet's inability to walk far and freely—Lord Byron and his friends went of course to the theatres, and afterwards to places where the play was high or the dancing wild, and doubtless to other places into which the readers of this page would not care to follow them. In simple truth, they went about and saw life, as young gentlemen of all the social grades from peers to law students, were expected and even admonished by their fathers to go about and see it, in the earlier decades of a century that has grown more virtuous and much more decorous, as it has grown in years. One of the circles they often attended was the gathering of fops and dandies to be found every afternoon at Jackson's (Angelo and Jackson's) School of the Noble Art of Self-Defence.

The friend and correspondent of royal princes, and of dukes who without being of royal degree, were august personages, Mr. Jackson had too many lords on his visiting list to feel himself greatly honoured by the civilities lavished upon him by the nobleman from Tri-

nity College. But the great Professor of Pugilism had too genuine and warm an admiration for "pluck" and "bottom," whenever they came under his observation, not to be touched to the heart by the spirit and address with which the lame peer (who was said to write as fine poetry as "any man who did it for a living") handled the gloves—striking out from the shoulder, and "coming up" on his tottering pins for round after round with the best "millers" of the school, till he was forced to give in from the unendurable pain that came to his right foot from the violent exercise. And in truth, for a beholder to be stirred with generous emotion at so pathetic an exhibition of courage and resoluteness it was not needful for him to be either a professor or connoisseur of "the noble art."

Byron, still in his minority, and Jackson, still at the highest point of his professional eminence, became close friends; and for a while Eddleston, if the gentle youth was capable of jealousy, must have been troubled to see how much the young lord, who delighted in a chorister's affection, could also delight in a prize-fighter's friendship. When the one was in London and the other in the country, the poet and pugilist wrote letters to one another; the professor of "the noble art" being styled "Dear Jack" by his noble correspondent. Jackson was one of the few greatly eminent persons to visit Byron at Newstead; and in 1808, when the poet stayed for several weeks at Brighton, the Professor made a weekly journey to the Sussex coast, for the purpose of carrying on his young patron's pugilistic

education. In the previous year (August 1807) when Leigh Hunt saw the author of the "Hours of Idleness," swimming for a wager from Lambeth to Blackfriars Bridge, he "noticed a respectable-looking manly person, who was eyeing something in the distance." The something in the distance was the poet's head, bobbing up and down, as he rehearsed the part of "Leander" in the London river; and the "respectable-looking manly person" was Mr. Jackson, the prize-fighter, who took occasion to inform the by-standers who the swimmer was, and to expatiate on the virtues of his noble pupil. "Last week," Byron wrote to Miss Pigot on 11th August, 1807, "I swam in the Thames from Lambeth through the two bridges, Westminster and Blackfriars, a distance, including the different turns and tacks made in the way, of three miles."

But though he spent much of his Cambridge vacations in London, Lord Byron of Trinity passed the greater part of the successive holidays at Southwell, where he was singularly fortunate in the neighbours with whom he associated on terms of the closest intimacy. If it was well for the poet that in his infancy he made the acquaintance of people placed only a few degrees above the poor, it was even better for him that, instead of being brought so soon into the higher world as he would have been had it not been for his mother's peculiarities and Lord Carlisle's consequent distaste for her, he was on the threshold of his manhood placed into familiar relations with persons of the gentle middle class,—a class that is generally too little

known to people of noble rank. In the drawing-rooms of the modest homes of Southwell, which he entered almost daily to sing songs and gossip with young ladies, who probably in their whole lives never exchanged words with another peer of the realm, Lord Byron learnt more of the finer qualities of human nature, and more particularly of feminine character, than he learnt a few years later in the London salons, where dames and maidens of the highest birth and fashion thronged and pressed towards him, to scan his features and catch his lightest words. It was in those country-town parlours and in the gardens on which their windows opened, that the young Byron, excluded by more benignant than cruel circumstances from the homes of his social equals, encountered men and women whose conversation weaned him from his shyness, relieved his manners of their rusticity, and taught him the art of pleasing. And it speaks no little for the refinement and efficiency of his teachers that on passing from them, after a brief interval of foreign travel, into the brightest and stateliest circles of the English aristocracy, he was not more applauded for his genius than for his noble air and perfect breeding.

At Southwell Byron lived almost wholly with the gentry of the little town. Once in a while he received a call from a gentleman of "the county," or an invitation to a "county house." But partly from the knowledge that his pecuniary circumstances would not permit him to visit the territorial families of his

ancestral shire on equal terms, and partly from a feeling that his mother would be less acceptable to the ladies of the county than to the gentlewomen of the Green, the poet declined the invitations, and sometimes omitted to return the calls,—alleging, in excuse of the incivility of such negligence, either that the calls had been too long deferred, or that the callers should have brought their womankind to see Mrs. Byron. The young man's shyness was also largely accountable for his disinclination to make the acquaintance of his county neighbours. To Mr. Becher's sensible advice that he should go more into the world, and seek friends beyond the boundaries of his mother's parish, he replied,—

“Dear Becher, you tell me to mix with mankind,—
I cannot deny such a precept is wise;
But retirement accords with the tone of my mind,
And I will not descend to a world I despise.

“Did the Senate or Camp my exertions require,
Ambition might prompt me at once to go forth;
And, when infancy's years of probation expire,
Perchance, I may strive to distinguish my birth.

“The fire, in the cavern of Etna concealed,
Still mantles unseen, in its secret recess;—
At length, in a volume terrific revealed,
No torrent can quench it, no bounds can repress.

“Oh thus, the desire in my bosom for fame
Bids me live but to hope for Posterity's praise;
Could I soar, with the Phoenix, on pinions of flame,
With him I would wish to expire in the blaze.

“For the life of a Fox, of a Chatham the death,
What censure, what danger, what woe would I brave?
Their lives did not end when they yielded their breath,—
Their glory illumines the gloom of the grave!”

But whilst Byron's intercourse with his neighbours of the Green was alike social and salutary, the Burgage Manor-house was too often the scene of ludicrous disputes between the mother, who had not the good sense to relax the reins of maternal authority as her offspring neared the time for becoming his own master, and the son who, having never submitted graciously to his mother's violent temper, became less tolerant of her vexatious conduct on ceasing to be a school-boy. With down darkening his lip, and with a growing sense of what was due to his dignity as a man and a peer of the realm, it was not to be expected that Lord Byron of Trinity, who had fought Dr. Butler at Harrow, would consent any longer to be rated by his mother in the hearing of her servants, as she used to rate him in his childhood. On the other hand, Mrs. Byron was resolved to forego none of the enjoyment that came to her from the exercise of the most congenial of her maternal privileges. The scandal of this state of things of course spread beyond the walls of Burgage Manor. Even if the servants of the manor-house had refrained from telling what they naturally told to all the other servants of the Green, the Pigots and Leacrofts and the other gentlefolk of the town would have known no less of the unseemly quarrels of the mother and son. For whilst Mrs.

Byron hastened with tears in her eyes, after every battle, to tell her neighbours what a wretched woman she was to have so undutiful a boy, Byron—like the Byron of later time—laid his domestic troubles before the world, and entreated society to join with him in weeping over them. An equally farcical and truthful story is told of the way in which one of the Southwell apothecaries received early intelligence of a more than usually vehement combat, from which each of the two belligerents withdrew with a strong feeling that the other would commit suicide before the morning. Having good reason to think his mother violent and mad enough to do all her words implied, Byron went off to the apothecary the same night, and begged him on no account whatever to supply Mrs. Byron with the means of putting an end to herself. And the apothecary had scarcely dismissed his patron with an assurance that his wish should be respected, when he received a nocturnal visit from Mrs. Byron, who had come—not to buy poison, but to beg that no kind of deadly stuff should be sold to her son.

Soon after this comical incident, the Pigots were sitting late one evening in their drawing-room—debating possibly what would be the end of these wretched disputes—when Lord Byron came in upon them with a petition that they would give him a bed for the night, as he had resolved to go up to London in the morning, without bidding his mother farewell, and to stay away from Southwell till she had with due expressions of penitence promised to amend her faulty

manners. Only a few minutes earlier a stormy altercation between the two habitual disputants had ended in a manner, that occasioned Lord Byron the less surprise as Mrs. Byron had in former times thrown the fire-tongs at his head. On the present occasion the eccentric gentlewoman, stirred probably by "mountain" as well as maternal indignation, had attempted to silence her adversary with the poker. Hence the young nobleman's determination to keep away from Southwell, till his mother should promise never again to have recourse to so dangerous and objectionable a form of argument.

In the morning, before Mrs. Byron had a suspicion of his purpose, Byron was well on his way towards London, having left Southwell under circumstances that caused him to write to Miss Pigot on 9th August, 1806, from his lodgings at 16 Piccadilly: "Seriously, your mother has laid me under great obligations, and you, with the rest of your family, merit my warmest thanks for your kind connivance at my escape." It was the fugitive's desire that his place of retreat should not be revealed to Mrs. Byron, to whom he sent word, through Miss Pigot, that should she venture to pursue him she would do so at the risk of driving him "immediately to Portsmouth,"—a sufficiently plain hint that to avoid her, till she should have come to a proper view of her behaviour, he was prepared to go abroad. But the young man's wish was disappointed. On learning her son's address (probably through the disloyalty or indiscretion of the groom who was

ordered to go to London with the peer's horses), Mrs. Byron went up to town at fullest posting speed, and in due course had an interview with him at his Piccadilly lodgings, from which she retired with a clear perception that her lame brat of a boy had passed out of her government. "I cannot exactly say with Cæsar, 'Veni, vidi, vici,'" the poet wrote to young Pigot,—Miss Pigot's brother, an Edinburgh medical student; "however, the most important part of his laconic account of success applies to my present situation; for, though Mrs. Byron took the *trouble* of 'coming' and 'seeing,' yet your humble servant remained the *victor*." Henceforth, so far as his lamentably incompetent mother was concerned, Lord Byron of Trinity was his own master. "The enemy," as the conqueror undutifully styled his parent, having retired to her entrenchments in Nottinghamshire, Lord Byron with his servant and horses made a trip to Worthing and Littlehampton on the Sussex coast; whence he returned in two or three weeks' time "with all the honours of successful war" to Southwell, for a brief visit of courtesy to the vanquished "enemy," before he set out for Harrowgate, with young Pigot for his companion.

At Harrowgate—whither they posted in his lordship's carriage, and were preceded by his lordship's saddle-horses—the young men found little diversion in the gaieties of an unusually "gay season." Whilst the student was thinking more of his Edinburgh studies than of the amusements of the water-drinkers, the

poet thought chiefly of his verses when he was not playing with his big dogs. "Harrowgate," Mr. Pigot wrote to his sister at Southwell, "is still extremely full; Wednesday (to-day) is our ball-night, and I meditate going into the room for an hour, although I am by no means fond of strange faces. Lord B., you know, is even more shy than myself." Twenty years later, on being asked for particulars of the visit that might be serviceable to the poet's authorised biographer, Dr. Pigot wrote, "We were at the Crown Inn, at Low Harrowgate. We always dined in the public room, but retired very soon after dinner to our private one; for Byron was no more a friend to drinking than myself. We lived retired, and made few acquaintances; for he was naturally shy, *very* shy, which people who did not know him mistook for pride."

On their homeward journey from the Yorkshire springs, whilst his friend maintained the silence that was asked of him, Byron—as the post-horses covered the distance between Chesterfield and Mansfield, "spun the prologue for our play" (published in the "Hours of Idleness"), that was delivered in due course at the dramatic entertainment that took place in Mr. Leacroft's drawing-room towards the end of September; the entertainment at which the poet, in his delivery of the epilogue by Mr. Becher, distinguished himself, more perhaps to the surprise than the delight of some of the audience, by an exhibition of the talent for mimicry that in later time enabled him to play the part of a racy and irresistibly comic *raconteur*.

Towards the close of November, copies of the volume of poems, which the young man had been seeing through the press during the summer and autumn of 1806, were sent to Mr. Becher of Southwell and Mr. Pigot at Edinburgh; but these copies had no sooner passed from his possession, than the author was induced to burn all the remaining volumes of the edition, by Mr. Becher's equally prompt and judicious expression of his opinion that the sixteen stanzas "to Mary" were disagreeably animated with the spirit of Little's amatory verses. That the clergyman had good reason for the protest may be ascertained by a perusal of the single extant copy of the poem; but the justice of the censure detracts in no degree from the praise due to the poet for the graceful docility and good temper with which he accepted it. Had he declined to profit by the good counsel, and laughing at his friend's squeamishness persisted in sending out the books on which he had expended so much care, Byron would only have acted like a youngster of ordinary wilfulness and self-sufficiency. But in yielding so readily to the clergyman, whose judgment he respected and whose affection he valued, Byron at least justified Dr. Drury's testimony to his manageableness, and showed that, however quick he might be to pull against the cable of harsh and tyrannical government, he was still to be led by the silken thread of wise and sympathetic authority. In truth his behaviour in a matter, so likely to provoke the pride and obstinacy of youthful nature, is no slight evidence that his insubordination to Drury's successor

was more due to the master's want of tact than the pupil's want of temper, and that the Cambridge "dons" would have found him less unruly if they had been better qualified to govern him. That the young man's submission to Mr. Becher's judgment involved a considerable sacrifice of his inclination appears from the quickness, with which he brought out the second collection of verses for the amusement of his friends, and for the gratification of his eager appetite for the distinction of "being an author."

The proofs of this second volume of poems, printed for private circulation, were undergoing revision, when Byron, still in his nineteenth year, wrote "The Prayer of Nature,"—a composition that shows with interesting clearness the character and limits of the religious scepticism, which made the young poet an object of mingled terror and pity to many, perhaps the majority, of his acquaintance:—

THE PRAYER OF NATURE.

"Father of Light! great God of Heaven!
Hear'st Thou the accents of despair?
Can guilt like man's be e'er forgiven?
Can vice atone for crimes by prayer?

"Father of Light, on Thee I call!
Thou see'st my soul is dark within;
Thou who canst mark the sparrow's fall,
Avert from me the death of sin.

"No shrine I seek, to sects unknown;
Oh point to me the path of truth!
Thy dread omnipotence I own;
Spare, yet amend, the faults of youth.

“Let bigots rear a gloomy fane,
Let superstition hail the pile,
Let priests, to spread their sable reign,
With tales of mystic rites beguile.

“Shall man confine his Maker’s sway
To Gothic domes of mouldering stone?
Thy temple is the face of day;
Earth, ocean, heaven Thy boundless throne.

“Shall man condemn his race to hell
Unless they bend in pompous form;
Tell us that all, for one who fell,
Must perish in the mingling storm?

“Shall each pretend to reach the skies,
Yet doom his brother to expire,
Whose soul a different hope supplies,
Or doctrines less severe inspire?

“Shall these, by creeds they can’t expound,
Prepare a fancied bliss or woe?
Shall reptiles, grovelling on the ground,
Their great Creator’s purpose know?

“Shall those, who live for self alone,
Whose years float on in daily crime—
Shall they by Faith for guilt atone,
And live beyond the bounds of Time?

“Father! no prophet’s laws I seek,—
Thy laws in Nature’s works appear;—
I own myself corrupt and weak,
Yet will I pray, for Thou wilt hear!

“Thou, who canst guide the wandering star
Through trackless realms of Æther’s space;
Who calm’st the elemental war,
Whose hand from pole to pole I trace:

“Thou, who in wisdom placed me here,
Who, when Thou wilt, can take me hence,
Ah! whilst I tread this earthly sphere,
Extend to me Thy wide defence.

“To Thee, my God, to Thee I call!
Whatever weal or woe betide,
By Thy command I rise or fall,
In Thy protection I confide.

“If, when this dust to dust restored,
My soul shall float on airy wing,
How shall Thy glorious name adored,
Inspire her feeble voice to sing!

“But, if this fleeting spirit share
With clay the grave’s eternal bed,
While life yet throbs, I raise my prayer,
Though doom’d no more to quit the dead.

“To Thee I breathe my humble strain,
Grateful for all Thy mercies past,
And hope, my God, to Thee again
This erring life may fly at last.”

In the following year (1807), at a time when he was anticipating speedy death, Byron in his twentieth year wrote,

“Forget this world, my restless sprite,
Turn, turn thy thoughts to Heav’n;
There must thou soon direct thy flight,
If errors are forgiven.
To bigots and to sects unknown,
Bow down beneath the Almighty’s throne:—
To Him address thy trembling prayer;
He, who is merciful and just,
Will not reject a child of dust,
Although his meanest care.

“Father of Light! to Thee I call,
My soul is dark within;
Thou, who canst mark the sparrow’s fall,
Avert the death of sin.
Thou, who canst guide the wandering star,
Who calm’st the elemental war,
Whose mantle is yon boundless sky,
My thoughts, my words, my crimes forgive;
And, since I soon must cease to live,
Instruct me how to die.”

Had it been composed a few months later, when Byron was living under the influence of Charles Skinner Matthews, “The Prayer of Nature” would probably have contained more to shock orthodox readers. Written in the Christmas-tide of 1806, the poem gave utterance to a scepticism that differed in no important particular from the religious opinions he professed less precisely at Harrow, where he fought Lord Calthorpe for accusing him of atheism. Exhibiting abundant faith in the existence of a personal Deity, vigilant of the actions and attentive to the prayers of human beings, and showing no disposition to question the doctrine of man’s personal existence after death, the Prayer, in its heterodoxy, is but a cry of revolt against certain of the doctrines imposed on the writer’s mind in its infancy;—doctrines that had become intolerable to a mind, so sensitive and imaginative. Differing from the infidelity of Hume and Gibbon and Voltaire, with whose writings he had already a slight acquaintance, almost as widely as it differs from the devout unbelief of Darwin, this scepticism, whose single aim is to escape from agonizing imaginations, has little in com-

mon with the cold doubt of the philosophic thinkers of the poet's own period, and scarcely anything at all with the free thought of recent scientific inquirers. And it will be seen by-and-by that these remarks are not more applicable to Byron's infidelity in its earlier than to his infidelity in its later exhibitions.

The scepticism of "Childe Harold" differs notably from the scepticism of "The Prayer of Nature;" the scepticism of the second instalment of the poet's first great poem is in many particulars out of harmony with the scepticism of the earlier cantos; and the bolder and cynical scepticism of "Don Juan" is in several respects strangely unlike the scepticism of the "Pilgrimage." Although Shelley believed himself incapable of influencing his friend in respect to religious questions, the man who had held daily communion with so fearless and subtle a reasoner was other than the Byron, who loitered with so sober and matter-of-fact a scholar as Hobhouse through the ruins of ancient Athens. In like manner the pilgrim of the Eastern tour, with Hobhouse at his elbow, was other than the Byron who delighted at Cambridge and Newstead to talk with Charles Skinner Matthews on the mysteries of existence and the perplexities of faith. And the Byron, with whom Matthews talked, was other than the Byron who in 1806 wrote "The Prayer of Nature." But in all the variations of his unbelief, Byron is always the sceptic of emotion, — never the cold and calmly speculative free-thinker. More referable to the feminine than the masculine forces of his nature, his

scepticism is an affair of sensibility and passion, instead of logic and conviction. Whether he rails in boyish verse at "priests" and "bigots," or in a loftier strain compassionates the "poor child of doubt and death, whose hope is built on reeds," or exclaims with cynical vehemence,

"For me, I know nought; nothing I deny,
Admit, reject, condemn; and what know *you*,
Except perhaps that you were born to die?
And both may after all turn out untrue;"

he is the sceptic of feeling and excitement, whose profoundest reasonings are familiar arguments of "common sense," and whose confidence in his own conclusions sinks as his pulse subsides. Begotten of anxiety for himself and sympathy for human kind,—the selfish fear being far less powerful in his generous breast than the concern for others,—this feverish, impulsive, timorous scepticism was fruitful of repudiations of unendurable dogmas; but every repudiation was attended by an uneasy feeling that the rejected doctrine might in the end prove a true one. In the agitation which followed his death, people perplexed themselves with the question, whether he had in his later time been a Christian? Answering this question in a way that left the question unanswered, Leigh Hunt remarked, "He was a Christian by education: he was an infidel by reading. He was a Christian by habit: he was no Christian upon reflection." But Byron, with his keen sensitiveness and strong memory, was so constituted that his later reading (never severe) could not alto-

gether overcome the influence of early education. Shelley was less powerful over him than May Gray. Hovering and oscillating even in the periods of his boldest scepticism, between Christianity and disbelief, he never after his boyhood rested either on the one or the other. There were moments when he could speak and write as though he had passed altogether from his early faith; but to the last he was an anxious and hesitating unbeliever, and the religious opinions of the man, who in Italy and Greece was an habitual reader of the Bible given him by his sister on the eve of his withdrawal from England, resembled the religious opinions of the boy who wrote "The Prayer of Nature."

The period of the production of this religious poem was also the time at which the young man first set himself earnestly to combat the tendency to corpulence of which Moore speaks so daintily. It was no mere disposition to inconvenient stoutness, but a burdensome and disfiguring grossness of which Byron resolved to rid himself at the commencement of his twentieth year; and as he has been unfairly ridiculed and persistently exhibited to contempt for the vanity, which caused him to sacrifice bodily health to personal appearance, it is but fair to display in all its repulsiveness the extravagance of the disease that made him employ such violent measures for its abatement. The matter is the more deserving of consideration, because the regimen, in which he persisted with a resoluteness and perseverance that may almost be called heroic,

affected his temper and happiness, his character and even his genius.

So long as he continued to grow in stature, this vicious habit of body was fruitful of no serious inconvenience. Nor was it attended with humiliating and embittering results. But as soon as he ceased to grow higher, the youth who had been a thick-bodied, heavy-featured lad, expanded with fat till he became ludicrous and repulsive to beholders,—especially to those beholders, the young and lovely of the gentler sex, of whose approval he was most keenly desirous. Let it be remembered that on attaining its full measure his stature barely escaped shortness. It was his humour and weakness to maintain that he stood five feet and eight *and a half* inches high. In questions of height, it may be laid down as a sure maxim that the man who claims credit for the extra half-inch, claims credit for what he does not possess. In his boots Byron stood a trifle over five feet eight inches; but this was the height of a man—standing on his toes, with heels raised by boots of peculiar make. His actual height was midway between five feet seven inches and five feet eight inches. And on the nineteenth anniversary of his birthday this young man of barely average height weighed fourteen stone and six pounds. Of this burden of flesh more than an average proportion pertained to the trunk and superior limbs, as his inability to take much walking exercise was unfavourable to the development of the legs. The young man, of abnormal girth and large shoulders, tottering un-

steadily on spindle limbs and small, distorted feet, had a face swollen to unsightliness with fatty tissue. Is it wonderful that his visage was disgusting to him? and that he resolved to mortify his keen appetite for food, to abstain from fattening drinks, to weaken himself by the daily use of drastic medicines, to quicken his skin's action with hot baths, and to deny himself several of the most important pleasures of sense, in order to escape such hideous disfigurement and to look like other young men? Surely it was more honourable than contemptible in him that he could make such a daily and hourly sacrifice of bodily indulgence and delights for which he had keen zest, in order to emerge from such a swinish state of physical depravity? It is best for a man to be natural in his habits and outward show. But when a man cannot be natural without looking like a hog, he does well to be unnatural for the sake of looking like a man. Let it be granted that the motive was vanity, and that vanity is no heroic quality,—albeit, a quality that is seldom wanting in heroes, and often contributes not a little to their heroism. Still the fact remains that, his only choice lying between the part of a pig and the part of a peacock, it is creditable to him that he declined the part of the pig.

In the April of 1807, he wrote from Southwell to his friend Pigot at Edinburgh, "Since we met, I have reduced myself by violent exercise, much physic, and hot bathing, from fourteen stone six pounds to twelve stone seven pounds. In all I have lost twenty-seven

pounds. Bravo!" On going up to Cambridge he was so changed in shape and show that even his familiars of Trinity did not recognise him at first sight. "I was obliged," he wrote to Miss Pigot from Cambridge on 30th June, 1807, "to tell everybody my name, nobody having the least recollection of my visage or person." The mild-mannered Eddleston was "thunder-struck" at the change in his patron. A fortnight later the poet wrote to Miss Pigot from London, "Though I am sorry to say it, it seems to be the mode amongst *gentlemen* to grow *fat*, and I am told I am at least fourteen pounds below the fashion. However, I decrease instead of enlarging, which is extraordinary, as violent *exercise* in London is impracticable." Violent exercise, however, can at no time have been a chief factor of the regimen, which owed most of its efficacy to starvation, Epsom salts, and the sweating bath. Such exercise as he could take, he took. In the summer and in the cold seasons he swam for long distances daily; but that is no exercise for the reduction of fat. He was daily for hours in the saddle; but as soon as the muscles, which it affects especially, have accommodated themselves to the strain, horse exercise ceases to be either a violent or a reducing exercise. Were it a remedy for grossness of bodily habit, one would not see so many pot-bellied troopers, and hunting-men who ride sixteen stone. At Cambridge in these later days such a man, if he could bring himself to sacrifice the beauty of his hands, would sweat the fat from his ribs in an outrigger, and

Byron, with his broad shoulders, muscular neck and thewy arms, would have been a superb oarsman, and led the Cam in a sport where his lameness would have put him at no disadvantage. But in Byron's days at Trinity, the Cam knew nothing about eight-oars, and four-oars, and sculling matches. The only violent exercise to be of much service to him in his war against fat was long-continued exercise on foot;—and that exercise was impossible to him. He could rush about for a few minutes at a time in Jackson's boxing-room; but he could maintain the exertion only for short spurts, and at the cost of intense pain.

For the sacrifices, which he made for the attainment of his object, Byron was repaid nobly. He submitted to starvation and physic, in order to escape loathsome unsightliness; and besides relieving him of the repulsive aspect, the regimen—to his astonishment and delight—endowed him with the beauty of loveliness; beauty that became proverbial. No longer big and puffy, his eyelids and cheeks became fine, and firm, and delicate, with curves as clear in outline as the curves of sculpture. Ceasing to be thick and heavy, his lips and chin assumed the peculiar sweetness and softness, that made him in the lower part of his countenance a bewitchingly charming woman rather than a handsome man. The nose—even in his comeliest period something too broad, and having (as Leigh Hunt spitefully remarked) the appearance of having been put upon the face, instead of coming out from it—was relieved of its clumsiness, and refined into

harmony with the rest of a profile singularly suggestive of high breeding. At the same time the blue-gray eyes, fringed with dark (almost black) lashes, acquired a brightness and subtlety of expression that had never before distinguished them. His complexion was purified to transparency, and his auburn hair, playing over his brow in short, feathery curls, became richly lustrous. The man, who with the fine touch of a delicate and naturally sensitive hand takes in his fingers a lock of Byron's hair for the first time, experiences a curious surprise from the feather-like softness of the filaments.

Thus much starvation and medicine did for the aspect of his face. The transformation of his figure was no less striking,—a body of grace and dignified elegance being substituted for a body of almost loutish clumsiness. At the same time, the regimen was even more beneficent to his sensations than to his appearance. Relieved of the burden of his superfluous flesh he could walk with comparative ease and security. The body, that had oppressed him, was no longer unwieldy and unmanageable. Obeying his will, it filled him with delight. And what is even more noteworthy than all the other results of the regimen taken together, is that this discipline of starvation and drastic depletives quickened his brain to such a degree, that the man of intellect for the first time knew himself to be something far higher than a man of mere intellect. The goads and whips of the regimen had affected the nervous system, so that he had become a man of

genius. He had gone to drugs and starvation at the instigation of personal vanity. Henceforth he persisted in using them for the sake of the delights of that highest life, to which they had raised him, and from which he soon sunk surely and quickly without their assistance.

It is not difficult to show how it was that starvation and medicine affected Byron in so remarkable a manner. Though he may not be aware of the process by which it operates for his immediate gratification and ultimate injury, the absinthe-drinker takes his pernicious beverage for the sake of the mechanical irritation it causes to the lining membrane and nerves of the stomach, and the consequent sympathetic excitement of the brain. Byron with Epsom salts and starvation did for his stomach and brain what the absinthe-drinker accomplishes by means of the essence of wormwood. He kept the mucous membrane of the stomach in constant irritation, and the nerves of the stomach in constant and abnormal activity, the immediate effect of their excitation being a sympathetic action of the brain, alike agreeable to his whole nervous system and conducive to mental sprightliness. The state to which he thus brought himself was attended with the pleasurable sensations of intoxication, and indeed differed chiefly from vinous exhilaration in being followed by no serious depression. "A dose of salts," Byron remarks in one of his journals, "has the effect of a temporary inebriation, like light champagne, upon me." Wine made him gloomy and savage, as

soon as the momentary exhilaration had passed; the irritation of the medicine affected his brain as alcohol affects men whose nerves suffer no painful consequences from it. And to the last, starvation and medicine operated in the same way on his mental forces. "By starving his body," says Trelawny, speaking from his observation of the poet in his closing years, "Byron kept his brains clear: no man had brighter eyes or a clearer voice."

The sacrifices, which Byron thus made for quickness of brain and freedom from bodily grossness, were too heavy and grievous to be made daily throughout successive years, without reluctance and with no occasional relaxations of the stern discipline. But as soon as he wavered in this ascetic course, so far as to eat and drink like other men, he began to fatten and (in his earlier manhood) wax dull; and it was only by returning to the severe regimen that he could recover his vigour and intellectual brightness. What it cost him in discomfort and effort thus "to clap the muzzle on his jaws" (to use his own words), "and like the hybernating animals consume his own fat," he alone knew. He spent the great part of his manly time under the goads of keen hunger, living for days together on biscuits and soda-water, till overcome by gnawing famine he would swallow a huge mess of potatoes, rice and fish, drenched with vinegar, and after recovering from the indigestion occasioned by such fare would go in for another term of qualified starvation. Fortunately for the man who was con-

strained to take this ascetic course, the desire for food was not sharpened by an epicurean yearning for delicate flavours. Like Walter Scott, Byron had a strangely insensitive palate. Sir Walter preferred whisky to wine, and could not distinguish one kind of claret from another; and Byron thought no dinner of the rarest viands could surpass a meal of poached eggs and bacon and bottled beer.

In other matters besides food he was strangely abstinent. From a few boastful passages of his journals, it might be thought that Byron's practice was to drink freely. But the evidence is conclusive that, whilst his excesses in wine were rare and exceptional incidents even in his times of indulgence, his usual moderation in alcohol would be thought exemplary even in these days when sobriety is the fashion. The gin-and-water, of which he spoke whimsically as the source of the wit of "Don Juan," was a single glass of weak,—sometimes very weak—toddy on nights of unusual weariness and exhaustion. Once in a long while he smoked a cigar, to see if he liked it; but at no time was he "a smoker." Drinking laudanum, he used also (at times) to chew tobacco, to stay the pain of hunger biting at his vitals. In Italy he was often seen with his tobacco-box in his hand and a quid in his mouth. But all through life, from Southwell to Missolonghi (with the exception of *two* exceptional periods of excess), his rule in regard to meat and alcohol was to "live low" that he might "think high." "The regimen" of starvation and physic answered well for a

time, but ill in the long run, like absinthe-drinking which, operating pleasantly for a time, results in ruined stomach, shattered nerves, and all the distresses of mind and body that attend failure of the digestive powers and the nervous forces.

For some months in 1816—the months of his heaviest domestic troubles—he took brandy in excess, and was at the same time a laudanum-drinker. And at Venice—during his period of depravation—he was for several months even sottish in his use of spirits. But these passages of intemperance contrast strongly with the temperance for which he was at other times remarkable. His most vicious and baneful habit in the way of drinking was the use of laudanum. The abundant evidence of his journals and letters that it was his practice to consume opium in this form, is not the only extant evidence that, like De Quincy and Coleridge and several other chiefs of our nineteenth century literature, he was so much addicted to laudanum, that he may without exaggeration be said to have been a laudanum-drinker.

CHAPTER XI.

PEER AND PILGRIM.

The Rochdale Property.—Brompton and Brighton.—“Brother Gordon.”—Life at Newstead.—The “Coming of Age.”—Byron’s Quarrel with the Earl of Carlisle.—Missing Evidence.—The House of Lords.—“English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.”—Neither Whig nor Tory.—The “Pilgrimage.”—Homeward Bound.

WHILST he was spending money during his minority at the rate of five or six thousand a-year, Byron looked to the Rochdale property to pay his debts, put the Newstead mansion in habitable condition, and still give him ten, twenty, thirty, or forty thousand pounds, to begin housekeeping with in the seat of his forefathers. Whenever he meditated gloomily on his growing embarrassments, Rochdale with its coal was the mine of wealth that, on the termination of the Chancery suit next year, or at the furthest two years hence, would free him from his little difficulties, enable him to dismiss the money-lenders, and put him in easy circumstances. His notions of the value of this charming property were elastic; its worth growing with the difficulties it was to dissipate. In August 1806, immediately after a favourable finding at Lancaster Assizes, the

property was worth 30,000 *l.*; in February 1807, the value of the estate had risen to 60,000 *l.* Fourteen years later, when the young lord's hair was beginning to turn grey, he said to Medwin, "The Lancashire property was hampered with a lawsuit, which has cost me 14,000 *l.*, and is not yet finished."

The Rochdale property may therefore be left out of the calculation, when the reader is considering his lordship's sources of income from the attainment of his majority till his residence at Pisa, when Medwin made his acquaintance. On coming of age, the poet was more than 10,000 *l.* in debt, whilst his income from Newstead — his sole revenue — was less than 1500 *l.* a-year. It was however in his power to sell Newstead, — the picturesque property for which he was offered a few years later 140,000 *l.* by a gentleman who forfeited 25,000 *l.* on his failure to complete the purchase, and which was eventually sold for 94,000 *l.*

Mr. Hanson (the poet's solicitor) told his client, that he should not think of selling the Rochdale property which, pending the litigation, would not bring in a good price, but should lose no time in parting with Newstead, where he could not live in any style whatever. But the young peer would not entertain, still less act upon the judicious advice. His honour was concerned in keeping Newstead; and for once he and his mother were of one mind. Mrs. Byron was longing to move from Southwell to the Abbey. Her

son also was pining to dwell in his ancestral halls. And in his desire to live there, he was so imprudent as to repair some rooms of the dilapidated mansion at a considerable expense, and then to furnish them at great charge (on credit) of 1500 *l.*, when he was still in his minority. Taking up his abode at Newstead in September 1808, when he was four months under age, he spent much of his time there till the June of the next year, when he started for Greece. As he would not allow Mrs. Byron to live with him at the Abbey, his establishment was settled for the needs of a bachelor; but though it was fixed on a modest scale, the household, consisting of an old butler, a valet, the groom, and three or four female servants, was an establishment far beyond his means. Nearly every requisite for this establishment was obtained on credit from tradesmen, who in consideration of risk were entitled to charge their customer at high rates. The wine was sent in on credit; the coals were supplied on credit; the money needful for the young lord's current expenses was obtained from lenders at usurious interest; and soon after coming of age, his lordship borrowed of the Jews—to whom he referred long afterwards in "Don Juan"—the considerable sum of money for the charges of his Eastern tour, which he made in a style more in harmony with his rank than his means.

In the earlier months of 1808, before going into residence at Newstead, he had spent money freely in

London on the ordinary pleasures of a young gentleman of quality; a chief cause and object of his profuseness being the girl who, living with him in lodgings at Brompton, used to ride about town with him, habited in male attire. Dressed like a boy, this person accompanied him to Brighton, where he had the folly to introduce her to his acquaintance as his "brother Gordon;" and a few months later she was at least for a short time an inmate of Newstead. And it shows the difference in certain matters of taste and morality between English society in this year of grace and English society at the beginning of the present century, that instead of provoking loud censure by this display of his intimacy with a saucy "*fille de joie*," young Lord Byron was thought to be amusing himself quite within the lines of permissible license, and was even commended for his address in giving an air and flavour of piquant eccentricity to an otherwise uninteresting arrangement. Instead of passing the young peer and "his brother" on the Brighton Parade without appearing to notice them, the lady of rank and fashion, to whom Moore refers, entered freely into conversation with "the brothers," and was vastly amused when, in answer to a complaisant speech about the beauty of her horse, the girl in boy's clothes remarked, "Yes, it was *gave* me by my brother."

A still more remarkable illustration of the same difference in taste and morality between the English of to-day and the English of seventy years since is

found in the affectionate interest and absolute freedom from dismay, with which the first readers of "Childe Harold" accepted *au pied de la lettre* the poet's "revelations" of his way of living at Newstead before he set out for his travels. It shocks the nerves to conceive what thunderbolts of reprobation would be hurled by every newspaper of the land at the young gentleman who, in a book of verse or prose having every appearance of autobiographical sincerity, should now-a-days assure the world that, in chagrin at his refusal by a young lady on whom he had set his affections, he filled his country house with loose women and well-bred *mauvais sujets*, and spent several weeks with them in drunkenness and voluptuous enjoyments, till sated and exhausted with debauchery he came to loathe himself for his abandonment and excesses. But Byron said all this of himself in a way that caused the whole world to take his statements literally; and instead of being horrified by his evidence against himself, the only regret of his readers was that the confessions were not more full and particular. Byron's avowals of surprise and displeasure at his readers' perverseness in taking "Childe Harold" for himself, and in regarding the Childe's career at home and on his travels as the author's career, are merely so many laughable examples of the way in which a writer, after describing himself or his friends in a work of fiction, is always blind to his achievements in portraiture. The Childe is a young spendthrift of lineage long and glorious;

the Childe has sighed in vain to the heiress of goodly lands; the Childe's ancestral hall is a vast and venerable pile, where superstition once had made her den; the Childe has a mother and a single sister; the Childe visits the same places as the author visited; to fix the Childe's personality yet more closely on himself, Byron had christened the poem "Childe Burun," and was not easily persuaded to substitute Harold for his own surname;—and yet, when he had taken all these pains to identify himself with the hero of the poem, the author was at a loss to understand why he was universally supposed to have been writing about himself. But the disavowals of the identity of the author and the hero do not touch the point, to which the readers of this page are asked to give their attention,—that Byron's contemporaries were universally of opinion that his doings at Newstead resembled the Childe's riotous excesses in his "father's hall," and that far from causing them to revolt from him or regard him with disapproval, the opinion disposed most of them to think of him with favour and even with admiration.

The comedy of the whole business is heightened by the slightness of the poet's grounds for the supersensational description of his naughty behaviour in his own house. The only "Paphian girls to sing and smile" at Newstead for the delight of a master "sore given to revel and ungodly glee" were the cook and housemaid of the bachelor's staff of servants, and

the girl whose boyish dress and horsemanship had a few weeks earlier made a stir on the Brighton cliff. Dallas indeed was so completely possessed by the fictions of the poem, as to write seriously of the considerations which determined the young lord to "break up his harams"; but in sober prose the "harams" of Byron's worst biographer were the young woman who cooked the poet's frugal meals, the young woman who kept his rooms tidy, and the girl from Brompton who came and went in the garb and under the name of "brother Gordon." The "revellers from far and near" were three or four of the neighbouring clergy, half-a-dozen of the poet's old friends at Southwell, and his former chums at Cambridge—Matthews, Scrope Davies, Hodgson and Hobhouse; the last of these "heartless parasites of present cheer" being the true and trusty comrade, with whom the poet had already arranged to travel for a couple of years. Unless he had his eye on some of the Southwell folk, who may be suspected of treating him somewhat reverentially when they came to look over the Abbey, it is impossible to conceive who were the "flatterers of the festal hour," of whom the Childe speaks so disdainfully. For a week or two the poet thought of having "private theatricals" in the great hall, and of inviting a lot of people to see the performances; but if he had not relinquished the project, the young lord would have been compelled to invite his tenants and their children and the villagers from Hucknall-Torkard, in order to escape the shame

of playing to empty benches. For till he went abroad, he could have counted on his fingers all the persons he knew of Nottinghamshire "county families."

Once only was there any serious effort in the way of hospitality on a large scale. On the twenty-first anniversary of his lordship's birthday, Newstead was stirred "by such festivities as his narrow means and society could furnish." An ox was roasted for the farmers and their families and the humbler peasantry of the estate; and in the evening, there was something of the nature of "a ball." But the dance must have been a sorry affair, as Moore was unable to discover that anyone of greater importance than Mr. Hanson (the solicitor) figured amongst the dancers. This ball, without ladies and gentlemen of quality, or a single carriageful of county neighbours, was in truth a dance for the farmers and servants; and it seems to have been the sole realistic foundation for the lines about "concubines and carnal companie, and flaunting was-sailers of high and low degree."

When the poet entertained four of his Cambridge friends at his Abbey in May 1809, shortly before his departure for foreign lands, the life of the old mansion went merrily, with good stories and songs over champagne, and just the faintest possible flavour and savour of profanity in the monastic masquerades and mummery with which the young men amused themselves. Rising late from their beds, they breakfasted at noon, and whiled away five or six hours with reading, fenc-

ing, singlestick, shuttlecock, pistol-practice, riding, walking, and sailing on the lake, till the time came for the host and his guests to array themselves for dinner,—a repast that always ended with the “loving cup” of burgundy: the wine being passed round in the big skull, which Byron had exhumed from the burial-ground of the monks of olden time, and put to this rather profane use. At dinner Byron with exquisite humour played the part of my Lord Abbot in full abbatial costume, whilst his friends played the fool no less cleverly in their monastic dresses, with a fitting show of crosses, beads and tonsures, as monks of inferior degree. Doubtless, wild things were said and done in the small hours of the morning; but the party of five young men (“now and then increased by the presence of a neighbouring parson”) dispersed after a few days of these humorous “high jinks,” without doing anything to justify the extravagant rumours that went about the country of their impious usages and wild orgies. Men of culture and refinement, these “heartless parasites of present cheer” may once and again have “vexed with mirth the drowsy ear of night,” but the recollection of all their wildest pranks and extravagances would not have plunged the poet in remorse for associating so closely with such a crew of tippling reprobates. Even when he plied his pen in obedience to the stern requirements of his muse, the poet thought of them far better than he ventured to write of them.

In the absence of his few guests, whose visits were rare and brief and at considerable intervals, Byron's life at Newstead was a life of study, meditation, and strenuous labour. Pope had long been his favourite poet, and now he studied the great artist of words and malice, to extort from him the secret of his peculiar department of literary art,—to learn how to produce verse that should inflict the acutest pain on his enemies, and at the same time afford the keenest delight to the witnesses of their sufferings. He was hard at work,—working passionately and yet at the same time calmly,—on the satire that was destined to fill his foes with silent fury, and put him in the front rank of the new generation of men of letters.

On an early day of 1809, he went up to London with his satire, polished and pointed and poisoned for the press; his guardian being one of the few persons for whom it contained an expression of homage or courtesy. In the author's "copy" the Earl was down for this compliment,

"On one alone Apollo deigns to smile,
And crowns a new Roscommon in Carlisle."

But when the poem came to public view, for this graceful and not undeserved couplet the poet had substituted,

"Lords too are bards, such things at times befall,
And 'tis some praise in peers to write at all."

Yet, did or taste or reason sway the times,
 Ah! who would take their titles with their rhymes?
 Roscommon! Sheffield! with your spirits fled,
 No future laurels deck a noble head;
 No muse will cheer, with renovating smile,
 The paralytic puling of Carlisle.
 The puny schoolboy and his early lay
 Men pardon, if his follies pass away;
 But who forgives the senior's ceaseless verse,
 Whose hairs grow hoary as his rhymes grow worse?
 What heterogeneous honours deck the peer!"
 Lord, rhymester, petit-mâitre, pamphleteer!
 So dull in youth, so drivelling in his age,
 His scenes alone had damn'd our sinking stage;
 But managers for once cried, 'Hold, enough!'
 Nor drugg'd their audience with the tragic stuff.
 Yet at their judgment let his lordship laugh,
 And case his volumes in congenial calf;
 Yes! doff that covering, where morocco shines,
 And hang a calf-skin on those recreant lines."

One peculiarly offensive line of this attack would not have been penned, had the writer known that his former guardian was suffering from a nervous malady. What had happened since the beginning of the year to account for the change of feeling towards the Earl, to whom the poet was required by respect for himself, and by regard for his own action in the Dedication of the "Hours of Idleness," to wear at least a front of formal civility?

On going up to town to publish his satire, Byron also went thither to take his seat in the House of Lords; and whilst under the misconception that the etiquette of the House required that a peer on taking

his seat should be introduced to the chamber by one of its members, he wrote to Lord Carlisle that he should be of age at the opening of the next parliamentary session. Instead of evoking from the Earl a cordial offer to introduce his young kinsman to the House, this letter only drew from its receiver a cold epistle of information respecting the course the poet must take in the business. The Earl's young kinsman was nettled,—construing the formal note as an intimation that the writer had no wish to be closely associated in the world's regard with the author of the "Hours of Idleness." This annoyance was followed quickly by a more serious vexation. On finding that in order to take his seat he would have to produce evidence of his grandfather's (Admiral Byron's) marriage with Miss Trevanion of Caerhayes in Cornwall, Byron directed his solicitor to get the needful evidence at once. But it is sometimes more difficult to obey an order than to give it. At first it was uncertain where the marriage was celebrated; and when after some delay it was discovered that the Admiral's wedding had been solemnized in a private chapel at Caerhayes, Byron was informed to his dismay that it was necessary to discover the record of the event. Before Lord Hardwicke's Marriage Act the records of irregular marriages, and also of regular marriages celebrated in private chapels, were kept so carelessly, that it was no uncommon thing for people to be without legal evidence of their wedlock. Till the evidence of the Ad-

miral's marriage should be obtained, Lord Byron could not take his seat. Should the evidence be irrecoverable, he would be in a position of discredit. For the world would not believe the marriage had taken place, and Byron, so far as his peerage was concerned, would be accounted as a pretender claiming to enter the House of Lords through a sire of illegitimate birth. The case was so alarming, that the nervous, sensitive, excitable Byron, who never attained the calmness of philosophy or the *sang-froid* of patrician breeding, may be pardoned for showing extreme agitation. Whilst the hunt was going on for the missing evidence, Lord Carlisle was applied to for information about his mother's family,—information which he wouldn't give or couldn't give. To Byron's heated imagination it seemed that he was the victim of his former guardian's cynical insolence and malignity. The Earl was chuckling in his sleeve at the thought that the young man, whom he had disliked from his early boyhood, would be shut out from the House of Lords, and be degraded from the highest place of his ancient family. Thinking all this of the Earl (who doubtless would have given every information in his power to the point, though he may have declined to give information that was beside it) Byron, white with rage, seized his pen for vengeance. Hence the withdrawal of the civil couplet, and the substitution of the abusive verses. If he was altogether in the wrong, Byron could at least plead in palliation of his misbehaviour the fierce and

torturing excitement caused by his painful position. That he was very much in the wrong may be inferred from the fact that his sister Augusta thought him so and had the courage to tell him so. With all her devotion to and admiration of her brother, and all her consequent readiness to humour him in matters that involved no sacred principle, the Honourable Mrs. Leigh never shrunk from telling him the truth. She had the daring of goodness, and she displayed it in opposing him when he did ill, no less than in clinging to him when he suffered ill. And in this business of the Carlisle quarrel—on which he felt so bitterly and hotly—she never ceased to tell him that he ought to make the generous *amende* to the Earl. It was long before Augusta succeeded on this point. But at length the *amende* was made nobly in the tribute of affectionate homage to “young gallant Howard,” with its line,—

“And partly that I did his sire some wrong,”

penned by the baffled exile, when all his kindred had turned against him, with the exception of the brave woman who demanded the atonement to the man he had wronged.

Byron was still in the first fierceness of his rage against the Earl of Carlisle, when, the evidence of the Caerhayes marriage having been obtained, he took his seat in the House of Lords on the 13th March (within a few days of the appearance of the famous satire),

going thither for that purpose with his friend Dallas. Had not Dallas called on him accidentally at an opportune moment, Byron would have driven from his lodgings in St. James's Street to Westminster without a companion. It shows how completely he had lived outside the lines of his "order" that, when Lord Carlisle failed him, there was no other peer to whom he could look to introduce him to the House. Dallas has recorded how frigidly the young peer touched the Lord Chancellor's (Eldon's) proffered hand, and how on leaving the House he said, "If I had shaken hands heartily, he would have set me down for one of his party—but I will have nothing to do with any of them on either side."

At Cambridge Byron had played at being a Whig, and there can be no question that his mind and temperament qualified him for action with the more popular of the two aristocratic parties. Possibly disgust at his treatment by the "Edinburgh" was the chief cause of his present coldness to the Whigs. Possibly he was only actuated by a prudent feeling that he had better hold aloof from both parties till he knew more of politics and of himself. Anyhow the words he spoke to Dallas on leaving the House after taking his seat accorded with words spoken by him on the same subject to other people in the earlier months of 1809. To those who sounded him as to his political sentiments and purpose just a week before his coming of age, the young peer, affecting to

be neither Whig nor Tory, declared he should take time to think before espousing the cause and committing himself to the policy of either party. In his ill-humour with his former friends, there were occasions when he spoke of them as a weak army, commanded by blundering subalterns. At heart, however, on the eve of his departure for foreign lands, he was more ambitious of figuring amongst statesmen than of out-singing the poets. Nothing was further from Byron's forecast at this time than that literature would be his vocation. Dr. Drury's high opinion of his declamatory address was influential with the young poet, who looked to public life as the arena in which, after a few years of foreign travel, he would achieve greatness.

Having entertained his Cambridge friends at Newstead in the manner set forth on previous pages, dropped a parting tear on Boatswain's grave, gathered together the portraits of his Harrow "favourites," signed his will, settled his mother in the Abbey mansion, shaken hands with Dr. Butler, seen his satire into a second edition, and made inadequate arrangements for remittances to foreign bankers, the young lord, whose whole income was by this time insufficient for the payment of the interest of his debts, sailed for Lisbon at the end of June, 1809, with a suite of three men-servants and a wardrobe of gorgeous and costly clothing,—one of the brave habiliments being the "scarlet coat, richly embroidered with gold,

in the style of an English aide-de-camp's dress uniform," which he wore on occasions of state, and at least once in the bazaar at Constantinople.

Leaving England in the summer of 1809, he was back again in his native land in the summer of 1811, after an absence of two years and three weeks. From Lisbon he rode on horseback through Portugal and the corner of Spain to Cadiz, whence he journeyed leisurely and luxuriously to Malta, Previsa, through Albania to Tepalsen and back to Previsa. Thence to Missolonghi, Athens, Smyrna, Constantinople, and back to Athens, where he had his head-quarters in a Franciscan convent, whilst making excursions through Attica and the Morea. With plenty of time and, during the earlier period of his travels, enough money at his disposal, he moved hither and thither by routes not easily traceable from his letters and memoranda; but the above-given names indicate with sufficient clearness his way-bills and devious wanderings till he reappeared at Malta, whence he set sail for England on the 3rd of June in the "Volage" frigate. In these days of railroads and steamships and sure postal intercommunication, when tourists can name almost to an hour the time for their arrival at any point of their journeyings, and never need to linger for days and weeks at a single place, waiting for more money, the whole tour, with all its supplementary trips and minor excursions, seems a strangely matter-of-course and hazardless business to designate a pilgrimage.

Now-a-days it would be the affair of a lawyer's long vacation, and be made at a tenth or twentieth of the money it cost this Pilgrim of the English peerage. Every month of the year young ladies by the score set out from London on travels of greater distance, interest, and adventure; and on returning to their English homes they do not look to be credited with having done something remarkable. In these matters the world has changed greatly since Byron went on board "the good ship, Bristol packet." The long wars of the Napoleonian period, and the revolutionary troubles which preceded them, had disposed our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers to prefer security and ease at home to the diversions of roaming; and the Childe's "pilgrimage," made though it was in the easiest and most enjoyable manner, with congenial comrades and obsequious servants, was sufficiently daring and venturesome to entitle the pilgrim of lordly condition to a modest measure of approval, even if he had not produced so fascinating a memoir of his travels.

To tell again how his intellect and fancy were quickened and delighted by the scenes he visited would be to reproduce in ordinary prose the finest passages of "Childe Harold." But the tour was attended with one or two incidents of biographical value to which passing reference may be made in these pages, as the poet omits to mention them in the "Pilgrimage." Whilst journeying from Patras in the

Morea, he fired at an eaglet and brought it down on the shore of the Gulf Lepanto near Vostizza; when the brightness and beauty of its eyes filled him with pity for the wounded bird, and made him anxious to save it. "But," he remarks, with characteristic sensibility in his brief note of the occurrence, "it pined and died in a few days; and I never did since, and never will, attempt the death of another bird." At Patras, near the end of September 1810, he was struck down by a sharp though short attack of marsh-fever, — the malady that assailed him so often in later years, and was no less accountable than the regimen against fatness for his premature death. And during his second stay at Athens he conceived an affection for a poor Greek boy, that resembled in vehemence and condescending benignity the friendship he hoped to renew on his return to London with Eddleston, and the friendship he had entertained for the farmer's boy at Newstead. The object of this third outbreak of affectionateness to a youth so far beneath him in rank was the Nicolo Giraud of Athens, to whom he made a handsome gift of money, on bidding him farewell at Malta, and a few months later bequeathed a legacy of 7000*l*.

Having left home with the hope of seeing Persia and India during the course of his travels, Byron, whilst staying at Athens in 1811, took measures for an excursion to Egypt; but like the schemes for visiting Persia and India, this later and less ambitious

project for the extension of his wanderings was given up for want of money. Instead of the needful remittances the pilgrim received letters from England, which made him see clearly that he must take prompt steps to satisfy his more importunate creditors, and that to satisfy them he had better sell the Rochdale coal-pits or even the Newstead ruins than go to the usurers for another large loan. Writing to his mother in February 1811, he said, "If it is necessary to sell, sell Rochdale." Seven months earlier he had written to the same lady, "I trust you like Newstead, and agree with your neighbours; but you know *you* are a *vixen*,—is not that a dutiful appellation? Pray take care of my books and several boxes of papers in the hands of Joseph; and pray leave me a few bottles of champagne to drink, for I am very thirsty:—but I do not insist on the last article, without you like it." From the "Volage frigate," when he hoped with a fair wind to arrive at Portsmouth, on the 2nd of July, the poet wrote to Hodgson, "Indeed, my prospects are not very pleasant. Embarrassed in my private affairs, indifferent to public, solitary without the wish to be social, with a body enfeebled by a succession of fevers, but a spirit, I trust, yet unbroken, I am returning *home* without a hope, and almost without a desire. The first thing I shall have to encounter will be a lawyer, the next a creditor, then colliers, farmers, surveyors, and all the agreeable attachments to estates out of repair, and contested coal-pits." The *home* for

which Byron sailed in this melancholy temper was the house in which there had been an execution in the previous year for the upholsterer's bill of 1500*l*. It was the home of the mother who was a vixen, with a thirst for champagne.

CHAPTER XII.

"CHILDE HAROLD."

"Hints from Horace."—The Valley of the Shadow of Death.—Melancholy Poetry.—Sam Rogers's Dinner.—Newstead and London.—First Speech in "The Lords."—Sudden Fame.—Social Triumph.—The Poet's Demeanour.—The Prince Regent.—The Season of 1812.—Cheltenham.—Pecuniary Affairs.—Dissentient Voices.

RETURNING to England, with the first two Cantos of "Childe Harold" and the "Hints from Horace" almost ready for the press, Byron reached Portsmouth none too soon for the exigencies of his affairs, and so late that he might have been met on landing from the "Volage" with dismal news. Young Eddleston, on whom the poet had lavished such affection as his nature would under other circumstances have expended on a younger brother, was no more. Dead also was the poet's former schoolmate, the Honourable John Wingfield of the Guards, who had perished of fever at Coimbra, meeting a soldier's death but missing its glory. The chorister and the peer's son had died in the same month. The loss of the former touched Byron more acutely than the death of his Harrow friend, whose fate inspired the stanzas of "Childe Harold,"—

"And thou, my friend—since unavailing woe
 Bursts from my heart and mingles with the strain,—
 Had the sword laid thee with the mighty low,
 Pride had forbid e'en Friendship to complain:
 But thus unlaurel'd to descend in vain,
 By all forgotten, save the lonely breast,
 And mix unbleeding with the boasted slain,
 While Glory crowns so many a meaner crest!
 What hadst thou done to sink so peacefully to rest!

"Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most!
 Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!
 Though to my hopeless days for ever lost,
 In dreams deny me not to see thee here!
 And Morn in secret shall renew the tear
 Of Consciousness awaking to her woes,
 And Fancy hover o'er thy bloodless bier,
 Till my frail frame return to whence it rose,
 And mourn'd and mourner lie united in repose."

Of the spirit in which the young man of fervid but placable temper had come by this time to regard his satire and the provocation that had occasioned it, a noteworthy indication may be found in the letter he wrote Dallas, dating from the "Volage Frigate, at sea, June 28, 1811." "My satire," he said, "it seems is in a fourth edition, a success rather above the middling run, but not much for a production which, from its topics, must be temporary, and of course be successful at first, or not at all. At this period, when I can think and act more coolly, I regret that I have written it, though I shall probably find it forgotten by all except those whom it has offended." Twelve months later, when he was receiving civilities and ex-

pressions of their generous admiration of his genius from the very persons who had most reason to resent the satirist's wrath and injustice, this regret grew so strong that he stopped the sale of the "English Bards" when the fifth edition was going off steadily, and took every occasion to make the *amende* to individuals whom it had outraged. Calling it one of the "evil works of his nonage," he wrote to Walter Scott on July 6, 1812, "The satire was written when I was very young and very angry, and fully bent on displaying my wrath and wit, and now I am haunted by the ghosts of my wholesale assertions."

That Byron thought more highly of the "Hints from Horace" than of "Childe Harold" is less perplexing than curious. When the fever of composition has subsided, it is not unusual for the writer of lively satire and fine sentiment, to prefer the smart writing that flatters him by its cleverness, to the pathetic writing that only commends him for right feeling. Moreover the adverse judgment of the first critical reader of the greater of the two works was quite enough to put so sensitive and diffident an author out of conceit with the performance, that, quickening the heart by its emotional fervour and charming the ear by language alike strenuous and musical, stirred the earliest generation of its readers to a degree not to be easily realized or accounted for at this distance of time. On the other hand, it is no less perplexing than strange that the first critical peruser of the manuscript

should have failed to see that the poem was peculiarly qualified to seize the world's attention and cause what is termed now-a-days "a sensation." Dallas certainly was no prophet; but the novelist and poetaster (to whose hands Byron committed the MS. of the "Hints from Horace" on 15th July, 1811, and the MS. of "Childe Harold" on the following day, at Reddish's Hotel, St. James's Street) had enough literary feeling and discernment to see at once that "Childe Harold," the work of a writer in his twenty-third year, would prove one of the memorable poems of its period.

Talking about the poems with Dallas, discussing less agreeable matters (one of them being the prosecution of the editor of the "Scourge" for two libels on himself and his mother) with Mr. Hanson, and receiving visits from callers especially uncongenial to the man who described himself as "hating bustle as he hated a bishop," Byron remained at Reddish's Hotel in St. James's Street, London, for a fortnight, when, just as he was on the point of leaving town with his solicitor (Mr. Hanson) for Lancashire, with the intention of calling at Newstead *en passant*, alarming intelligence came to him from the Abbey. His mother was seriously ill. The next day (August 1, 1811), before leaving town, he received the announcement of her death. On the morrow (August 2), on the road from town to Nottinghamshire, he wrote a brief letter from Newport Pagnell to his friend Pigot (now Dr. Pigot), giving the intelligence of his mother's death,

and saying that the sad event would not affect the measures for punishing the libellous editor of the "Scourge." "I am told," said the writer, "she was in little pain, and not aware of her situation. I now feel the truth of Mr. Gray's observation, 'That we can only have one mother!' Peace be with her!"

The right feeling of these words is moderately expressed; but there was no moderation in the grief to which Byron gave way at Newstead for a brief hour, after hearing the particulars of his mother's death; which was the result of apoplexy, caused by a fit of violent rage at the magnitude of an upholsterer's bill. In the middle of night, hearing a noise in the chamber of death, Mrs. By, the waiting-woman of the deceased lady, entered the apartment, where she found Lord Byron sitting by the side of his lifeless mother. "Oh, Mrs. By," he exclaimed, bursting into tears, "I had but one friend in the world, and she is gone." To account for the vehemence of this grief for a mother, whom he had regarded with an aversion at the same time natural and most unnatural,—the mother of whose cruelty he had spoken with passionate repugnance to the Marquis of Sligo, as they were dressing after swimming in the Gulf of Lepanto,—readers must remember what was said in a former chapter of the way in which Byron's memory, sensibility and imagination acted upon one another. Coarse, harsh, violent creature though she was, the woman, who had nursed her little step-daughter Augusta with affectionate devotion in

France, had not been wanting in the same womanliness to her own child in his times of infantile sickness. In a certain way, she had loved him; and now the recollection of long unremembered and remote exhibitions of maternal tenderness rose to his mind, and unmanned him.

Grief is no precise measurer of its own intensity:—a fact to be remembered in considering Byron's grief by those who would not do him the injustice of questioning the sincerity of its extravagant exhibitions. What he said truly of his early friendships, he could no less truly have said of all the movements of all his affections. They were passions. His loves, hatreds, friendships, griefs were so passionate, that as long as any one of them was in full force and activity, it possessed him completely, and caused him for the moment to imagine he had never loved or abhorred any one else. Touched by grief for the death of his Newfoundland dog, the young man, who could not go abroad for a couple of years without taking miniatures of his Harrow "favourites" with him, wrote of the animal:—

"To mark a friend's remains these stones arise;
I never knew but one, and here he lies."

Stirred by sudden tenderness for the mother, whom he had regarded with excusable dislike, he discovered in a moment, *not* that after all he had a lingering fondness for her, *but* that he never "*had but one friend*

in the world, and she was gone." For the moment, whilst thinking of him with tearful eyes, he took the same view of John Wingfield:—

"Oh, known the earliest, and esteem'd the most!
Dear to a heart where nought was left so dear!"

The ink with which these lines were written was not dry,—in truth, they had not been penned (the sentiment of the written words being only recollected emotion),—when the poet's grief for Wingfield's death becomes trivial in comparison with his grief for some one far dearer. "In Matthews," he writes to Dallas on September 7, 1811, "I have lost my 'guide, philosopher, and friend;' in Wingfield a friend only, but one whom I could have wished to have preceded in his long journey." It is notable also how in the extravagance of passionate sorrow for the loss of a friend, Byron used to tell his surviving friends that their regard for him was something far inferior to real friendship. "I believe," he wrote to his true, loving, and grateful friend Hodgson,—thinking probably of Eddleston, when he penned the words, "the only human being that ever loved me in truth and entirely was of, or belonging to, Cambridge, and, in that, no change can now take place."

The violence of his grief for his mother was naturally of no great duration. Instead of following her coffin to the grave, he watched the hearse and train of mourners from the Abbey door, and, as soon as

they were out of sight, ordered his servant (young Rushton) to fetch "the gloves." While the service was being read over Catherine Gordon Byron, her son was sparring with the servant,—throwing, as the boy noticed, unusual force into his blows. Doubtless in the exercise he sought escape from mental distress, due in some degree to filial affection and also in some degree to uneasiness at feeling so little regret for his mother's departure. In a few minutes, as though the exercise failed in its object, he suddenly threw down the gloves, and went from the servant's sight.

Byron had scarcely received the news of his mother's death, when Charles Skinner Matthews was drowned whilst bathing in the Cam on August 2, 1811, close upon the very time at which the poet was writing from Newport Pagnell to Dr. Pigot. A man of brilliant academic distinctions, Matthews was intending to offer himself at the next election as a candidate for the honour of representing his university in Parliament, when an attack of cramp ended his career in all the brightness of its promise. The second of Byron's Cambridge friends to die of drowning, Charles Skinner Matthews had on the day before his death written the poet a letter, that forwarded from London reached Newstead on the 5th, whither it was speedily followed, if indeed it was not preceded by the intelligence that its writer was no longer with the living. "Some curse," Byron wrote from Newstead to Scrope Davies on August 7, 1811, "hangs over me and mine.

My mother lies a corpse in this house; one of my best friends is drowned in a ditch." Exactly a fortnight later he wrote to Dallas, "You did not know Matthews: he was a man of the most astonishing powers, as he sufficiently proved at Cambridge, by carrying off more prizes and fellowships, against the ablest candidates, than any other graduate on record; but a most decided atheist, indeed noxiously so, for he proclaimed his principles in all societies."

To realise fully the quickness with which these successive blows by Death's cold hand fell on Byron, the reader should know that the poet received the confirmation of the intelligence of Wingfield's death in Coimbra, only a few hours before he left town. "You may," he wrote to Hodgson on August 22, 1811, "have heard of the sudden death of my mother, and poor Matthews, which, with that of Wingfield (of which I was not fully aware till just before I left town, and indeed hardly believed it), has made a sad chasm in my connexions." The news of his mother's illness came to him on July 31st; the confirmation of the report of Wingfield's death and the intelligence of his mother's death reached him almost at the same hour on the night of August 1st, or early in the following morning; on the 7th of August, probably sooner, he knew that Skinner was dead. He was already mourning for his *protégé*, Eddleston; and it has been told how, in October 1811, he wrote to a friend that between the beginning of May and the end of August

of that year, he had lost by death six of his nearest associates.

It can cause no astonishment that after so remarkable a series of bereavements, which would have shaken the fortitude and stirred the feelings of the hardest and coldest nature to transient sadness, Byron was for several months the prey of sorrow that alternated between the agitations of hysterical vehemence and the gloom of profound melancholy. The man of feminine softness and emotionality was not the man to walk with firm step and stoical composure through the terrors and darkness of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. He was still in an early stage of this appalling journey when, in the week immediately following his mother's interment, he gave instructions for the will,—with its legacy of 7000*l.* to the Greek boy (Nicolo Giraud), and its provision for his own interment, by the side of his dog, Boatswain, "in the vault of the garden of Newstead, without any ceremony or burial-service whatever;" and with its codicil enjoining that his body should on no account be removed from the vault, and providing that "in case any of his successors within the entail (from bigotry or otherwise) should think proper to remove his carcass, such proceeding should be attended by forfeiture of the estate, which in such case should go to the testator's sister, the Honourable Augusta Leigh and her heirs on similar conditions." The day on which he gave the first instructions for this will was the day on which he wrote

to Dallas, "It is strange that I look on the skulls which stand beside me (I have always had *four* in my study) without emotion, but I cannot strip the features of those I have known of their fleshy covering, even in idea, without a hideous sensation; but the worms are less ceremonious." Two months later, he is dating the first of the poems to "Thyrza" (October 11th, 1811); and *the* doleful letter to Dallas (October 11th, 1811); and the Epistle to a Friend (beginning "Oh, banish care"—October 11th, 1811) with the frantic threats and hysterical foolishness of its concluding verses; and the six concluding stanzas of the second canto of the "Pilgrimage," the last of them being also dated October 11th, 1811, whilst the third and fourth of the same stanzas (Stanzas xcv. and xcvi. of Canto II.) are part of the outpouring of song to Thyrza,—

"Thou too art gone, thou loved and lovely one!
Whom youth and youth's affections bound to me;
Who did for me what none beside have done,
Nor shrank from one albeit unworthy thee.
What is my being? thou hast ceased to be!
Nor staid to welcome here thy wanderer home,
Who mourns o'er hours which we no more shall see—
Would they had never been, or were to come!
Would he had ne'er returned to find fresh cause to roam!

"Oh! ever loving, lovely, and beloved!
How selfish Sorrow ponders on the past,
And clings to thoughts now better far removed!
But Time shall tear thy shadow from me last.
All thou couldst have of mine, stern Death! thou hast;
The parent, friend, and now the more than friend;
Ne'er yet for one thine arrows flew so fast,

And grief with grief continuing still to blend,
Hath snatch'd the little joy that life had yet to lend."

Why Byron selected the 11th of October in preference to any other day for the date to be assigned to the letter and several pieces of song, the writer of this page can offer no suggestion—unless it may be assumed that the 11th of October was chosen because it was the last day of his literary labours at Newstead—the day of drawing together the threads of sorrowful thought and solitary effort—before he went to Cambridge and London. It is not to be supposed that so much work of brain and heart and pain was accomplished on one day. It is, however, only reasonable to suspect that literary mystification—a game in which Byron delighted—was one, if not the only, object of the fictitious dating.

After spending something more than ten weeks at Newstead in sad seclusion, Byron went to Cambridge, where (on the 29th of October) he wrote Tom Moore a letter on the subject of the Irish poet's reasonable demand for some kind of satisfaction for the ridicule put upon him in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers." From Cambridge he went to St. James's Street, London, and stayed there till he returned to Newstead for the Christmas holidays, when he entertained Hodgson and Harness in the rooms, whose crimson hangings and cheerful fires caused Harness soon to lose "the melancholy feeling of being domiciled in the wing of an extensive ruin." Of the weeks spent

in London (where Byron used his club "The Alfred," to which he had been elected during his absence in Greece) the most memorable incident was the dinner (a *partie carrée*) at Sam Rogers's table, where the author of "Childe Harold" met his host, Moore and Thomas Campbell for the first time;—the dinner at which Byron, to the surprise of his three companions who had heard nothing of his eccentric diet, declined the banker's fish and meat and wine, and, in default of biscuits and soda-water, stayed his hunger with potatoes and vinegar. At Newstead the poet and his two guests, Hodgson and Harness, spent the hours of their intercourse chiefly indoors, in literary work and literary chat, the weather of the singularly dark and dreary season affording them no inducement to leave rooms ample enough for the mild exercise of carpet-walking. Rising late the trio went to bed late; and after a lapse of more than half a century, Harness remembered how on several occasions their more serious conversation, turning on questions of religion, gave him opportunities for observing how strongly and lamentably the extreme Calvinism of the poet's early religious training in Scotland had affected his regard for the principles of Christianity;—the chief result of the discipline being "a most miserable prejudice, which appeared to be the only obstacle to his hearty acceptance of the Gospel." There was of course nothing in the poet's way of entertaining the young Cantab, who was reading hard for his degree

and holy orders, to afford a colour of probability to the strange tales told in later time of Byron's wild and voluptuous life in the halls of his ancestors,—tales for which the merry doings in the May 1809 were less accountable than the fictions of "Childe Harold." It must, however, be conceded that, if Harness could have looked beneath the decorous surface of life at the Abbey, he would have seen one or two things to disapprove in his old schoolmate's domestic arrangements. To justify its title this book must glance for a moment at unedifying circumstances, that will jar rudely against the feelings of readers who would prefer to think of the poet, during his grief for the vanished Thyrza, or at least so soon after its subsidence, as indifferent to the charms of ordinary womankind. Paphian girls with natty caps and bright ribbons on their servile heads still sung and smiled in the galleries of the Abbey mansion, one of whom (to use Moore's words) "had been supposed to stand rather too high in the favour of her master;" and the Christmas holidays were scarcely over when this young serving-woman and one of her companions were sent off to their relations in consequence of acts of levity and disloyalty duly proved against them. To Moore, holding the views of his generation on domestic morals, which fortunately are not the views of decent people of the present age, this affair was remarkable only for the degree to which "the young peer allowed the discovery of the culprit's misbehaviour to affect his mind." After

speaking of his weakness in respect to these faithless young women as "a two months' weakness," Byron adds vehemently in a letter to Hodgson, "I have one request to make, which is, never mention a woman again in any letter to me, or even allude to the existence of the sex;"—the fervour and extravagance of the entreaty showing that even in so discreditable a business Byron was more influenced by sentiment than most young men would have been.

On the 27th of February, 1812, just eleven days after the date of the last-mentioned letter to Hodgson, the young peer delivered his maiden speech in the House of Lords in the debate on the Nottingham Frame-breaking Bill;—a speech that made a favourable impression on the crowded assembly, that had been brought together not more by the importance of the subject under discussion than by desire to see the poet, whose verse and travels had already made him an interesting personage. Having prepared himself for the essay, by writing his oration with care, as he had been wont in his boyhood to prepare for the Harrow "declamations," he entered the House with sentiments worthy of consideration, and on rising to his feet he soon made it obvious he would fail neither from want of elocutionary address nor from want of presence of mind. There was a generous disposition in the auditors to give him an encouraging reception and a full meed of applause; and he at least proved himself not undeserving of their indulgence. If not

a success, the speech was so nearly successful, that the orator left the house with the elation of triumph. Lord Eldon and Lord Harrowby had paid him the compliment of answering his arguments; Lord Holland and Lord Grenville had praised him in their speeches,—and commended him still more cordially in private chat. Whilst Lord Holland said, "You'll beat them all if you persevere;" Lord Grenville's complaisance went to the length of saying, that in their construction some of the maiden orator's periods resembled Burke's. Sir Francis Burdett declared it "the best speech by a *Lord* since the 'Lord knows when;'"—a compliment that delighted the Lord of Newstead, though it came from a politician of whom he had often spoken with sincere contempt. Meeting Dallas in the passage to the Great Chamber with an umbrella in his right hand, Byron exclaimed joyfully, "What! give your friend your left hand upon such an occasion?" To Hodgson he wrote, "I have had many marvellous eulogies repeated to me since, in person and by proxy, from divers persons *ministerial*—yea *ministerial*." No wonder that he was delighted with the stir and approving hum of the House, which he had entered three years before without an introducer. No longer faltering in the choice of his party, he threw himself into the arms of the Opposition, and was welcomed to Holland House, Melbourne House and all "the best Whig houses."

Having made his *début* in "the Lords" to his own

contentment, though scarcely to the satisfaction of his most sanguine admirers, Byron made a second essay to achieve parliamentary distinction on April 21, 1812, in the debate on the Earl of Donoughmore's motion for a Committee on the Roman Catholic Claims, but without placing himself higher in the opinion of the peers, or in the regard of politicians outside the hereditary chamber. It was felt that his manner was too theatrical and "stagey," and that the effect of his fine voice was diminished by "the chanting tone" in which he delivered his periods!—the same tone that had so disagreeable an effect in his recitations of poetry. Poets are seldom good reciters of poetry, from their disposition to "sing" what they ought only to "say;" and in this respect Byron was a flagrant offender against elocutionary art. Later in the session, the poet was at the meeting of the Opposition peers, sitting next the Duke of Grafton who, in reply to his question "What is to be done next?" begged him to "wake the Duke of Norfolk,"—snoring away in his seat.

Two days after the poet's maiden speech in "the Lords" appeared "Childe Harold." For a month early sheets of the poem had been in the hands of a few favoured persons,—poets of the first rank and people of the highest fashion. A few copies had also been distributed in confidence to critics, who could be greatly powerful in giving the work immediate popularity. Rogers had received his early copy in January, and pleased with the compliment of the gift he had

for weeks been telling the drawing-rooms of "the great" what a treat was in store for them. "It was," says Moore, "in the hands of Mr. Rogers I first saw the sheets of the poem, and glanced hastily over a few of the stanzas which he pointed out to me as beautiful." Lady Caroline Lamb, then in the zenith of her fashionable celebrity, thus got a view of the poem,—*not* in manuscript (as countless writers have asserted on the authority of the lady herself, who after Byron's death wrote to Lady Morgan that Rogers "offered her the MS. of 'Childe Harold' to read"), *but* in the "early printed copy," lent her by Rogers, under strict seal of secrecy. Lady Caroline was delighted, and went about her bright quarter of the town, telling every one she had seen the forthcoming poem and was "in the secret," though she was bound in honour to tell no one where or how she had seen the book. The novel or poem of which Lady Caroline spoke so highly could not fail to make a stir and run through editions in a single season. "I must see him, —I am dying to see him!" she exclaimed to Rogers, in her impatience to behold the new poet and hasten to her doleful fate. "He has a club-foot, and bites his nails," said Rogers. "If he is as ugly as Æsop, I must know him," returned the impulsive lady of irresistible beauty, high birth, highest fashion.

No wonder that the poem, thus introduced to "the world"—the poem that coming into the world from the shop of the meanest bookseller and under the

most inauspicious circumstances would have made its mark in two days,—was no sooner published (on February 29, 1812) by Mr. Murray, the rapidly rising publisher of “society,” than it was seen everywhere, read by everybody. No wonder that the author “awoke one morning and found himself famous,” that statesmen and philosophers wrote him grave utterances of their homage, that the Queens of Society rained *billets-doux* down upon him, that St. James’s Street was blocked with carriages pressing to his door, that talk of “Byr’n, Byr’n,” was audible over the babble of every dinner-table and *salon* of Mayfair. Marvellous stories were told in the literary cliques of the price paid for the poem by its publisher; some of the gossips, who of course had their “information on the very best authority,” asserting that Murray had paid at the rate of a guinea a line for the poem. The price really paid by the publisher was 600*l.* (more than six shillings a line); and the poet, who of course could not descend so far from his nobility as to take a bookseller’s money for his own use, gave the 600*l.* to his poor relation and literary “devil,” Dallas, who had negotiated the terms with Mr. Murray and seen the verses through the press with exemplary care and assiduity. At the present time one may well smile at the sensitiveness which made Byron, burdened with debts and clogged with mortgages, decline to spend on himself the earnings of his pen. A few years later he stood out stoutly for the extra shillings of the guineas

from his publisher, counted them carefully, and pocketed them with complacence. But in 1812 the world still held to antiquated notions touching the pecuniary obligations of "noblesse." A nobleman in those days would have flushed scarlet at a proposal that he should become a sleeping partner in a wine business or a Manchester warehouse, and would have put a bullet through his head rather than see his name figuring on the prospectus of a joint-stock company. It was a question whether a peer could take interest for money lying at his banker's "on deposit," without sullyng his nobility with a taint of trade. Whilst peers felt in this way, the populace had a strong opinion that it was unutterably "mean" for a lord to earn money in any way but fighting, gaming, political jobbery, the very highest official employment, and (through the medium of well-salaried agents) the clever management of land. Far from being peculiar on the point of dignity, Byron was not more certain than the ignoble journalists of his acquaintance that, as a peer, he could not honourably take to his own use the pecuniary fruits of his literary toil. No sooner had the tide turned against him, and the fashion of decrying him replaced the fashion of extolling him, than one of his fiercest assailants in the press charged him with making large sums of money by his pen, and spending the money so earned on his own pleasures. And this monstrous accusation seemed so sure to lower the poet in the esteem of all right-

minded people that, whilst Dallas wrote a public denial and disproof of the calumny, Byron's friends went about the clubs and drawing-rooms, assuring "the town" that he was quite incapable of such baseness of spirit and manners.

"Childe Harold," the poem which people of fashion praised madly, was published on the same day as Lord G. Greville's poem which every one abused badly. On June 7, 1812, Lady Morgan, already "in the swim" of success and the brightness of butterfly celebrity, wrote to Mrs. Lefanu, "When I was in London, Lord G. Greville read me a poem of his own on the same subject as 'Childe Harold.' The rival lords published their poems the same day; the one is cried up to the skies, the other, alas, is cried down to——!" Lord G. Greville was the poet "to bite his nails;" Byron had every reason to be proud and careful of the tips of his shapely fingers.

On entering the great world with the glory of "Childe Harold" on his brow, the earnestness of it in his eyes, the melody of it flowing from his lips, Byron was in the perfection of his personal attractiveness. He was not a handsome man,—he was beautiful. The glowing fire overpowered the brownness of his auburn hair, that gradually deepened almost to the deepest and richest brown of auburn, before it turned grey. The blue-grey eyes were eloquent of emotion through their long, fine, almost black lashes. The brow, over and about which the feathery auburn curls played in

tiny wavelets, was white as marble; his usually pale complexion was delicate even to transparency, and at moments of joyous excitement was touched with the faintest sanguine glow. His mouth, with its white and dainty teeth, with its lips of feminine sweetness and something of feminine voluptuousness, and his delicately modelled chin, strong enough for fascination—far, far too weak for moral robustness—were the lips and chin of a lovely, sensitive, capricious, charming woman, rather than the lips and chin of a man. It has been already remarked that his countenance, especially in the mouth and eyes, was remarkable for mobility and expressiveness,—curiously in harmony with the quickness and vehemence of his emotional temperament. His long broad throat, broad chest, and square set shoulders were, however, abundantly expressive of masculine strength. The shapeliness of his small, white hands did not escape observation at a time when it was the fashion for modish people to have models of their hands in marble on their drawing-room tables. In their smallness these delicate hands accorded with the poet's feet, that were not wanting in apparent shapeliness, though they suffered from the lameness which no one could exactly describe or satisfactorily account for. Sweeter, and richer and more tender even than his verse, Byron's voice was in his ordinary conversation, perhaps, more musical than the voice of any other man or woman of his period. To the children of the houses, where he was a most

frequent and familiar guest, he was the "gentleman who speaks like music."

Enough of his looks, for the present. Let something be said of the manner of this young nobleman who had been trained in the parlours of a little country town for conquest in London drawing-rooms. Fortunately he has left us his own account of his bearing and demeanour towards men and women, at this point of his career, in the following stanzas of "Don Juan:"—

"His manner was perhaps the more seductive,
Because he ne'er seem'd anxious to seduce;
Nothing affected, studied, or constructive
Of coxcombry or conquest: no abuse
Of his attractions marr'd the fair perspective,
To indicate a Cupidon broke loose,
And seem to say, 'Resist us if you can'—
Which makes a dandy while it spoils a man.

"They are wrong—that's not the way to set about it;
As, if they told the truth, could well be shown.
But, right or wrong, Don Juan was without it;
In fact, his manner was his own alone:
Sincere he was—at least you could not doubt it,
In listening merely to his voice's tone.
The devil hath not in all his quiver's choice
An arrow for the heart like a sweet voice.

"By nature soft, his whole address held off
Suspicion; though not timid, his regard
Was such as rather seemed to keep aloof,
To shield himself than put you on your guard:
Perhaps 'twas hardly quite assured enough,
But modesty's at times its own reward,

Like virtue; and the absence of pretension
Will go much farther than there's need to mention.

"Serene, accomplish'd, cheerful but not loud;
Insinuating without insinuation;
Observant of the foibles of the crowd,
Yet ne'er betraying this in conversation;
Proud with the proud, yet courteously proud,
So as to make them feel he knew his station
And theirs:—without a struggle for priority,
He neither brooked nor claimed superiority.

"That is, with men: with women he was what
They pleased to make or take him for; and their
Imagination's quite enough for that:
So that the outline's tolerably fair,
They fill the canvas up—and "verbum sat."
If once their phantasies be brought to bear
Upon an object, whether sad or playful,
They can transfigure brighter than a Raphael."

A clever man's manner is always so nearly what he wishes it to be, that one could rely on the general fidelity of this portraiture, even if its testimony were unsupported by other evidence. Fortunately, however, the poet's account of his own demeanour during his brief hour of social triumph is sustained by those of his biographers who knew him in this period, and half-a-hundred other persons of his acquaintance to whom we are indebted for gossip about him,—by Moore, Dallas, Hunt, Hobhouse, Harness, Lady Morgan, Lady Caroline Lamb, and a throng of other sure witnesses. By the men and women, who regarded him from a distance or knew him only slightly, he was

thought undemonstrative and taciturn, at times even frigid. That even Lady Caroline was not insensible to the coldness and reserve of his demeanour at their first meeting, appears from the passage of "Glenarvon" which says,—“A studied courtesy in his manner, a proud humility, mingled with a certain cold reserve, amazed and repressed the enthusiasm his youth and misfortunes excited.” “Lord Byron,” Lady Morgan wrote in June 1812, “the author of delightful ‘Childe Harold’ (which has more *force, fire and thought* than anything I have read for an age), is cold, silent and reserved in his manners.” But Lady Morgan had only met the poet in crowded rooms, and probably had never even exchanged the courtesies of introduction with him. At most she was one of the multitudes of worshipful womankind, who regarded the new poet with reverential curiosity wherever he went. The remains of the poet’s constitutional shyness were observable in his coldness and severe formality to strangers. These characteristics of his ordinary bearing in throngs were sometimes—perhaps too often for his advantage—mistaken for indications of pride, never for signs of insolence. In truth, though he was accused of superciliousness after he had begun to fall in social favour, and though he sometimes provoked the accusation by his bearing *to men* whom he held in disesteem or aversion, nothing was more foreign than insolence to his demeanour or temper in the brief summer of his triumph in his native land. Appealing

to Time the Avenger, after his banishment, he could exclaim with an unreprieving conscience,—

"If thou hast ever seen me too elate,
Hear me not: but if calmly I have borne
Good, and reserved my pride against the hate
Which shall not overwhelm me, let me not have worn
This iron in my soul in vain—shall *they* not mourn?"

And whilst bearing himself courteously and modestly, though with guarded speech and a show of coldness to the many of whom he knew little or nothing at all, to the men, with whom he was intimate, Byron was a very fountain of joyousness and genial humour, brimming with quaint anecdote, bubbling over with frolic and merriment, and not seldom running out into the practical jokes of a jolly schoolboy. "Nothing, indeed," says Moore, "could be more amusing and delightful than the contrast which his manners afterwards, when we were alone, presented to his proud reserve in the brilliant circle we had just left. It was like the bursting gaiety of a boy let loose from school, and seemed as if there was no extent of fun or tricks of which he was not capable."

With women he was what they pleased to make or take him for. But he was most pleased with them, when they treated him as nearly as possible like "a favourite and sometimes froward sister." The reader may smile but must not laugh:—it was as "a favourite and sometimes froward sister," that he was thought of

and treated by Hobhouse and other men. What then more natural for him to like to be thought of and treated by women in the same way? To be received by them on this footing, he would leave his bed early (say at 11 A.M.) so that he might breakfast with them, open their letters for them, chat with them, fondle their children in their boudoirs, for an hour or two at a time, before less privileged visitors dropt in for luncheon. It was in the character of candidate for the place of a sister in her affections that he sate for an entire hour with Lady Caroline Lamb, nursing her ladyship's babe all the time, without speaking a word above a whisper lest the sleeping infant should be roused to consciousness. As "a favourite and sometimes froward sister" he hung about the Countess of Oxford's skirts, playing at odd minutes with her beautiful little girl, Charlotte,—precisely of the same age as Margaret Parker, when as a schoolboy he loved his pretty cousin passionately. As the Countess's sister and the little Lady Charlotte's aunt, he wrote the verses to Ianthe, with

"that eye, which wild as the gazelle's,
Now brightly bold or beautifully shy,
Wins as it wanders, dazzles where it dwells."

If Ianthe in her innocence had put the forbidden question to her mother's sister, and asked, "Why to one so young his strain he would commend?" the unspoken answer would have been, "Because you remind

me of my boyish passion for my cousin Margaret, of whom I thought tearfully, and wretchedly, and yet not altogether unhappily, when I wrote my beautiful poetry to Thyrza." When a young man is allowed to play the part of a sister to a beautiful woman, the position is dangerous both to the one and the other. For the man, who is sympathized with and treated like a sister, whilst feeling and acting like one, may in a moment be stirred by masculine impulses to feel and act like a man:—in which case, he feels and acts like a man without self-control, and the woman remains what she has been all along—an excited and weak woman.

One of the incidents of this London season (1812) was the poet's introduction to the greatest personage of the realm *vice* a person with a more august title, but now in retirement from illness. At a ball given at a great house in July, where the poet was present, the Prince Regent declared the delight it would give him to number the author of "Childe Harold" amongst his personal acquaintance. Of course Byron was introduced to the Prince, who was still smarting under the "Lines to a Weeping Lady," which the poet had thrown off in the previous March. Had he not attributed the anonymous lines to Tom Moore, His Royal Highness would have been less favourably disposed to their author, with whom he now held a long and animated conversation, on poets and poetry, and more particularly Walter Scott's poetry,—a conversa-

tion that closed with the Regent's flattering expression of his desire to see his lampooner at Carlton House. It shows how manageable a creature Byron was that, in his delight at the Prince's blandishments, he put his auburn curls into powder and his person into a court-suit, for the purpose of attending a levee which was postponed at the last moment. If the powder had not been decidedly unbecoming to his style of beauty, the poet would perhaps have grown grey again in homage to the guilty father of "the weeping lady." As it was, the accidental postponement of the ceremony, personal vanity and self-respect saved Byron from the mistake of going whither he should not have thought of going so soon after the first publication of the notorious verses.

Another incident of the season was the poet's attendance in May 1812, at the execution of Bellingham in front of Newgate. Coming to the Old Bailey about 3 A.M., with his old schoolfellows, Bailey and John Madocks, he found the house, from which they were to witness the ghastly spectacle, not yet open. Whilst Mr. Madocks was rousing the inmates of the house, Byron sauntered up the street with Mr. Bailey, when his compassion was stirred by the sight of a wretched woman lying on some door-steps. The act of charity to which pity moved him had a startling and painful result; for, instead of taking the shillings he offered her, the miserable creature sprung to her feet, and uttering a yell of drunkard's derision began

to imitate his lame gait. Byron said nothing either to the woman or the friend on whose arm he was leaning, but Bailey felt the violent trembling of his companion's arm, as they walked back to the house. Another story is told by Moore in illustration of the degree to which the poet's lameness was noticeable to casual passers, and his annoyance at the attention they paid to his infirmity.

"This way, my Lord," cried a link-boy, as Byron was stepping, with Rogers, to his carriage, from the door-way of the house where they had shown themselves at a ball.

"He seems to know you," said Rogers.

"Know me!" was the bitter reply; "every one knows me,—I am deformed!"

Apart from such annoyances, from which there was no escape, and the annoyance that came to him from the comparative failure of his second essay in parliamentary debate, Byron could, however, at the close of the London season, review the previous five months with unqualified complacence. To be really worth having, success should come early, before time and trouble have embittered the feelings and blunted the appetite for praise. The author (whether he be peer or commoner) who becomes the idol of society in his twenty-fifth year, and "going everywhere" never joins a brilliant throng without knowing that every individual of it has read his book with enthusiastic admiration, is an enviable mortal, though he dare not

satisfy the cravings of his hunger for food, and whilst overflowing with merriment and frolic is persuaded that he is "one of the most melancholy wretches in existence."

Having spent the London season of 1812 in the brightest circles of fashion and dignity, Byron spent the closing weeks of summer and the autumnal months at Cheltenham (never in higher fashion), and in visits to some of the best houses of the country,—the rural homes of the Earl of Jersey, the Marquis of Lansdowne, and other personages of light and leading. Making his head-quarters at Cheltenham, where for several weeks he had a pleasant loitering time with the Jerseys, Melbournes, Cowpers, Hollands, Rawdons, and Oxfords; and returning once and again from the country-houses to his lodgings at the Gloucestershire spa, he passed the greater part of his time there till the end of November,—reading, scribbling letters, writing good poetry and bad poetry (the verse of the latter sort comprising the trumpery satire on "The Waltz," which he had no sooner published anonymously, than he disavowed it by means disagreeably near falsehood), and meditating on a disappointment that will be mentioned more particularly in the next chapter.

And how about the pecuniary affairs of the peer, who, living lavishly, had no sufficient revenue for the payment of the interest of his debts? Soon after his mother's death he received from her trustee, Baron

Clerk, the residue of the price paid for the Gight estate,—something under 4000*l.*; a sum that enabled the poet to pay a few of his most urgent creditors. Coming to him at a moment of divers difficulties, this modest inheritance was a great relief. But it did not lessen the necessity for measures that would give him an adequate and sure income, after releasing him from money-lenders and clamorous tradesmen. And now that his literary triumph and social success had afforded him superior titles to respect, he could with calmness and discretion think of selling the picturesque estate, to which he had clung for honour's sake, so long as he had no higher position than that of the chief of an impoverished territorial family. The man who had become famous no longer needed some old ruins and a few farms in Nottinghamshire as evidences of his respectability within the lines of his order. If the Newstead estate could be sold for 100,000*l.*, and so many thousands more as would wipe out his debts, he would stand more creditably in the eyes of the world, than he now stood as the owner of a noble park and ruinous mansion, without the means to live in them. With the interest of money at five per cent., he would have 5000*l.* of sure yearly revenue, and retain the still unproductive Rochdale property, to save him from the discredit of being a landless lord. Mr. Hanson had for years been imploring the young lord to take this view of his position; but the lawyer begged and preached in vain, till his client could

with reason value himself on his achievements rather than on being the Lord of Newstead Abbey. Early in the autumn of 1812 Newstead was offered for sale at Garraway's, when it was "bought in," 90,000*l.* being the highest offer made in the auction-room for the property. Soon, however, Mr. Claughton came forward with an offer that even exceeded the vendor's hopes. "You heard," Byron wrote from Cheltenham to his friend, William Bankes, "that Newstead is sold—the sum 140,000*l.*; 60,000 *l.* to remain in mortgage on the estate for three years, paying interest, of course. Rochdale is also likely to do well—so my worldly matters are mending." By this contract it was stipulated that the estate should remain in the vendor's hand till the purchaser should fulfil his part of the agreement, and that in case of the buyer failing in that respect within a given time he should forfeit 25,000*l.*, and the bargain become void. Two years later the forfeiture was paid by Mr. Claughton in consequence of his inability to complete the purchase; and the estate continued with Byron. Enabling him to pay some of his most pressing debts, the 25,000*l.* also enabled him to live in comparative freedom from pecuniary anxieties till his marriage with a lady, whose fortune which had been egregiously magnified by rumour, brought his creditors down upon him at a moment when the concessions of his marriage-settlement had seriously lessened his ability to satisfy their desire for immediate payment.

Whilst the fashionable drawing-rooms were applauding the force, fire, and melody of “Childe Harold,” the far larger multitudes of thoughtful and devout people living in comparative humility outside the uttermost breast-works of “society” were considering the religious sentiments of the poem with alarm and abhorrence, and coming to the conclusion that the author was destined to perdition, and that, if his pernicious influence were not counteracted by bold and timely denunciations of his impiety, he would lead countless thousands of light-headed people to the doom of eternal punishment. It is significant of the manners of the period that, whilst these earnest people were quick to detect the poet’s infidelity and exclaim against it, they do not appear to have been greatly shocked by his account of his naughty life at Newstead before he started on his travels. The account was in truth too accordant with their conceptions of lordly living, and also with their experience of the less exalted ways of human life, for it to occasion them either astonishment or anxiety. But it was a new and terrifying thing for a poet to write of matters pertaining to religion in the style of the third and fourth stanzas of the second Canto:—

“Son of the Morning, rise! approach you here!
Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn:
Look on this spot—a nation’s sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn:

'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.

“Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—
Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
That being, thou would'st be again, and go,
Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region, so
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe?
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.”

Though he was far from imagining what a storm of reprobation these words would bring upon him in the course of a few months, and still farther from conceiving that the outcry against them would grow louder and fiercer throughout successive years, Byron had not been many days at Cheltenham before he heard the first sounds of the rising tempest. For the moment he could smile at the letters and verses that came to him through Mr. Murray's office from good-natured correspondents “anxious for his conversion from certain infidelities,” and could write with more flippancy than good taste to his publisher on September 14, 1812, “The other letters are from ladies, who are welcome to convert me when they please; and if I can discover them, and they be young, as they say they are, I could convince them of my devotion.” Nine months later, when the protest had been steadily growing more audible, and the importance of the pro-

testing voices had become more apparent, he wrote in a sober vein to the editor of "The Quarterly," "To your advice on religious topics, I shall equally attend. Perhaps the best way will be by avoiding them altogether. The already published objectionable passages have been much commented upon, but certainly they have been rather strongly interpreted. I am no bigot to infidelity, and did not expect that, because I doubted the immortality of man, I should be charged with denying the existence of a God. It was the comparative insignificance of ourselves and *our world*, when placed in comparison with the mighty whole, of which it is an atom, that first led me to imagine that our pretensions to eternity might be over-rated." When Gifford, whom the young poet regarded with "veneration," and used to term his "father" in literary matters, urged him to be cautious, and spoke of rocks and dangers ahead, Byron could not doubt that he was sailing in perilous waters. And as the months went by, he saw more and more clearly the wisdom of his "father's" counsels.

Of all the many strange mistakes made by clever men about Byron's career none is stranger than the error of supposing that the storm, that drove him from his native land, was brewed in a single hour, and that it was altogether due to the caprice of fashion and society's fantastic readiness to visit the sins of many upon one, and drive that one forth into the desert as a scapegoat. The sentiment, before which the poet

retired in early manhood, almost in his boyhood, into exile for his remaining days, was a sentiment of slow growth and diverse causes. Not the least powerful of those causes was the general social resentment at his religious opinions, and this cause began to operate before the first edition of "Childe Harold" was exhausted. No greatly celebrated man ever had a shorter term of unqualified and unbroken applause. The unanimity of praise was the affair of a single day and a single class. It can scarcely be said to have lasted even in that one class for twenty-four hours. The morning's fame, of which he used to speak, had lost something of its whiteness before the evening. Even from the outset of his career, praise and dispraise joined hands to make him in the same moment famous and infamous.

END OF VOL. I.



PRINTING OFFICE OF THE PUBLISHER.

PRINTED BY J. H. B. & CO. NEW YORK

Sold by all the principal booksellers on the Continent.



TAUCHNITZ EDITION.

Each volume 1 Mark 60 Pf. or 2 Francs.

This Collection of British Authors, Tauchnitz Edition, will contain the new works of the most admired English and American Writers, immediately on their appearance, with copyright for continental circulation.

Contents:

Collection of British Authors, vol. 1—2152	Page 2-13.
Collection of German Authors, vol. 1—43 .	„ 14.
Series for the Young, vol. 1—29	„ 15.
Manuals of Conversation	„ 15.
Dictionaries	„ 16.

Latest Volumes:

- The Real Lord Byron. By *John Cordy Jeaffreson*, 3 vols.
Sam's Sweetheart. By *Helen Mathers*, 2 vols.
Wanda. By *Ouida*, 3 vols.
Life on the Mississippi. By *Mark Twain*, 2 vols.
Stray Pearls. By *Charlotte M. Yonge* (w. portrait), 2 vols.
Heart and Science. By *Wilkie Collins*, 2 vols.
Frau Frohmann, etc. By *Anthony Trollope*, 1 vol.
Dayspring. By *Emma Marshall*, 1 vol.
Facing the Footlights. By *Fl. Marryat* (w. portrait), 2 v.
The Golden Calf. By *Miss Braddon*, 2 vols.
-

Collection of British Authors.

Rev. W. Adams: Sacred Allegories 1 v.

Miss Aguilar: Home Influence 2 v. The Mother's Re-compense 2 v.

Hamilton Aïdé: Rita 1 v. Carr of Carrlyon 2 v. The Marstons 2 v. In that State of Life 1 v. Morals and Mysteries 1 v. Penruddocke 2 v. "A nine Days' Wonder" 1 v. Poet and Peer 2 v.

W. Harrison Ainsworth: Windsor Castle 1 v. Saint James's 1 v. Jack Sheppard (w. portrait) 1 v. The Lancashire Witches 2 v. The Star-Chamber 2 v. The Flitch of Bacon 1 v. The Spendthrift 1 v. Mervyn Clitheroe 2 v. Ovingdean Grange 1 v. The Constable of the Tower 1 v. The Lord Mayor of London 2 v. Cardinal Pole 2 v. John Law 2 v. The Spanish Match 2 v. The Constable de Bourbon 2 v. Old Court 2 v. Myddleton Pomfret 2 v. The South-Sea Bubble 2 v. Hilary St. Ives 2 v. Talbot Harland 1 v. Tower Hill 1 v. Boscobel; or, the Royal Oak 2 v. The Good Old Times 2 v. Merry England 2 v. The Goldsmith's Wife 2 v. Preston Fight 2 v. Chetwynd Calverley 2 v. The Leaguer of Lathom 2 v. The Fall of Somerset 2 v. Beatrice Tyldesley 2 v. Beau Nash 2 v. Stanley Brereton 2 v.

L. M. Alcott: Little Women 2 v. Little Men 1 v.

"All for Greed," Author of—All for Greed 1 v. Love the Avenger 2 v.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich: Marjorie Daw and other Tales 1 v. The Stillwater Tragedy 1 v.

L. Alldridge: By Love and Law 2 v. The World she Awoke in 2 v.

Miss Austen: Sense and Sensibility 1 v. Mansfield Park 1 v. Pride and Prejudice 1 v. Northanger Abbey, and Persuasion 1 v. Emma 1 v.

Lady Barker: Station Life in New Zealand 1 v. Station Amusements in New Zealand 1 v. A Year's Housekeeping in South Africa 1 v.

Rev. R. H. Baynes: Lyra Anglicana, Hymns & Sacred Songs 1 v.

Lord Beaconsfield: *vide* Disraeli.

Averil Beaumont: Thornicroft's Model 2 v.

Currer Bell (Charlotte Brontë): Jane Eyre 2 v. Shirley 2 v. Villette 2 v. The Professor 1 v.

Ellis & Acton Bell: Wuthering Heights, and Agnes Grey 2 v.

Frank Lee Benedict: St. Simon's Niece 2 v.

Walter Besant: The Revolt of Man 1 v. The Golden Butterfly by Besant and Rice 2 v.

William Black: A Daughter of Heth 2 v. In Silk Attire 2 v. The strange Adventures of a Phaeton 2 v. A Princess of Thule 2 v. Kilmeny 1 v. The Maid of Killeena 1 v. Three Feathers 2 v. Lady Silverdale's Sweetheart 1 v. Madcap Violet 2 v. Green Pastures and Piccadilly 2 v. Macleod of Dare 2 v. White Wings 2 v. Sunrise 2 v. The Beautiful Wretch 1 v. Mr. Pisistratus Brown, M.P., etc. 1 v.

R. D. Blackmore: Alice Lorraine 2 v. Mary Anerley 3 v. Christowell 2 v.

"Blackwood," Tales from—1 v. *Second Series* 1 v.

Isa Blagden: The Woman I loved, and the Woman who loved me; A Tuscan Wedding 1 v.

Lady Blessington: Meredith 1 v. Strathern 2 v. Memoirs of a Femme de Chambre 1 v. Marmaduke Herbert 2 v. Country Quarters (w. portrait) 2 v.

Baroness Bloomfield: Reminiscences of Court and Diplomatic Life 2 v.

Miss Braddon: Lady Audley's Secret 2 v. Aurora Floyd 2 v. Eleanor's Victory 2 v. John Marchmont's Legacy 2 v. Henry Dunbar 2 v. The Doctor's Wife 2 v. Only a Clod 2 v. Sir Jasper's Tenant 2 v. The Lady's Mile 2 v. Rupert Godwin 2 v. Dead-Sea Fruit 2 v. Run to Earth 2 v. Fenton's Quest 2 v. The Lovels of Arden 2 v. Strangers and Pilgrims 2 v. Lucius Davoren 3 v. Taken at the Flood 3 v. Lost for Love 2 v. A Strange World 2 v. Hostages to Fortune 2 v. Dead Men's Shoes 2 v. Joshua Haggard's Daughter 2 v. Weavers and Weft 1 v. In Great Waters 1 v. An Open Verdict 3 v. Vixen 3 v. The Cloven Foot 3 v. The Story of Barbara 2 v. Just as I am 2 v. Asphodel 3 v. Mount Royal 2 v. The Golden Calf 2 v.

Lady Brassey: A Voyage in the "Sunbeam" 2 v. Sunshine and Storm in the East 2 v.

Shirley Brooks. The Silver Cord 3 v. Sooner or Later 3 v.

Miss Rhoda Broughton: Cometh up as a Flower 1 v. Not wisely, but too well 2 v. Red as a Rose is She 2 v. Tales for Christmas Eve 1 v. Nancy 2 v. Joan 2 v. Second Thoughts 2 v.

John Brown: Rab and his Friends, and other Tales 1 v.

Eliz. Barrett Browning: A Selection from her Poetry (w. portrait) 1 v. Aurora Leigh 1 v.

Robert Browning: Poetical Works (with portrait) 2 v.

Bulwer (Lord Lytton): Pelham (with portrait) 1 v. Eugene Aram 1 v. Paul Clifford 1 v. Zanoni 1 v. The Last Days of Pompeii 1 v. The Disowned 1 v. Ernest Maltravers 1 v. Alice 1 v. Eva, and the Pilgrims of the Rhine 1 v. Devereux 1 v. Godolphin, and Falkland 1 v. Rienzi 1 v. Night and Morning 1 v. The Last of the Barons 2 v. Athens 2 v. The Poems and Ballads of Schiller 1 v. Lucretia 2 v. Harold 2 v. King Arthur 2 v. The new Timon; St Stephen's 1 v. The Caxtons 2 v. My Novel 4 v. What will he do with it? 4 v. The Dramatic Works 2 v. A

Strange Story 2 v. Caxtoniana 2 v. The Lost Tales of Miletus 1 v. Miscellaneous Prose Works 4 v. The Odes and Epodes of Horace 2 v. Kenelm Chillingly 4 v. The Coming Race 1 v. The Parisians 4 v. Pausanias 1 v.

Henry Lytton Bulwer (Lord Dalling): Historical Characters 2 v. The Life of Henry John Temple, Viscount Palmerston 3 v.

John Bunyan: The Pilgrim's Progress 1 v.

Buried Alone 1 v.

Miss Burney: Evelina 1 v.

Robert Burns: Poetical Works (w. portrait) 1 v.

Richard F. Burton: Mecca and Medina 3 v.

Mrs. B. H. Buxton: "Jennie of 'the Prince's'" 2 v. Won! 2 v. Great Grenfell Gardens 2 v. Nell—on and off the Stage 2 v. From the Wings 2 v.

Lord Byron: Poetical Works (w. portrait) 5 v.

Cameron: Across Africa 2 v.

Thomas Carlyle: The French Revolution 3 v. Frederick the Great 13 v. Oliver Cromwell's Letters and Speeches 4 v. The Life of Friedrich Schiller 1 v.

Maria Louisa Charlesworth: Oliver of the Mill 1 v.

"Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family," Author of—Chronicles of the Schönberg-Cotta Family 2 v. The Draytons and the Davenants 2 v. On Both Sides of the Sea 2 v. Winifred Bertram 1 v. Diary of Mrs. Kitty Trevylyan 1 v. The Victory of the Vanquished 1 v. The Cottage by the Cathedral 1 v. Against the Stream 2 v. The Bertram Family 2 v. Conquering and to Conquer 1 v. Lapsed, but not Lost 1 v.

Frances Power Cobbe: Re-Echoes 1 v.

Coleridge: The Poems 1 v.

Chas. A. Collins: A Cruise upon Wheels 2 v.

Mortimer Collins: Sweet and Twenty 2 v. A Fight with Fortune 2 v.

Wilkie Collins: After Dark 1 v. Hide and Seek 2 v. A Plot in Private Life 1 v. The Woman in White 2 v. Basil 1 v. No Name 3 v. The Dead Secret 2 v. Antonina 2 v. Armadale 3 v. The Moonstone 2 v. Man and Wife 3 v. Poor Miss Finch 2 v. Miss or Mrs.? 1 v. The New Magdalen 2 v. The Frozen Deep 1 v. The Law and the Lady 2 v. The Two Destinies 1 v. My Lady's Money & Percy and the Prophet 1 v. The Haunted Hotel 1 v. Fallen Leaves 2 v. Jezebel's Daughter 2 v. The Black Robe 2 v. Heart and Science 2 v.

"Cometh up as a Flower," Author of— *vide* Broughton.

Fenimore Cooper: The Spy (w. portrait) 1 v. The two Admirals 1 v. The Jack O'Lantern 1 v.

George L. Craik: Manual of English Literature & Language 2 v.

Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock): John Halifax, Gentleman 2 v. The Head of the Family 2 v. A Life for a Life 2 v. A Woman's Thoughts about Women 1 v. Agatha's Husband 1 v. Romantic Tales 1 v. Domestic Stories 1 v. Mistress and Maid 1 v. The Ogilvies 1 v. Lord Erlistoun 1 v. Christian's Mistake 1 v. Bread upon the Waters 1 v. A Noble Life 1 v. Olive 2 v. Two Marriages 1 v. Studies from Life 1 v. Poems 1 v. The Woman's Kingdom 2 v. The Unkind Word 2 v. A Brave Lady 2 v. Hannah 2 v. Fair France 1 v. My Mother and I 1 v. The Little Lame Prince 1 v. Sermons out of Church 1 v. The Laurel Bush 1 v. A Legacy 2 v. Young Mrs. Jardine 2 v. His Little Mother 1 v. Plain Speaking 1 v.

Miss Georgiana Craik: Lost and Won 1 v. Faith Unwin's Ordeal

1 v. Leslie Tyrrell 1 v. Winifred's Wooing, and other Tales 1 v. Mildred 1 v. Esther Hill's Secret 2 v. Hero Trevelyan 1 v. Without Kith or Kin 2 v. Only a Butterfly 1 v. Sylvia's Choice; Theresa 2 v. Anne Warwick 1 v. Two Tales of Married Life 2 v. (Vol. I. Hard to Bear, Vol. II. *vide* M. C. Stirling.) Dorcas 2 v. Two Women 2 v.

Mrs. A. Craven: Eliane. Translated by Lady Fullerton 2 v.

F. Marion Crawford: Mr. Isaacs 1 v.

Miss Cummins: The Lamp-lighter 1 v. Mabel Vaughan 1 v. El Fureidis 1 v. Haunted Hearts 1 v.

"Daily News," War Correspondence 1877 by A. Forbes, etc. 3 v.

De-Foe: Robinson Crusoe 1 v.

Democracy. An American Novel 1 v.

Charles Dickens: The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club (w. portrait) 2 v. American Notes 1 v. Oliver Twist 1 v. The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby 2 v. Sketches 1 v. The Life and Adventures of Martin Chuzzlewit 2 v. A Christmas Carol; the Chimes; the Cricket on the Hearth 1 v. Master Humphrey's Clock (Old Curiosity Shop, Barnaby Rudge, and other Tales) 3 v. Pictures from Italy 1 v. The Battle of Life; the Haunted Man 1 v. Dombey and Son 3 v. David Copperfield 3 v. Bleak House 4 v. A Child's History of England (2 v. 8° M. 2,70.) Hard Times 1 v. Little Dorrit 4 v. A Tale of two Cities 2 v. Hunted Down; The Uncommercial Traveller 1 v. Great Expectations 2 v. Christmas Stories 1 v. Our Mutual Friend 4 v. Somebody's Luggage; Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings; Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy 1 v. Doctor Marigold's Pre-

scriptions; Mugby Junction 1 v. No Thoroughfare 1 v. The Mystery of Edwin Drood 2 v. The Mudfog Papers 1 v. *Vide* Household Words, Novels and Tales, and John Forster.

Charles Dickens: The Letters of Charles Dickens edited by his Sister-in-law and his eldest Daughter 4 v.

B. Disraeli (Lord Beaconsfield): Coningsby 1 v. Sybil 1 v. Contarini Fleming (w. portrait) 1 v. Alroy 1 v. Tancred 2 v. Venetia 2 v. Vivian Grey 2 v. Henrietta Temple 1 v. Lothair 2 v. Endymion 2 v.

W. Hepworth Dixon: Personal History of Lord Bacon 1 v. The Holy Land, 2 v. New America 2 v. Spiritual Wives 2 v. Her Majesty's Tower 4 v. Free Russia 2 v. History of two Queens 6 v. White Conquest 2 v. Diana, Lady Lyle 2 v.

The Earl and the Doctor: South Sea Bubbles 1 v.

Mrs. Edwardes: Archie Lovell 2 v. Steven Lawrence, Yeoman 2 v. Ought we to Visit her? 2 v. A Vagabond Heroine 1 v. Leah: A Woman of Fashion 2 v. A Blue-Stocking 1 v. Jet: Her Face or Her Fortune? 1 v. Vivian the Beauty 1 v. A Ballroom Repentance 2 v.

Miss Amelia B. Edwards: Barbara's History 2 v. Miss Carew 2 v. Hand and Glove 1 v. Half a Million of Money 2 v. Debenham's Vow 2 v. In the Days of my Youth 2 v. Untrodden Peaks and unfrequented Valleys 1 v. Monsieur Maurice 1 v. Black Forest 1 v. A Poetry-Book of Elder Poets 1 v. A Thousand Miles up the Nile 2 v. A Poetry-Book of Modern Poets 1 v. Lord Brackenbury 2 v.

Miss M. Betham-Edwards: The Sylvestres 1 v. Felicia 2 v. Brother Gabriel 2 v. Forestalled 1 v. Exchange no Robbery 1 v.

George Eliot: Scenes of Clerical Life 2 v. Adam Bede 2 v. The Mill on the Floss 2 v. Silas Marner 1 v. Romola 2 v. Felix Holt 2 v. Daniel Deronda 4 v. The Lifted Veil and Brother Jacob 1 v. Impressions of Theophrastus Such 1 v.

Mrs. Elliot: Diary of an Idle Woman in Italy 2 v. Old Court Life in France 2 v. The Italians 2 v. The Diary of an Idle Woman in Sicily 1 v. Pictures of Old Rome 1 v.

Essays and Reviews 1 v.

Estelle Russell 2 v.

Expiated 2 v.

G. M. Fenn: The Parson o' Dumford 2 v. The Clerk of Portwick 2 v.

Fielding: The History of Tom Jones 2 v.

Five Centuries of the English Language and Literature 1 v.

A. Forbes: My Experiences of the War between France and Germany 2 v. Soldiering and Scribbling 1 v. See also "Daily News," War Correspondence.

Mrs. Forrester: Viva 2 v. Rhona 2 v. Roy and Viola 2 v. My Lord and My Lady 2 v. I have Lived and Loved 2 v.

John Forster: Life of Charles Dickens 6 v. Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith 2 v.

Jessie Fothergill: The First Violin 2 v. Probation 2 v. Made or Marred and "One of Three" 1 v. Kith and Kin 2 v.

"Found Dead," Author of—*vide* James Payn.

Caroline Fox: Memories of Old Friends from her Journals, edited by Horace N. Pym 2 v.

Frank Fairleigh 2 v.

E. A. Freeman: The Growth of the English Constitution 1 v. Select Historical Essays 1 v.

Lady G. Fullerton: Ellen Middleton 1 v. Grantley Manor 2 v. Lady-Bird 2 v. Too Strange not to be True 2 v. Constance Sherwood 2 v. A stormy Life 2 v. Mrs. Gerald's Niece 2 v. The Notary's Daughter 1 v. The Lilies of the Valley 1 v. The Countess de Bonneval 1 v. Rose Leblanc 1 v. Seven Stories 1 v. The Life of Luisa de Carvajal 1 v. A Will and a Way 2 v. Eliane 2 v. (*vide* Craven).

Mrs. Gaskell: Mary Barton 1 v. Ruth 2 v. North and South 1 v. Lizzie Leigh 1 v. The Life of Charlotte Brontë 2 v. Lois the Witch 1 v. Sylvia's Lovers 2 v. A Dark Night's Work 1 v. Wives and Daughters 3 v. Cranford 1 v. Cousin Phillis, and other Tales 1 v.

Agnes Giberne: The Curate's Home 1 v.

Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone: Rome and the newest Fashions in Religion 1 v. Bulgarian Horrors; Russia in Turkistan 1 v. The Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Problem 1 v.

Goldsmith: Select Works: The Vicar of Wakefield; Poems; Dramas (w. portrait) 1 v.

Mrs. Gore: Castles in the Air 1 v. The Dean's Daughter 2 v. Progress and Prejudice 2 v. Mammon 2 v. A Life's Lessons 2 v. The two Aristocracies 2 v. Heckington 2 v.

Miss Grant: Victor Lescar 2 v. The Sun-Maid 2 v. My Heart's in the Highlands 2 v. Artiste 2 v. Prince Hugo 2 v.

W. A. Baillie Grohman: Tyrol and the Tyrolese 1 v.

"Guy Livingstone," Author of—Guy Livingstone 1 v. Sword and Gown 1 v. Barren Honour 1 v. Border and Bastille 1 v. Maurice Dering 1 v. Sans Merci 2 v. Breaking a Butterfly 2 v. Anteros 2 v. Hagarene 2 v.

J. Habberton: Helen's Babies & Other People's Children 1 v. The Bowsham Puzzle 1 v.

Mrs. S. C. Hall: Can Wrong be Right? 1 v. Marian 2 v.

Thomas Hardy: The Hand of Ethelberta 2 v. Far from the Madding Crowd 2 v. The Return of the Native 2 v. The Trumpet-Major 2 v. A Laodicean 2 v. Two on a Tower 2 v.

Agnes Harrison: Martin's Vineyard 1 v.

Bret Harte: Prose and Poetry (Tales of the Argonauts; Spanish and American Legends; Condensed Novels; Civic and Character Sketches; Poems) 2 v. Idyls of the Foothills 1 v.

Gabriel Conroy 2 v. Two Men of Sandy Bar 1 v. Thankful Blossom 1 v. The Story of a Mine 1 v. Drift from Two Shores 1 v. An Heiress of Red Dog 1 v. The Twins of Table Mountain, etc. 1 v. Jeff Briggs's Love Story, etc. 1 v. Flip, etc. 1 v.

Sir H. Havelock, by the Rev. W. Brock, 1 v.

Nathaniel Hawthorne: The Scarlet Letter 1 v. Transformation 2 v. Passages from the English Note-Books 2 v.

"Heir of Redclyffe," Author of—*vide* Yonge.

Sir Arthur Helps: Friends in Council 2 v. Ivan de Biron 2 v.

Mrs. Hemans: The Select Poetical Works 1 v.

Mrs. Cashel Hoey: A Golden Sorrow 2 v. Out of Court 2 v.

Oliver Wendell Holmes: The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table 1 v.

Household Words conducted by Ch. Dickens. 1851-56. 36 v. NOVELS and TALES reprinted from Households Words by Ch. Dickens. 1856-59. 11 v.

Miss Howard: One Summer 1 v. Aunt Serena 1 v.

W. D. Howells: A Foregone Conclusion 1 v. The Lady of the Aroostook 1 v. A Modern Instance 2 v. The Undiscovered Country 1 v. Venetian Life (w. portrait) 1 v.

Thos. Hughes: Tom Brown's School Days 1 v.

Jean Ingelow: Off the Skelligs 3 v. Poems 2 v. Fated to be Free 2 v. Sarah de Berenger 2 v. Don John 2 v.

Washington Irving: Sketch Book (w. portrait) 1 v. Life of Mahomet 1 v. Successors of Mahomet 1 v. Oliver Goldsmith 1 v. Chronicles of Wolfert's Roost 1 v. Life of George Washington 5 v.

G. P. R. James: Morley Earnstein (w. portrait) 1 v. Forest Days 1 v. The False Heir 1 v. Arabella Stuart 1 v.

Rose d'Albret 1 v. Arrah Neil 1 v.
 Agincourt 1 v. The Smuggler 1 v.
 The Step-Mother 2 v. Beauchamp
 1 v. Heidelberg 1 v. The Gipsy 1 v.
 The Castle of Ehrenstein 1 v. Darn-
 ley 1 v. Russell 2 v. The Convict 2 v.
 Sir Theodore Broughton 2 v.

Henry James, Jr.: The
 American 2 v. The Europeans 1 v.
 Daisy Miller 1 v. Roderick Hudson
 2 v. The Madonna of the Future,
 etc. 1 v. Eugene Pickering, etc. 1 v.
 Confidence 1 v. Washington Square
 2 v. The Portrait of a Lady 3 v.

J. Cordy Jeaffreson: A Book
 about Doctors 2 v. A Woman in Spite
 of herself 2 v. The Real Lord Byron
 3 v.

Mrs. Jenkin: "Who Breaks—
 Pays" 1 v. Skirmishing 1 v. Once
 and Again 2 v. Two French
 Marriages 2 v. Within an Ace 1 v.
 Jupiter's Daughters 1 v.

Edward Jenkins: Ginx's Ba-
 by; Lord Bantam 2 v.

"Jennie of 'the Prince's,'"
 Author of— *vide* Mrs. Buxton.

Douglas Jerrold: The His-
 tory of St. Giles and St. James 2 v.
 Men of Character 2 v.

"John Halifax," Author of—
vide Mrs. Craik.

"Johnny Ludlow," Author
 of— *vide* Mrs. Wood.

Johnson: The Lives of the
 English Poets 2 v.

Emily Jolly: Colonel Dacre 2 v.

"Joshua Davidson," Author
 of— *vide* E. Lynn Linton.

Miss Kavanagh: Nathalie 2 v.
 Daisy Burns 2 v. Grace Lee 2 v.
 Rachel Gray 1 v. Adèle 3 v. A Sum-
 mer and Winter in the Two Sicilies 2 v.
 Seven Years 2 v. French Women of
 Letters 1 v. English Women of Letters
 1 v. Queen Mab 2 v. Beatrice 2 v.
 Sybil's Second Love 2 v. Dora 2 v.
 Silvia 2 v. Bessie 2 v. John Dorrien
 3 v. Two Lilies 2 v. Forget-me-nots 2 v.

Annie Keary: Oldbury 2 v.
 Castle Daly 2 v.

Kempis: *vide* Thomas a
 Kempis.

R. B. Kimball: Saint Leger
 1 v. Romance of Student Life
 abroad 1 v. Undercurrents 1 v.
 Was he Successful? 1 v. To-Day
 in New-York 1 v.

A. W. Kinglake: Eothen 1 v.
 Invasion of the Crimea v. 1-10.

Charles Kingsley: Yeast 1 v.
 Westward ho! 2 v. Two Years
 ago 2 v. Hypatia 2 v. Alton Locke 1 v.
 Hereward the Wake 2 v. At Last 2 v.

Charles Kingsley: His Letters
 and Memories of his Life edited by
 his Wife 2 v.

Henry Kingsley: Ravenshoe
 2 v. Austin Elliot 1 v. The Re-
 collections of Geoffry Hamlyn 2 v.
 The Hillyars and the Burtons 2 v.
 Leighton Court 1 v. Valentin 1 v.
 Oakshott Castle 1 v. Reginald Hethe-
 rege 2 v. The Grange Garden 2 v.

May Laffan: Flitters, Tatters,
 and the Counsellor, etc. 1 v.

Charles Lamb: The Essays of
 Elia and Eliana 1 v.

Mary Langdon: Ida May 1 v.
 "Last of the Cavaliers,"
 Author of— Last of the Cavaliers
 2 v. The Gain of a Loss 2 v.

Holme Lee: *vide* Miss Parr.

S. Le Fanu: Uncle Silas 2 v.
 Guy Deverell 2 v.

Mark Lemon: Wait for the
 End 2 v. Loved at Last 2 v. Falkner
 Lyle 2 v. Leyton Hall 2 v. Golden
 Fetters 2 v.

Charles Lever: The O'Do-
 noghue 1 v. The Knight of Gwynne
 3 v. Arthur O'Leary 2 v. The
 Confessions of Harry Lorrequer
 2 v. Charles O'Malley 3 v. Tom
 Burke of "Ours" 3 v. Jack Hin-

ton 2 v. The Daltons 4 v. The Dodd Family abroad 3 v. The Martins of Cro' Martin 3 v. The Fortunes of Glencore 2 v. Roland Cashel 3 v. Davenport Dunn 3 v. Con Cregan 2 v. One of Them 2 v. Maurice Tierney 2 v. Sir Jasper Carew 2 v. Barrington 2 v. A Day's Ride: a Life's Romance 2 v. Luttrell of Arran 2 v. Tony Butler 2 v. Sir Brook Fossbrooke 2 v. The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly 2 v. A Rent in a Cloud 1 v. That Boy of Norcott's 1 v. St. Patrick's Eve; Paul Gosslett's Confessions 1 v. Lord Kilgobbin 2 v.

G. H. Lewes: Ranthorpe 1 v. Physiology of Common Life 2 v. On Actors and the Art of Acting 1 v.

E. Lynn Linton: Joshua Davidson 1 v. Patricia Kemball 2 v. Atonement of Leam Dundas 2 v. The World well Lost 2 v. Under which Lord? 2 v. With a Silken Thread etc. 1 v. Todhunters' at Loanin' Head etc. 1 v. "My Love!" 2 v.

Laurence W. M. Lockhart: Mine is Thine 2 v.

Longfellow: Poetical Works (w. portrait) 3 v. The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri 3 v. The New-England Tragedies 1 v. The Divine Tragedy 1 v. Three Books of Song 1 v. The Masque of Pandora 1 v.

M. Lonsdale: Sister Dora 1 v. A Lost Battle 2 v.

Lutfullah: Autobiography of Lutfullah, by Eastwick 1 v.

Lord Lytton: *vide* Bulwer.

Robert Lord Lytton (Owen Meredith): Poems 2 v. Fables in Song 2 v.

Lord Macaulay: History of

England (w. portrait) 10 v. Critical and Historical Essays 5 v. Lays of Ancient Rome 1 v. Speeches 2 v. Biographical Essays 1 v. William Pitt, Atterbury 1 v. (See also Trevelyan).

Justin McCarthy: Waterdale Neighbours 2 v. Lady Disdain 2 v. Miss Misanthrope 2 v. A History of our own Times 5 v. Donna Quixote 2 v.

George MacDonald: Alec Forbes of Howglen 2 v. Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood 2 v. David Elginbrod 2 v. The Vicar's Daughter 2 v. Malcolm 2 v. St. George and St. Michael 2 v. The Marquis of Lossie 2 v. Sir Gibbie 2 v. Mary Marston 2 v. The Gifts of the Child Christ, etc. 1 v. The Princess and Curdie 1 v.

Mrs. Mackarness: Sunbeam Stories 1 v. A Peerless Wife 2 v. A Mingled Yarn 2 v.

Charles McKnight: Old Fort Duquesne 2 v.

Norman Macleod: The old Lieutenant and his Son 1 v.

Mrs. Macquoid: Patty 2 v. Miriam's Marriage 2 v. Pictures across the Channel 2 v. Too Soon 1 v. My Story 2 v. Diane 2 v. Beside the River 2 v. A Faithful Lover 2 v.

"Mademoiselle Mori," Author of— Mademoiselle Mori 2 v. Denise 1 v. Madame Fontenoy 1 v. On the Edge of the Storm 1 v. The Atelier du Lys 2 v.

Lord Mahon: *vide* Stanhope.

E. S. Maine: Scarscliff Rocks 2 v.

R. Blachford Mansfield: The Log of the Water Lily 1 v.

Mark Twain: The Adventures of Tom Sawyer 1 v. The Innocents Abroad; or, the New Pilgrims' Progress 2 v. A Tramp Abroad 2 v. "Roughing it" 1 v. The Innocents at Home 1 v. The Prince and the Pauper 2 v. The Stolen White Elephant, etc. 1 v. Life on the Mississippi 2 v.

Marmorne 1 v.

Capt. Marryat: Jacob Faithful (w. portrait) 1 v. Percival Keene 1 v. Peter Simple 1 v. Japhet 1 v. Monsieur Violet 1 v. The Settlers 1 v. The Mission 1 v. The Privateer's-Man 1 v. The Children of the New-Forest 1 v. Valerie 1 v. Mr. Midshipman Easy 1 v. The King's Own 1 v.

Florence Marryat: Love's Conflict 2 v. For Ever and Ever 2 v. The Confessions of Gerald Estcourt 2 v. Nelly Brooke 2 v. Véronique 2 v. Petronel 2 v. Her Lord and Master 2 v. The Prey of the Gods 1 v. Life of Captain Marryat 1 v. Mad Dumaresq 2 v. No Intentions 2 v. Fighting the Air 2 v. A Star and a Heart 1 v. The Poison of Asps 1 v. A Lucky Disappointment 1 v. My own Child 2 v. Her Father's Name 2 v. A Harvest of Wild Oats 2 v. A Little Stepson 1 v. Written in Fire 2 v. Her World against a Lie 2 v. A Broken Blossom 2 v. The Root of all Evil 2 v. The Fair-haired Alda 2 v. With Cupid's Eyes 2 v. My Sister the Actress 2 v. Phyllida 2 v. How They Loved Him 2 v. Facing the Footlights (w. portrait) 2 v.

Mrs. Marsh: Ravenscliffe 2 v. Emilia Wyndham 2 v. Castle Avon 2 v. Aubrey 2 v. The Heiress of Houghton 2 v. Evelyn Marston 2 v. The Rose of Ashurst 2 v.

Emma Marshall: Mrs. Mainwaring's Journal 1 v. Benvenuta 1 v. Lady Alice 1 v. Dayspring 1 v.

Helen Mathers: "Cherry Ripe!" 2 v. "Land o' the Leal" 1 v. My Lady Green Sleeves 2 v. As he comes up the Stair, etc. 1 v. Sam's Sweetheart 2 v.

Mehalah 1 v.

Whyte Melville: Kate Coventry 1 v. Holmby House 2 v. Digby Grand 1 v. Good for Nothing 2 v. The Queen's Maries 2 v. The Gladiators 2 v. The Brookes of Bridlemere 2 v. Cerise 2 v. The Interpreter 2 v. The White Rose 2 v. M or N. 1 v. Contraband; or A Losing Hazard 1 v. Sarchedon 2 v.

Uncle John 2 v. Katerfelto 1 v. Sister Louise 1 v. Rosine 1 v. Roy's Wife 2 v. Black but Comely 2 v. Riding Recollections 1 v.

George Meredith: The Ordeal of Feverel 2 v. Beauchamp's Career 2 v. The Tragic Comedians 1 v.

Owen Meredith: *vide* Robert Lord Lytton.

Milton: Poetical Works 1 v.

Miss Florence Montgomery: Misunderstood 1 v. Thrown Together 2 v. Thwarted 1 v. Wild Mike 1 v. Seaforth 2 v.

"Molly Bawn," Author of—Molly Bawn 2 v. Mrs. Geoffrey 2 v. Faith and Unfaith 2 v. Portia 2 v.

Moore: Poetical Works (w. portrait) 5 v.

Lady Morgan's Memoirs 3 v.

Henry Morley: Of English Literature in the Reign of Victoria. With Facsimiles of the Signatures of Authors in the Tauchnitz Edition [v. 2000].

E. C. Grenville: Murray: The Member for Paris 2 v. Young Brown 2 v. The Boudoir Cabal 3 v. French Pictures in English Chalk (1st Series) 2 v. The Russians of To-day 1 v. French Pictures in English Chalk (2nd Series) 2 v. Strange Tales 1 v. That Artful Vicar 2 v. Six Months in the Ranks 1 v. People I have met 1 v.

"My little Lady," Author of—*vide* E. Frances Poynter.

New Testament [v. 1000].

Mrs. Newby: Common Sense 2 v.

Dr. J. H. Newman: Callista 1 v.

"Nina Balatka," Author of—*vide* Anthony Trollope.

"No Church," Author of—No Church 2 v. Owen:—a Waif 2 v.

Lady Augusta Noel: From Generation to Generation 1 v.

Hon. Mrs. Norton: Stuart of Dunleath 2 v. Lost and Saved 2 v. Old Sir Douglas 2 v.

Novels and Tales *vide* Household Words.

Not Easily Jealous 2 v.

Mrs. Oliphant: Passages in the Life of Mrs. Margaret Maitland of Sunnyside 1 v. The Last of the Mortimers 2 v. Agnes 2 v. Madonna Mary 2 v. The Minister's Wife 2 v. The Rector, and the Doctor's Family 1 v. Salem Chapel 2 v. The Perpetual Curate 2 v. Miss Marjoribanks 2 v. Ombra 2 v. Memoir of Count de Montalembert 2 v. May 2 v. Innocent 2 v. For Love and Life 2 v. A Rose in June 1 v. The Story of Valentine and his Brother 2 v. Whiteladies 2 v. The Curate in Charge 1 v. Phoebe, Junior 2 v. Mrs. Arthur 2 v. Carità 2 v. Young Musgrave 2 v. The Primrose Path 2 v. Within the Precincts 3 v. The greatest Heiress in England 2 v. He that will not when he may 2 v. Harry Joscelyn 2 v. In Trust 2 v.

Ossian: Poems 1 v.

Ouida: Idalia 2 v. Tricotrín 2 v. Puck 2 v. Chandos 2 v. Strathmore 2 v. Under two Flags 2 v. Folle-Farine 2 v. A Leaf in the Storm; A Dog of Flanders & other Stories 1 v. Cecil Castlemaine's Gage 1 v. Madame la Marquise 1 v. Pascarel 2 v. Held in Bondage 2 v. Two little Wooden Shoes 1 v. Signa (w. portrait) 3 v. In a Winter City 1 v. Ariadne 2 v. Friendship 2 v. Moths 3 v. Pipistrello 1 v. A Village Commune 2 v. In Maremma 3 v. Bimbi 1 v. Wanda 3 v.

Miss Parr (Holme Lee): Basil Godfrey's Caprice 2 v. For Richer, for Poorer 2 v. The Beautiful Miss Barrington 2 v. Her Title of Honour 1 v. Echoes of a Famous Year 1 v. Katherine's Trial 1 v. Bessie Fairfax 2 v. Ben Milner's Wooing 1 v. Straightforward 2 v. Mrs. Denys of Cote 2 v. A Poor Squire 1 v.

Mrs. Parr: Dorothy Fox 1 v. The Prescotts of Pamphillon 2 v. Gosau Smithy 1 v. Robin 2 v.

"Paul Ferroll," Author of—
Paul Ferroll 1 v. Year after Year 1 v. Why Paul Ferroll killed his Wife 1 v.

James Payn: Found Dead 1 v. Gwendoline's Harvest 1 v. Like Father, like Son 2 v. Not Wooed, but Won 2 v. Cecil's Tryst 1 v. A Woman's Vengeance 2 v. Murphy's Master 1 v. In the Heart of a Hill 1 v. At Her Mercy 2 v. The Best of Husbands 2 v. Walter's Word 2 v. Halves 2 v. Fallen Fortunes 2 v. What He cost Her 2 v. By Proxy 2 v. Less Black than we're Painted 2 v. Under one Roof 2 v. High Spirits 1 v. High Spirits (Second Series) 1 v. A Confidential Agent 2 v. From Exile 2 v. A Grape from a Thorn 2 v. Some Private Views 1 v. For Cash Only 2 v. Kit: A Memory 2 v.

Miss Fr. M. Peard: One Year 2 v. The Rose-Garden 1 v. Unawares 1 v. Thorpe Regis 1 v. A Winter Story 1 v. A Madrigal 1 v. Cartouche 1 v. Mother Molly 1 v. Schloss and Town 2 v.

Bishop Percy: Reliques of Ancient English Poetry 3 v.

Pope: Select Poetical Works (w. portrait) 1 v.

E. Frances Poynter: My little Lady 2 v. Ersilia 2 v. Among the Hills 1 v.

Mrs. E. Prentiss: Stepping Heavenward 1 v.

The Prince Consort's Speeches and Addresses 1 v.

Horace N. Pym: *vide* C. Fox.

W. F. Rae: Westward by Rail 1 v.

Charles Reade: "It is never too late to mend" 2 v. "Love me little, love me long" 1 v. The Cloister and the Hearth 2 v. Hard Cash 3 v. Put Yourself in his Place 2 v. A Terrible Temp-

tation 2 v. Peg Woffington 1 v.
Christie Johnstone 1 v. A Simple-
ton 2 v. The Wandering Heir 1 v.
A Woman-Hater 2 v. Radiana 1 v.

"Recommended to Mercy,"
Author of—Recommended to
Mercy 2 v. Zoe's 'Brand' 2 v.

James Rice: *vide* W. Besant.
Alfred Bate Richards: So
very Human 3 v.

Richardson: Clarissa Har-
lowe 4 v.

Mrs. Riddell (F. G. Trafford):
George Geith of Fen Court 2 v.
Maxwell Drewitt 2 v. The Race
for Wealth 2 v. Far above Rubies
3 v. The Earl's Promise 2 v.
Mortomley's Estate 2 v.

Rev. W. Robertson: Ser-
mons 4 v.

Charles H. Ross: The Pretty
Widow 1 v. A London Romance 2 v.

Dante Gabriel Rossetti:
Poems 1 v. Ballads and Sonnets 1 v.

J. Ruffini: Lavinia 2 v. Doctor
Antonio 1 v. Lorenzo Benoni 1 v.
Vincenzo 2 v. A Quiet Nook 1 v.
The Paragreens on a Visit to Paris
1 v. Carlino and other Stories 1 v.

W. Clark Russell: A Sailor's
Sweetheart 2 v. The "Lady Maud" 2 v.

G. A. Sala: The Seven Sons
of Mammon 2 v.

John Saunders: Israel Mort,
Overman 2 v. The Shipowner's
Daughter 2 v.

Katherine Saunders: Joan
Merryweather and other Tales 1 v.
Gideon's Rock 1 v. The High Mills
2 v. Sebastian 1 v.

Sir Walter Scott: Waverley
(w. portrait) 1 v. The Antiquary 1 v.
Ivanhoe 1 v. Kenilworth 1 v. Quentin
Durward 1 v. Old Mortality 1 v.
Guy Mannering 1 v. Rob Roy 1 v.
The Pirate 1 v. The Fortunes of Nigel
1 v. The Black Dwarf; A Legend of

Montrose 1 v. The Bride of Lammer-
moor 1 v. The Heart of Mid-Lothian
2 v. The Monastery 1 v. The
Abbot 1 v. Peveril of the Peak 2 v.
The Poetical Works 2 v. Woodstock
1 v. The Fair Maid of Perth 1 v.
Anne of Geierstein 1 v.

Professor Seeley: Life and
Times of Stein 4 v.

Miss Sewell: Amy Herbert
2 v. Ursula 2 v. A Glimpse of
the World 2 v. The Journal of a
Home Life 2 v. After Life 2 v. The
Experience of Life; or, Aunt Sarah 2 v.

Shakespeare: Plays and
Poems (w. portrait) (*Second
Edition*) compl. 7 v.

Shakespeare's Plays may also be
had in 37 numbers, at M. 0,30.
each number.

Doubtful Plays 1 v.

Shelley: A Selection from his
Poems 1 v.

Nathan Sheppard: Shut up
in Paris (*Second Edition, en-
larged*) 1 v.

Sheridan: Dramatic Works 1 v.

J. Henry Shorthouse: John
Inglesant 2 v.

Smollett: The Adventures of
Roderick Random 1 v. The Ex-
pedition of Humphry Clinker 1 v.
The Adventures of Peregrine
Pickle 2 v.

Earl Stanhope (Lord Mahon):
History of England 7 v. The
Reign of Queen Anne 2 v.

Sterne: The Life and Opinions
of Tristram Shandy 1 v. A Senti-
mental Journey (w. portrait) 1 v.

"Still Waters," Author of—
Still Waters 1 v. Dorothy 1 v.
De Cressy 1 v. Uncle Ralph 1 v.
Maiden Sisters 1 v. Martha Brown
1 v. Vanessa 1 v.

M. C. Stirling: Two Tales of Married Life 2 v. Vol. II, A True Man, Vol. I. *vide* G. M. Craik.

"The Story of Elizabeth," Author of—*v.* Miss Thackeray.

Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe: Uncle Tom's Cabin (w. portrait) 2 v. A Key to Uncle Tom's Cabin 2 v. Dred 2 v. The Minister's Wooing 1 v. Oldtown Folks 2 v.

"Sunbeam Stories," Author of—*vide* Mackarness.

Swift: Gulliver's Travels 1 v.

J. A. Symonds: Sketches in Italy 1 v.

Baroness Tautphoeus: Cy-rilla 2 v. The Initials 2 v. Quits 2 v. At Odds 2 v.

Colonel Meadows Taylor: Tara: a Mahratta Tale 3 v.

Templeton: Diary & Notes 1 v.

Tennyson: Poetical Works 7 v. Queen Mary 1 v. Harold 1 v. Ballads and other Poems 1 v.

W. M. Thackeray: Vanity Fair 3 v. The History of Pendennis 3 v. Miscellanies 8 v. The History of Henry Esmond 2 v. The English Humourists 1 v. The New-comers 4 v. The Virginians 4 v. The Four Georges; Lovel the Widower 1 v. The Adventures of Philip 2 v. Denis Duval 1 v. Roundabout Papers 2 v. Catherine 1 v. The Irish Sketch Book 2 v. The Paris Sketch Book (w. portrait) 2 v.

Miss Thackeray: The Story of Elizabeth 1 v. The Village on the Cliff 1 v. Old Kensington 2 v. Blue-beard's Keys 1 v. Five Old Friends 1 v. Miss Angel 1 v. Out of the World 1 v. Fulham Lawn 1 v. From an Island 1 v. Da Capo 1 v. Madame de Sévigné 1 v.

Thomas a Kempis: The Imitation of Christ 1 v.

A. Thomas: Denis Donne 2 v. On Guard 2 v. Walter Goring 2 v. Played out 2 v. Called to Account 2 v. Only Herself 2 v. A narrow Escape 2 v.

Thomson: Poetical Works (with portrait) 1 v.

F. G. Trafford: *vide* Mrs. Riddell.

G. O. Trevelyan: The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay (w. portrait) 4 v. Selections from the Writings of Lord Macaulay 2 v.

Trois-Etoiles: *vide* Murray.

Anthony Trollope: Doctor Thorne 2 v. The Bertrams 2 v. The Warden 1 v. Barchester Towers 2 v. Castle Richmond 2 v. The West Indies 1 v. Framley Parsonage 2 v. North America 3 v. Orley Farm 3 v. Rachel Ray 2 v. The Small House at Allington 3 v. Can you forgive her? 3 v. The Belton Estate 2 v. Nina Balatka 1 v. The Last Chronicle of Barset 3 v. The Claverings 2 v. Phineas Finn 3 v. He knew he was Right 3 v. The Vicar of Bullhampton 2 v. Sir Harry Hotspur of Humblethwaite 1 v. Ralph the Heir 2 v. The Golden Lion of Granpere 1 v. Australia and New Zealand 3 v. Lady Anna 2 v. Harry Heathcote of Gangoil 1 v. The Way we live now 4 v. The Prime Minister 4 v. The American Senator 3 v. South Africa 2 v. Is he Popenjoy? 3 v. An Eye for an Eye 1 v. John Caldigate 3 v. Cousin Henry 1 v. The Duke's Children 3 v. Dr. Wortle's School 1 v. Ayala's Angel 3 v. The Fixed Period 1 v. Marion Fay 2 v. Kept in the Dark 1 v. Frau Frohmann, etc. 1 v.

T. Adolphus Trollope: The Garstangs of Garstang Grange 2 v. A Siren 2 v.

The Two Cosmos 1 v.

"Véra," Author of— Véra 1 v.
The Hôtel du Petit St. Jean 1 v.
Blue Roses 2 v. Within Sound
of the Sea 2 v.

Virginia 1 v.

L.B. Walford: Mr. Smith 2 v.
Pauline 2 v. Cousins 2 v. Trouble-
some Daughters 2 v.

Mackenzie Wallace: Russia
3 v.

Eliot Warburton: The Cres-
cent and the Cross 2 v. Darien 2 v.

S. Warren: Passages from the
Diary of a late Physician 2 v. Ten
Thousand a-Year 3 v. Now and
Then 1 v. The Lily and the Bee 1 v.

"Waterdale Neighbours,"
Author of— *vide* J. McCarthy.

Miss Wetherell: The wide,
wide World 1 v. Queechy 2 v. The
Hills of the Shatemuc 2 v. Say
and Seal 2 v. The Old Helmet 2 v.

A Whim and its Consequences
1 v.

Walter White: Holidays in
Tyrol 1 v.

"Who Breaks—Pays," Au-
thor of— *vide* Mrs. Jenkin.

Mrs. Henry Wood: East
Lynne 3 v. The Channings
2 v. Mrs. Halliburton's Troubles
2 v. Verner's Pride 3 v. The
Shadow of Ashlydyat 3 v. Trevlyn
Hold 2 v. Lord Oakburn's Daugh-
ters 2 v. Oswald Cray 2 v. Mildred
Arkell 2 v. St. Martin's Eve 2 v.
Elster's Folly 2 v. Lady Adelaide's
Oath 2 v. Orville College 1 v. A
Life's Secret 1 v. The Red Court

Farm 2 v. Anne Hereford 2 v.
Roland Yorke 2 v. George Canter-
bury's Will 2 v. Bessy Rane 2 v.
Dene Hollow 2 v. The Foggy
Night at Offord etc. 1 v. Within
the Maze 2 v. The Master of
Greylands 2 v. Johnny Ludlow (*First
Series*) 2 v. Told in the Twilight
2 v. Adam Grainger 1 v. Edina 2 v.
Pomeroy Abbey 2 v. Lost in the Post
etc. By Johnny Ludlow 1 v. A Tale
of Sin etc. By Johnny Ludlow 1 v.
Anne etc. By Johnny Ludlow 1 v.
Court Netherleigh 2 v.

Wordsworth: Select Poetical
Works 2 v.

Lascelles Wraxall: Wild
Oats 1 v.

Edm. Yates: Land at Last
2 v. Broken to Harness 2 v.
The Forlorn Hope 2 v. Black
Sheep 2 v. The Rock Ahead
2 v. Wrecked in Port 2 v. Dr.
Wainwright's Patient 2 v. No-
body's Fortune 2 v. Castaway 2 v.
A Waiting Race 2 v. The Yellow Flag
2 v. The Impending Sword 2 v. Two,
by Tricks 1 v. A Silent Witness 2 v.

Miss Yonge: The Heir of
Redclyffe 2 v. Heartsease 2 v.
The Daisy Chain 2 v. Dynevor
Terrace 2 v. Hopes and Fears
2 v. The Young Step-Mother
2 v. The Trial 2 v. The Clever
Woman of the Family 2 v. The
Dove in the Eagle's Nest 2 v.
The Danvers Papers; the Prince and
the Page 1 v. The Chaplet of Pearls
2 v. The two Guardians 1 v. The Caged
Lion 2 v. The Pillars of the House 5 v.
Lady Hester 1 v. My Young Alcides
2 v. The Three Brides 2 v. Womankind
2 v. Magnum Bonum 2 v. Love and
Life 1 v. Unknown to History 2 v.
Stray Pearls (w. portrait) 2 v.

Collection of German Authors.

B. Auerbach: On the Heights. Transl. by F. E. Bunnett. Second Authorized Edition, thoroughly revised, 3 v. Brigitta. From the German by C. Bell, 1 v. Spinoza. From the German by Nicholson, 2 v.

G. Ebers: An Egyptian Princess. Translated by E. Grove, 2 v. Uarda. From the German by Bell, 2 v. Homo Sum. From the German by Bell, 2 v. The Sisters. From the German by Bell, 2 v.

Fouqué: Undine, Sintram, etc. Translated by F. E. Bunnett, 1 v.

Ferdinand Freiligrath: Poems. From the German. Edited by his Daughter. Second Copyright Edition, enlarged, 1 v.

W. Görlach: Prince Bismarck (with Portrait). From the German by Miss M. E. von Glehn, 1 v.

Goethe: Faust. From the German by John Anster, LL.D. 1 v. Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship. From the German by Eleanor Grove, 2 v.

K. Gutzkow: Through Night to Light. From the German by M. A. Faber, 1 v.

F. W. Hackländer: Behind the Counter [Handel u. Wandel]. From the German by Howitt, 1 v.

W. Hauff: Three Tales. From the German by M. A. Faber, 1 v.

P. Heyse: L'Arrabiata and other Tales. From the German by M. Wilson, 1 v. The Dead Lake and other Tales. From the German by Mary Wilson, 1 v. Barbarossa and other Tales. From the German by L. C. S., 1 v.

Wilhelmine von Hillern: The Vulture Maiden [die Geier-Wally]. From the German by C. Bell and E. F. Poynter, 1 v. The Hour will come. From the German by Clara Bell, 2 v.

S. Kohn: Gabriel. A Story of the Jews in Prague. From the German by A. Milman, M.A., 1 v.

G. E. Lessing: Nathan the Wise and Emilia Galotti. The former transl. by W. Taylor, the latter by Chas. Lee Lewes, 1 v.

E. Marlitt: The Princess of the Moor [das Haideprinzesschen], 2 v.

Maria Nathusius: Joachim von Kamern and Diary of a poor young Lady. From the German by Miss Thompson, 1 v.

Fritz Reuter: In the Year '13: Transl. from the Platt-Deutsch by Chas. Lee Lewes, 1 v. An old Story of my Farming Days [Ut mine Stromtid]. From the German by M. W. Macdowall, 3 v.

Jean Paul Friedr. Richter: Flower, Fruit and Thorn Pieces: or the Married Life, Death, and Wedding of the Advocate of the Poor, Firmian Stanislaus Siebenkäs. Translated from the German by E. H. Noel, 2 v.

J. V. Scheffel: Ekkehard. A Tale of the tenth Century. Translated from the German by Sofie Delffs, 2 v.

H. Zschokke: The Princess of Brunswick-Wolfenbüttel and other Tales. From the German by M. A. Faber, 1 v.

The price of each volume is 1 Mark 60 Pfennige.

Series for the Young. — Each volume 1 Mark 60 Pf.

Lady Barker: Stories About. With Frontispiece, 1 v.

Louisa Charlesworth: Ministering Children. With Frontispiece, 1 v.

Mrs. Craik (Miss Mulock): Our Year. Illustrated by C. Dobell, 1 v. Three Tales for Boys. With a Frontispiece by B. Plockhorst, 1 v. Three Tales for Girls. With a Frontispiece by B. Plockhorst, 1 v.

Miss G. M. Craik: Cousin Trix. With a Frontispiece by B. Plockhorst, 1 v.

Maria Edgeworth: Moral Tales. With a Frontispiece by B. Plockhorst, 1 v. Popular Tales. With a Frontispiece by B. Plockhorst, 2 v.

Bridget & Julia Kavanagh: The Pearl Fountain. With a Frontispiece by B. Plockhorst, 1 v.

Charles and Mary Lamb: Tales from Shakspeare. With the Portrait of Shakspeare, 1 v.

Captain Marryat: Masterman Ready; or, the Wreck of the Pacific. With Frontispiece, 1 v.

Florence Montgomery: The Town-Crier; to which is added: The Children with the Indian-Rubber Ball, 1 v.

Ruth and her Friends. A Story for Girls. With Frontispiece, 1 v.

Mrs. Henry Wood: William Allair; or, Running away to Sea. Frontispiece from a Drawing by F. Gilbert, 1 v.

Miss Yonge: Kenneth; or, the Rear-Guard of the Grand Army. With Frontispiece, 1 v. The Little Duke. Ben Sylvester's Word. With a Frontispiece by B. Plockhorst, 1 v. The Stokesley Secret. With a Frontispiece by B. Plockhorst, 1 v. Countess Kate. With Frontispiece, 1 v. A Book of Golden Deeds. With a Frontispiece by B. Plockhorst, 2 v. Friarswood Post-Office. With Frontispiece, 1 v. Henrietta's Wish; or, Domineering. A Tale. With a Frontispiece by B. Plockhorst, 1 v. Kings of England: A History for the Young. With Frontispiece, 1 v. The Lances of Lynwood; the Pigeon Pie. With Frontispiece, 1 v. P's and Q's. With Frontispiece, 1 v. Aunt Charlotte's Stories of English History. With Frontispiece, 1 v. Bye-Words. With a Frontispiece by B. Plockhorst, 1 v. Lads and Lasses of Langley; Sowing and Sewing. With a Frontispiece by B. Plockhorst, 1 v.

Tauchnitz Manuals of Conversation.

Each bound M. 2,25.

Neues Handbuch der Englischen Conversationssprache von A. Schlessing.

A new Manual of the German Language of Conversation by A. Schlessing.

Neues Handbuch der Französischen Conversationssprache von L. Rollin.

Nouveau Manuel de la Conversation Allemande par MM. L. Rollin et Wolfgang Weber

Tauchnitz Dictionaries.

- A complete Dictionary of the English and German languages for general use. By *W. James*. Twenty-ninth Stereotype Edition. crown 8vo sewed Mark 4,50.
- A complete Dictionary of the English and French languages for general use. By *W. James* and *A. Molé*. Twelfth Stereotype Edition. crown 8vo sewed Mark 6,00.
- A complete Dictionary of the English and Italian languages for general use. By *W. James* and *Gius. Grassi*. Ninth Stereotype Edition. crown 8vo sewed Mark 5,00.
- A New Pocket Dictionary of the English and German languages. By *J. E. Wessely*. Eleventh Stereotype Edition. 16mo sewed Mark 1,50. bound Mark 2,25.
- A New Pocket Dictionary of the English and French languages. By *J. E. Wessely*. Eleventh Stereotype Edition. 16mo sewed Mark 1,50. bound Mark 2,25.
- A New Pocket Dictionary of the English and Italian languages. By *J. E. Wessely*. Ninth Stereotype Edition. 16mo sewed Mark 1,50. bound Mark 2,25.
- A New Pocket Dictionary of the English and Spanish languages. By *J. E. Wessely* and *A. Gironés*. Eighth Stereotype Edition. 16mo sewed Mark 1,50. bound Mark 2,25.
- A New Pocket Dictionary of the French and German languages. By *J. E. Wessely*. Third Stereotype Edition. 16mo sewed Mark 1,50. bound Mark 2,25.
- A New Pocket Dictionary of the Italian and German languages. By *G. Locella*. Second Stereotype Edition. 16mo sewed Mark 1,50. bound Mark 2,25.
- A New Dictionary of the Latin and English languages. Fourth Stereot. Ed. 16mo sewed Mark 1,50. bound Mark 2,25.
- Technological Dictionary in the French, English and German languages by *A. Tolhausen*, of the Patent Office, London. Revised and augmented by *L. Tolhausen*, Formerly French Consul General. Complete in three Parts, crown 8vo sewed Mark 26,00. Each Part sold separately: French, German, English [Third Edition, with a grand Supplement] Mark 10,00. (Grand Supplement separate Mark 3,00.) English, German, French [Second Edition, with a large Supplement] Mark 8,00. German, English, French [Second Edition] Mark 8,00.
- A Hebrew and Chaldee Lexicon to the Old Testament. By Dr. *Julius Fürst*. Fourth Edition. Translated from the German by *Samuel Davidson*. Royal 8vo sewed Mark 19,00.

BERNHARD TAUCHNITZ, LEIPZIG;

AND SOLD BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

—
—
—
ci
—
oc.
en
ni
o.
n
L

h
L
l

June 1883.

Tauchnitz Edition.

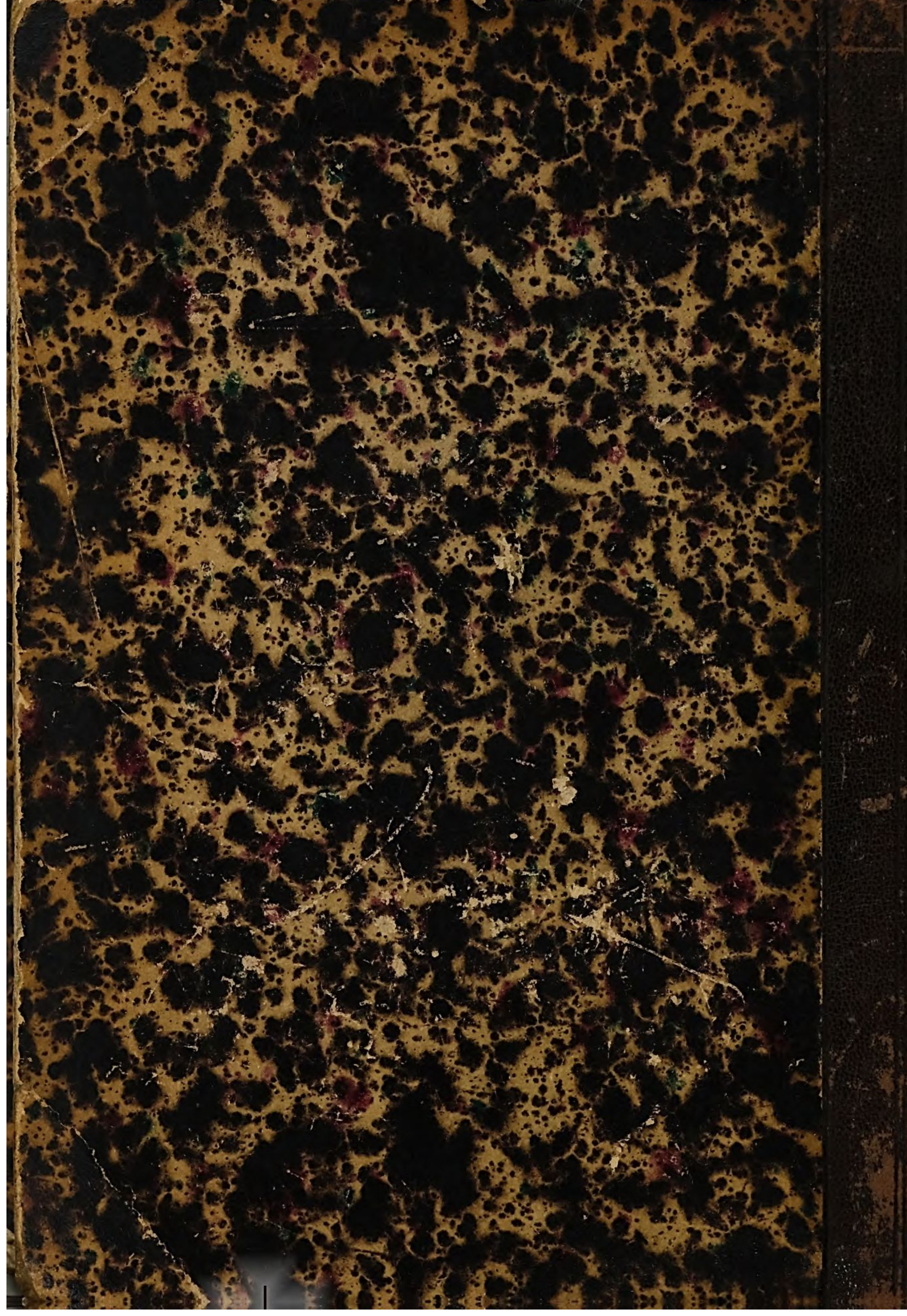
Forthcoming Volumes:

- Shandon Bells. A new Novel. By William Black.
Belinda. A new Novel. By Miss Rhoda Broughton.
Doctor Jacob. A Novel. By Miss M. Betham-Edwards.
Loys, Lord Beresford, and other Stories. By the Author
of "Molly Bawn."
Pearla. A new Novel. By Miss M. Betham-Edwards.
"The Professor at the Breakfast-Table" and "The Poet at
the Breakfast-Table." By Oliver Wendell Holmes.
Laurentia. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton.
Ione Stewart. A new Novel. By Mrs. Lynn Linton.
An English Squire. A new Novel. By C. R. Coleridge.
An Old-Fashioned Girl. By Louisa M. Alcott.
It was a Lover and his Lass. A new Novel. By Mrs. Oliphant.
Treherne's Temptation. A new Novel. By Alaric Carr.
The Siege of London. A new Story. By Henry James, Jr.
Allerton Towers. A new Novel. By Miss Annie Thomas.
Regimental Legends. By J. S. Winter.
New Stories. By Charles Reade.
Geraldine Hawthorne. A new Novel. By the Author of
"Miss Molly."
Ready-Money Mortiboy. A Novel. By W. Besant and J. Rice.
Sketches. By Mark Twain.
Italian Journeys. By W. D. Howells.
A Pair of Blue Eyes. A Novel. By Thomas Hardy.
Alice Dugdale and other Stories. By Anthony Trollope.
Eyre's Acquittal. A new Novel. By Helen Mathers.
A new Novel. By Jessie Fothergill.
In the olden Time. A new Novel. By the Author of
"Mademoiselle Mori."

A complete Catalogue of the Tauchnitz
Edition is attached to this work.

Bernhard Tauchnitz, Leipzig;

And sold by all booksellers.



Jeaffreson, John Cordy

The real Lord Byron new views of the poet's life. Specially revised for
the Tauchnitz series

Bd.: 1

1883

P.o.angl. 174 m-5

urn:nbn:de:bvb:12-bsb11664474-0